

The Bookman

Christmas Number

EDITED BY HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

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Notes at Random

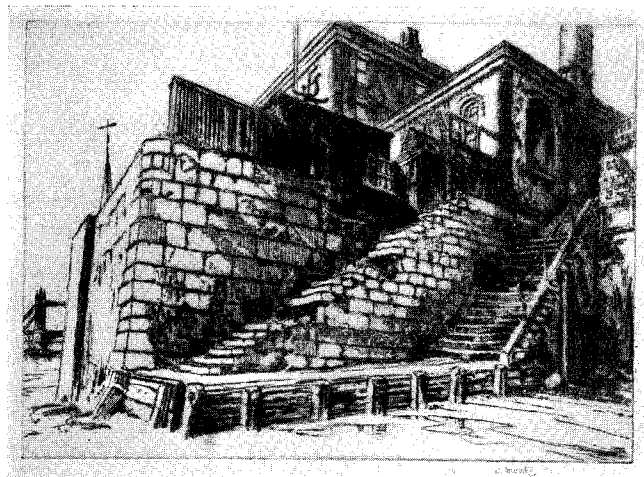
The Year in Review—Criticism to the Fore—Novels and Stories— The Dearth of Poetry and Plays—A Personal Choice

To compare the artistic achievement of successive years is difficult, if only because some determining work is apt to set the standard at different levels. In one year it may be easy to name six novels of equal excellence; in another, hard to find two. Yet the two may indicate, not the dearth of good work, but the existence of better. In saying that this year critics in every department have found it a harder task than in 1931 to discover the "six best" of anything, I am thus simply recording a fact, not implying a judgment. It may be that the outstanding works of 1932 are so superior in merit to those of 1931; that to expect a half-dozen is foolish mathematical optimism; on the other hand, 1931 may have been the crest of the wave. 1940 will decide. Meanwhile the fact is undeniable.

The Renaissance of Criticism

To me the most interesting about the year's books is the critical achievement. I believe that the emergence of a compact and militant body of criticism is the most important thing in the literary world of 1932. And this for a reason which was enunciated as long ago as 1865 by Matthew Arnold. In his essay on "The Function of Criticism" he points out, it will be remembered, that "for the creation of a master-work of literature two powers must concur—the power of the man and the power of the moment—and the man is not enough without the moment." For "the elements with which the creative power works are ideas; the

best ideas, on every matter which literature touches, current at the time"; philosophers discover the ideas, and the true function of criticism is to apply them "to make an intelligent situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself."



Wapping Old Stairs.

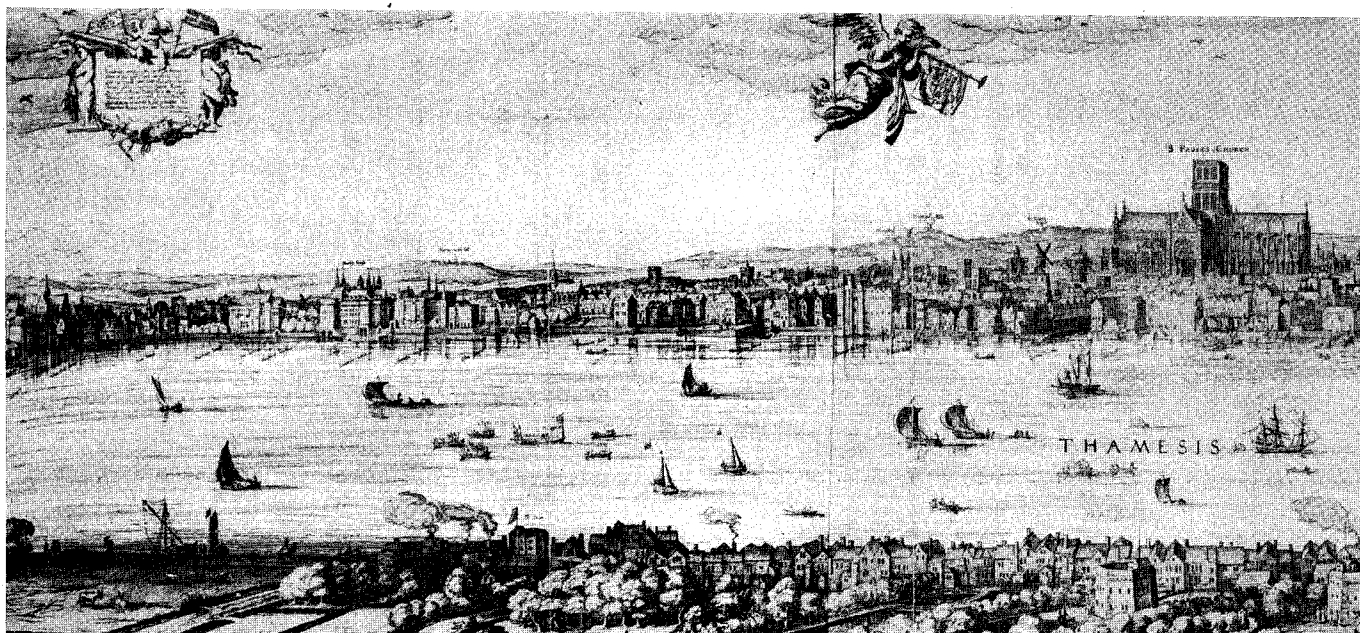
Etching by William Monk.

From "Artist's Country," by C. Geoffrey Holme (Studio).

What was true then is equally true now, and no one I think would seriously maintain that our literature at present is richly creative. Rather is it chaotic. It concerns itself with half-ideas or dead ideas or variations on personal themes. It resembles a story which contains nothing but local colour; we admit the charm and the virtuosity, but deplore the lack of point. It is unsatisfying because superficial.

Where there are no living ideas, superficiality is inevitable. All great writing has about it that universality which is another name for genius. And such universality is attained only when the individual writer can rely on his surrounding atmosphere to be charged with "the best ideas current at the time." Great artists are the product of great epochs. The difference between a Golden Age and a Silver Age of literature is that in the latter second-best ideas are prevalent; it is the gold, which is the more exclusive, that breeds the universal genius.

This paradox gives the value, very simply, to the situation to-day. "Universality" has been equated with "popularity." That "novel of universal appeal" which so many publishers so often publish, is simply a story designed to please as large a number as possible of tired wage-earners in search of relaxation. In fact



View of London, 1616.

From "Francis Bacon," by Mary Sturt (Kegan Paul).

nothing less "universal" can be imagined. There are few things quite so dead as last year's best-sellers.

Nevertheless a great body of critical opinion has upheld this confusion of values—it is still the basis of judgment of nearly every newspaper reviewer—and its effect on creative writing has not unnaturally been disastrous. The "current ideas" available are not even fifth-rate, and the writer has either to do the best he can with such poor material or, before he can begin to exercise his true function, to exhaust his powers in performing work which more properly belongs to the philosopher and the critic.

The contemporary problem thus simplifies itself to this: "How can the 'best ideas' once more gain general currency?" The answer seems to be: "By the restoration of critical standards which are based on the highest intelligence and greatest sensitivity, instead of on the approbation of the largest number of readers." The dominance of the head that counts must once more supplant the domination of counted heads.

Frontal Attack

There has never been lacking of course a certain amount of intelligent criticism, but it was isolated, somewhat academic, and consequently to a great extent impotent. (How many people for instance have read I. A. Richards's "Principles of Literary Criticism" in the eight years since it was published?) The first step towards building up a body of such criticism—a frontal attack—was taken this year.

It was led by Q. D. Leavis's "Fiction and the Reading Public." The book inspired not unexpectedly a number of vicious and vitriolic reviews. The reason was simple. The reviewers recognised their adversary, and their anger was the measure of their fear. Among other things, "Fiction and the Reading Public" shattered finally the one argument to which the more conscientious of them clung in a last endeavour to save their literary self-respect. "This difference between universality and popularity," they would say, "is all nonsense. Look at the universal Shakespeare. He was popular enough." "Yes," retorts Mrs. Leavis, with

several years' research into facts and figures at her disposal, "and look at the reading public as it is to-day and as it was in Elizabethan times. Popularity now and popularity then are quite different and non-comparable things." And she proceeds ruthlessly to show what "popularity" has meant at various stages, and how any "best-seller" to-day is, by that fact, labelled as worthless artistically.

What "Fiction and the Reading Public" did for the novel, F. R. Leavis's "New Bearings in English Poetry" did for verse. In a different way of course, because the problem was different, but no less effectively. The vapourings of the Georgians were exposed for what they were, while the living poetry of to-day was expounded with extraordinary skill.

Both these books are open to certain objections. They are uncompromising; they are perhaps over-insistent on certain points; they are bitter; they are exclusive. They have, in fact, the faults of good fighters. Certainly they will be superseded, as pioneers always are. Perhaps they will be forgotten. But with all their faults they are worth a dozen of the polite and balanced pontifications which masquerade as Criticism with a capital C. And they were vitally necessary.

Earlier in the year Ezra Pound issued a pamphlet (it is hardly more) on "How to Read," whose value was unfortunately limited by its public. He addressed his peers, not troubling to proselytise or to hide completely his contempt of less intelligent readers. If Mr. Leavis entered the fray partly on Mr. Pound's behalf, Mr. Pound himself remained aloof, above the battle.

Battle Rejoined

These books appeared in the spring. Summer, as it should, brought a spell of lazy, well-contented peace during which the intelligent lay in the sun and read detective novels—or if they still persisted in reading criticism, were soothed to sleep by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy's collected articles. In the autumn the battle was rejoined furiously, with the publication of T. S. Eliot's "Selected Essays." The picked criticisms of fifteen years by one of the most sensitive and acute

And a palace of eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave
Over his porch these words are written. Take thy bliss O Man!
And sweet shall be thy taste & sweet thy infant joys renew!

Infancy, fearless, lustful, happy! nestling for delight
In laps of pleasure; Innocence! honest, open, seeking
The vigorous joys of morning light: open to virgin bliss,
Who taught thee modesty, subtil modesty! child of night & sleep
When thou awakest wilt thou dissemble all thy secret joys
Or wert thou not awake when all this mystery was disclosed?
Then comest thou forth a modest virgin knowing to dissemble
With nets found under thy night pillow, to catch virgin joy,
And brand it with the name of whore; & sell it in the night,
In silence, evn without a whisper, and in seeming sleep:
Religious dreams and holy vespers, light thy smoky fires:
Once were thy fires lighted by the eyes of honest morn
And does my Theotormon seek this hypocrite modesty?
Thus knowing, artful, secret, fearful, cautious, trembling hypocrite,
Then is Oothoon a whore indeed: and all the virgin joys
Of life are harlots; and Theotormon is a sick man's dream
And Oothoon is the crafty slave of selfish holiness.

But Oothoon is not so, a virgin fill'd with virgin fancies
Open to joy and to delight where ever beauty appears
If in the morning sun I find it: there my eyes are fix'd.



of living writers, who stands uncompromisingly for tradition and authority, was the occasion for another outburst of bad temper and bad manners on the part of many of the reviewers, though the more wily among them, realising that here at last was an opponent whom they could not defeat, made haste to come to terms by bestowing patronage. Thanks in great measure to the vanguard attack by the Leavises, the impact of Eliot was successful beyond hopes.

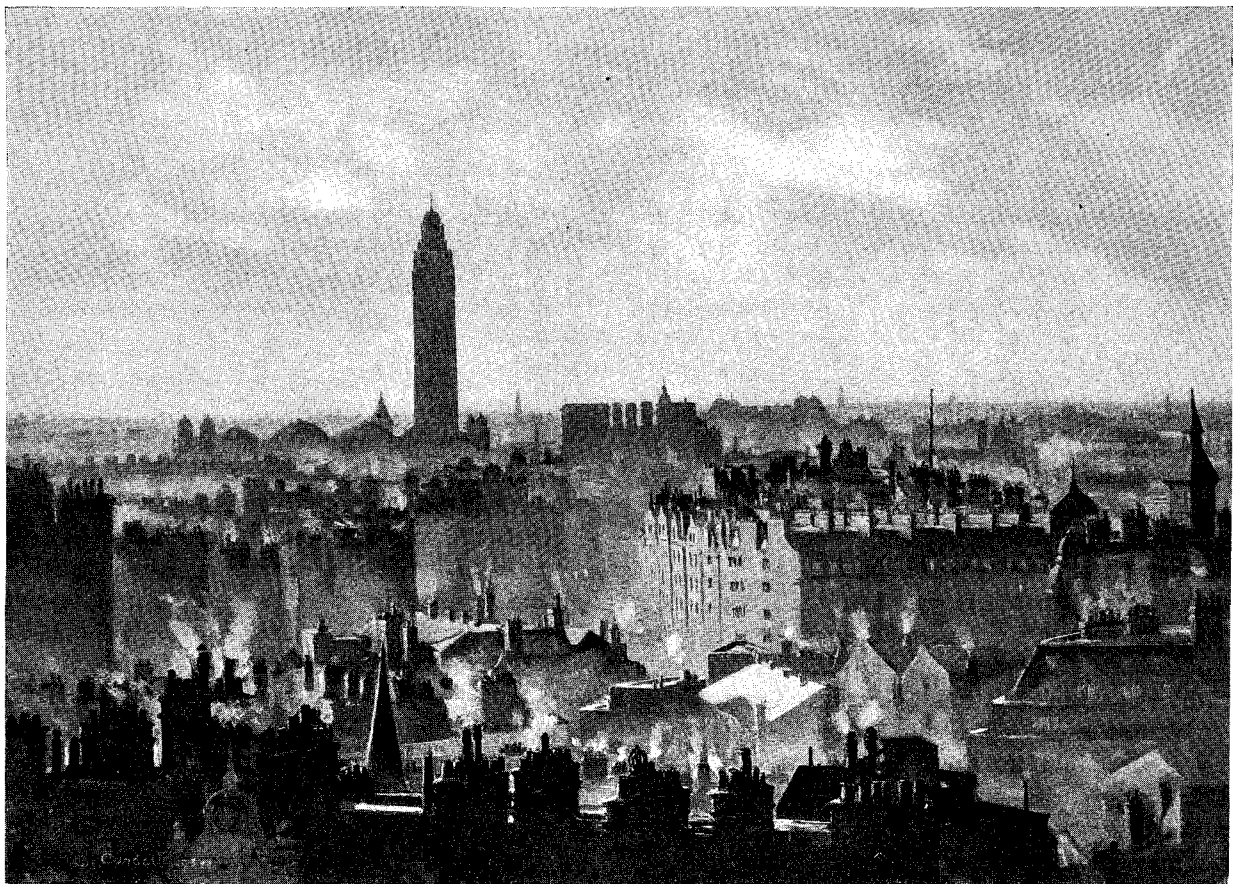
Then last month came another small volume, "Form in Modern Poetry," by Herbert Read. Fundamentally in sympathy with the ideals of the others, Mr. Read approached from an unexpected angle, bearing with him spoils from the enemy. Mr. Eliot had somewhat frigidly rejected the appeals on behalf of "personality"; in fact, the first constructive attempt of the movement was the endeavour to base critical judgments on something sounder than the personal taste of the critic, and to focus it on something more important than the personal idiosyncrasies of the author. Meanwhile the opposition was left with "personality" as its most useful weapon. "After all," they said, "it all comes down to personality in the end"—knowing that, in a sense, it does. Mr. Read, availing himself of modern researches in psychology, inquires exactly in *what* sense, draws a distinction between "character" and "personality," and makes a present of the result to his allies. If any reader is interested in criticism from different angles converging on the same point and upholding the same achievement, I can recommend a comparison between F. R. Leavis's chapter on Gerard Manley Hopkins and Herbert Read's approach to the same poet, of whom he says: "When the history of the last decade

of English poetry comes to be written by a dispassionate critic, no influence will rank in importance with that of Gerard Manley Hopkins."

Two Novels Only

In the field of criticism I have managed to find this year five outstanding books, though two of them are little more than pamphlets and one consists mainly of reprinted articles. This total is unprecedented. In the realm of fiction I can think of only two outstanding novels, Claude Houghton's "Chaos is Come Again" and Mary Butts's "Death of Felicity Taverner." Perhaps a word of explanation should qualify this somewhat sweeping statement. There may of course be two hundred, all equally good, which I have not even seen. It is impossible for any man to read all the novels that are published. Literally impossible that is, unless he does nothing else—and even then very difficult; for in an average year there are published between ten and twelve novels a day, Sundays included. Nor am I taking into account all the many stories I have enjoyed which, to distinguish from creative fiction, I will call "yarns." I mean novels which have about them that universality to which I referred; which, if they do not quite attain it (and neither of them is free from several imperfections), at least make an understanding effort to achieve it, and are not content with the superficial or partial vision which distinguishes novels of the second class. For me the reading of both these books was an experience, as distinct from a pleasant pastime.

In "Death of Felicity Taverner" there is a reference to the people who can appreciate Mozart and appreciate jazz, but cannot abide Massenet. That, translated into



Westminster.

By Charles Cundall (P. & D. Colnaghi).

From "Artist's Country," by C. Geoffrey Holme (Studio).

terms of books instead of music, again epitomises the literary situation. There are people who can appreciate Proust and appreciate Edgar Wallace, but cannot abide J. B. Priestley and Ethel Mannin. But they are I think in the minority. The majority unfortunately imagines that it is rather "highbrow" to like the "beautiful" or "daring" or "artistic" mediocrities, but "low-brow" to confess to an enthusiasm for Bulldog Drummond, just as the devotee of "good stuff" will delight in the sentimental overtures and excerpts provided as occasional music by the wireless, but indignantly switch off an excellent dance band.

And Some Others

I must confess that my personal shortcomings prevent me reading any "literary" novels, except as an occasional duty, and even then, lack of that knowledge which can come only from comparison, makes me an untrustworthy critic of them. The only one I feel bound to recommend is Charles Morgan's "The Fountain." But of novels which make no pretensions to do anything but tell a good story well there are dozens, of which the six I liked best were Ruth Holland's "The Lost Generation," A. E. W. Mason's "The Three Gentlemen," Sigurd Christiansen's "Two Living and One Dead," John Buchan's "The Gap in the Curtain," Rose Macaulay's "They Were Defeated" and Adrian Alington's "Mr. Jubenka." In addition to these must be mentioned three satisfying thrillers—Henry Rode's "The Hanging Captain," "Sapper's" "The Return of Bulldog Drummond" and C. P. Snow's "Death Under Sail," and three brilliant satires—Hilaire Belloc's "The Postmaster-General," Sherard Vines's "Return, Belphegor!" and Stella Gibbons's "Cold Comfort Farm."

The Flight from Fiction

There is one very significant fact about fiction this year which has nothing to do with the excellence or otherwise of individual works. More than one publisher has assured me that public demand is shifting from novels and concentrating on what may be called informative works. In part this is due, I think, to the fact that as a pure story-telling medium the film is displacing the novel, and in part to the fact that we are at last beginning to reap the benefit of the Education Act of thirty years ago. In any case and whatever the reason, the situation is there, and to its reality the popularity of omnibus outlines testifies.

More particularly is there an interest in current affairs and the background of the immediate past. H. J. and Hugh Massingham's compendium, "The Great Victorians" and John Collier's and Iain Lang's amusing "Just the Other Day" have both been successful, while the reception accorded to Peter Davies's new series of short biographies, designed apparently to include anybody who was somebody from Socrates to Lenin, bears further witness to the flight from fiction.

I have been told by those who have visited the country that in Russia one of the wealthiest persons is the writer of best-sellers, and that a Soviet best-seller is never a work of fiction but some explanation or commentary on present-day politics or "the Plan." Shall we perhaps see best-sellers on similar lines in England if, as is probable, we are entering a period of political and

economic upheaval? The early part of the year saw at least two important books of this type, Sir Norman Angell's "The Secret Assassins" and J. Middleton Murry's "The Necessity of Communism." The close of the year has seen two more, Sir Raymond Beazley's "The Road to Ruin in Europe" and John Strachey's "The Coming Struggle for Power." All four are emphatically worth reading.

Of historical works proper there is one notable addition to Napoleonic literature—Jacques Bainville's "Napoleon." There is also the unrivalled G. M. Trevelyan, who in "Ramillies and the Union with Scotland" continues his great history of the reign of Queen Anne. I cannot think of any other outstanding work.

Biographies

The year however has been rich in political biographies, a review of which readers will find in an article on another page. With the exception of the last volume of Queen Victoria's letters, I have read nothing in this category. Again it is a confession of personal weakness, but my belief is that the truth about any career cannot be told until at least fifty years after death has closed it—and not always even then. If there is not a censorship of morals, there is the more important and necessary censorship of manners. And to base a judgment on half the facts is disastrous. Official reports never convey an accurate picture of the situation, but a distortion which is for irrelevant reasons considered desirable. It is the Pepyses and the Grevilles who are our best informants; indeed, that an official denial of gossip is tantamount to an admission that the gossip is true has become almost an axiom.

For this reason also I have found unsatisfactory the various works about D. H. Lawrence—not excluding a selection of his letters. They are valuable only in so far as they form a corrective to the ridiculous caricature of him which gained currency during his lifetime.

Poetry and the Play

Why poetry and the play should be so often lumped together is one of the mysteries of cataloguing. Possibly because plays used to be written in verse? But there is some slight justification for it here in that it emphasises an important aspect of modern poetry—its tendency to be dramatic; to use the swift action and objectivity and change of tempo which are the distinguishing marks of the drama as an art form, in place of the static self-examination of the average lyric.

There is another reason: in neither category have I discovered any one work which I can conscientiously recommend. W. H. Auden's long poem, "The Orators," appears to be important and is certainly exciting, but before committing myself I should have to understand it all (which after two readings I do not), and to like it (which in many parts I do not). As for the usual slim volumes—the bluff forthrightness of Mr. Masfield, the meticulous preciousness of Mr. Church, the musings of Mr. Gibson and the ingenuity of Mr. Blunden—they will commend themselves to disciples on the strength of their authors' names without help or hindrance from me.

The state of the theatre is deplorable. The most-hailed play of the year, "Musical Chairs," is really only

“LITERARY GENTS” By Thomas Derrick

12—IN GENERAL



LITERARY GENTS



The Strand.

From "Artist's Country," by C. Geoffrey Holme (Studio).

a Chekhovian rehash twenty years out of date. J. B. Priestley in "Dangerous Corner" made a gallant effort to redeem the situation, but the play was not quite good enough, in spite of the fact that the author showed himself a better dramatist than novelist. Clifford Bax's "The Rose Without a Thorn" was a beautiful and scholarly piece of historical reconstruction, but altogether out of sympathy with the contemporary movement. Shaw's "Too True to be Good" was intolerably long-drawn-out and consisted mainly of badly linked restatements.

Part of this failure in plays may be the inevitable result of the ascendancy of the producer over the playwright. The dramatist's day is done; he is no longer a dictator, but a co-partner with the actor, under the managing directorship of the producer. "Theatre," in the special sense of the word, has returned, and with it the producer, aided by the costume designer, the scenic expert and the electrician, shapes the dramatist, with his vehicle, the actor, to his will. So it happens that the most important book of the drama this year is not a printed play at all but a picture-book of stage-settings entitled "The New Movement in the Theatre." But as it costs ten guineas there seems little point in recommending it generally.

Travel and the Film

The film of course is always being blamed for the decay of the theatre, and that it has profoundly modified theatrical practice is certainly true. It may also, as I have suggested, have had an effect on fiction. But the realm where it has most made itself felt is in travel books. The best of these tend to become simply "the book of the film," with the story elaborated and the illustrations reproduced from the film itself. At least three such books have appeared this year. The natural result is that travel books must either degenerate to the level of glorified guide-books or elaborated diaries, or rise to the height of art—distinctive art—by recreating atmosphere in great prose. One such book has appeared

this year, "Hindoo Holiday," in which J. R. Ackerley draws a picture of India worthy to rank with E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India."

In the sphere of religion there is one book which stands out pre-eminently—Evelyn Underhill's "The Golden Sequence," a meditation on the great Pentecostal hymn, and an introduction to mysticism.

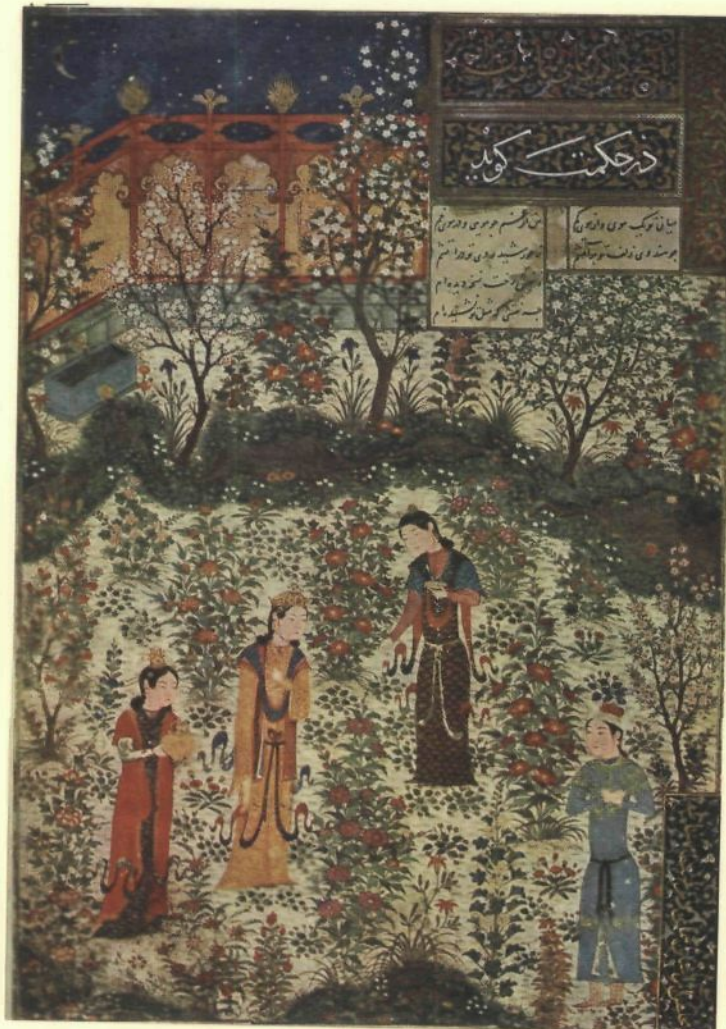
Ernest Hemingway's treatise on bull-fighting, "Death in the Afternoon," is the first full book on the subject in English. For that reason it demands a certain notice. The actual bull-fighting portions—and the philosophy (if it can be called that) behind them—I disliked intensely, but there are passages interspersed of fine literary criticism. To return for a moment to the subject of fiction, I may quote his remark that "every novel which is truly written contributes to the total knowledge which there is at the disposal of the next writer who comes, but the next writer must pay always a certain nominal percentage in experience to be able to understand and assimilate what is available as his birthright, and what he must in turn take his departure from." How many contemporary novels can claim the right to exact such payment?

This passage occurs in an attack on Mr. Aldous Huxley for putting "his own intellectual musings . . . into the mouths of artificially constructed characters." Oddly enough, ten days before "Death in the Afternoon" was published, Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Texts and Pretexts: An Anthology with Commentaries," appeared, in which the author's intellectual musings are relegated to a more appropriate place. This anthology makes for righteousness (I am not one of Mr. Huxley's admirers); it introduces to an audience which would probably otherwise not have heard of them, passages and authors exceptionally worthy of study, and the comments show Mr. Huxley at his most sensitive. Without question this is the anthology of the year.

And, last, a picture book. Perhaps it is impolite to describe it as that, because it is really a very learned work indeed. It is called "Astronomical Atlases, Maps and Charts," and is written by Basil Brown. But it is the pictures that will captivate the non-specialist who is out of his depth in the text. Maps of earth—especially old maps—are exciting enough (who does not endorse the judgment of R. L. S. here?), but maps of the heavens are rare treasures indeed. They suggest not only the ultimate mystery but the accumulated wisdom of the world, and all its best stories are collected there. The book has nineteen plates; one's only regret is that there are not three times as many.

This brief list of some books I have read and enjoyed during 1932 is exactly that and nothing more. It makes no claim to be anything other than a personal memorandum. But there are in this CHRISTMAS BOOKMAN the choice of many famous men and of many trustworthy critics, from which I hope the reader will obtain amusement, edification—and perhaps guidance.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.



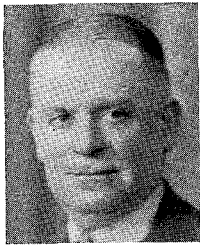
From "THE STORY OF THE GARDEN,"
By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE
(Medici Society).

PRINCESS HUMAY RECEIVED IN A GARDEN
AT THE COURT OF CHINA.
Fifteenth century Persian painting. (Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris.)

BOOKS THEY HAVE READ

We print below the replies which were kindly given to THE BOOKMAN by many eminent people in answer to the question, "What books, both in fiction and in general reading, have you most enjoyed during the past year?"

CHARLES B. COCHRAN.



General Reading

A Winter's Tale, because it is my favourite play.

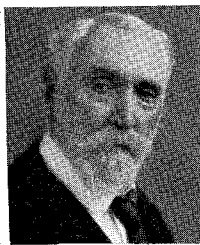
Fiction

Magnolia Street, because it is a dramatic panorama of the life of a highly coloured race in conflict with a more prosaic people.

LORD D'ABERNON.

General Reading

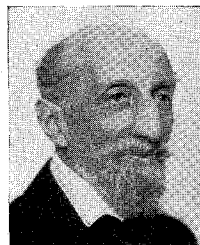
The autumn has seen a plethora of good biographies. Those of Lord Cromer and Lord Oxford are of outstanding interest. Scarcely less remarkable are two



lighter volumes, Antonina Vallentin's **Stresemann** and Armstrong's **Grey Wolf**. There is also the brilliant volume by Mr. Duff Cooper, **Talleyrand**. I strongly advise anyone who has sufficient leisure to procure all these volumes.

As a general criticism of the present fashion in the book trade, I deplore the tendency to encourage prolixity by imposing a minimum number of pages. Surely selection and condensation are necessary. Literary merit is not to be measured by avoidupois.

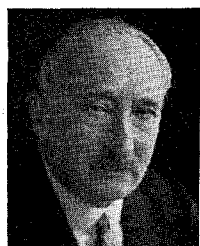
HIS EXCELLENCY M. AIME JOSEPH DE FLEURIAU.



General Reading

The last volume of **The Letters of Queen Victoria**, because it is the most valuable and interesting documentary book for the history of Great Britain.

GEN. SIR HUBERT GOUGH.



General Reading

Charles II, by Bryant, because I am particularly interested in history, and I like getting at the personal characters of those who help to make it.

Fiction

Under My Cloak, by Kathleen O'Brien, because the story described the real man and the real woman, with their many virtues influenced and modified by ordinary human passions and feelings.

MISS E. S. HALDANE.



General Reading

The Shakespeare Head "Brontë"—**The Brontës: Their Lives, Friendships, Correspondence**, in four volumes, because of my great interest in the Brontës, and the fact that this gives the accurate information about them that has so much been required.

John Buchan's **Life of Scott**, and Sir Herbert Maxwell's **Evening Memories**, because the first is an admirable biography and the second a pleasant account of Scottish life in olden days.

CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

General Reading

Golden Horn, by F. Yeats-Brown, because it is as thrilling as any novel, but made doubly fascinating by its authenticity.



Fiction

The Fountain, by Charles Morgan, because it is a real story, decorated with fine characterisation and remarkable style; and J. B. Priestley's **Faraway**, because its characterisation alone makes an immediate appeal to the actor.

SIR CHARLES HIGHAM.



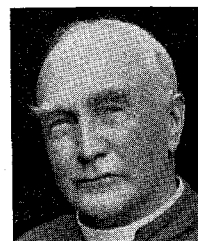
General Reading

Look Homeward—Angel, **The Fountain**, **Brave New World**, **Carl and Anna**, and **Once a Grand Duke**, because they help me to understand life.

Fiction

The Bellamy Trial, **The Canary Murder Case**, **Rope to Spare**, because they help to make me forget life.

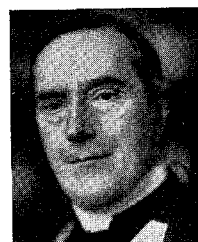
RIGHT REV. and RIGHT HON. A. F. WINNINGTON INGRAM, BISHOP OF LONDON.



General Reading

The History of Israel, two new volumes; **The New Morality** (Newson), because it is a much needed reply to the other side; Sir G. Macunn's **India's Religions**; **Arabia Felix** (Thomas); **The Life of King Albert of Belgium**; **Charles II** (Bryant).

VERY REV. W. R. INGE, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.



General Reading

The Making of Europe, by C. Dawson, and **Ramillies**, by G. Trevelyan.

Fiction

As We Are, by E. F. Benson, because it is a truthful picture of English social life.

SIR BARRY JACKSON.

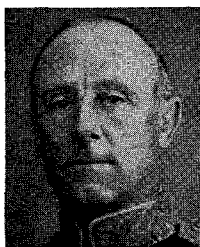


General Reading

Owing to the inordinate amount of dramas I have to read, my time for novels is practically non-existent.

The classics and travel-books occupy my leisure. Among the latter, **Kamet** is the outstanding feature of the year.

EARL JELlicoe.

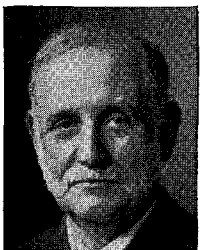
*General Reading*

Memoirs of Prince von Bülow, Memoirs of Prince Max of Baden, and Ludendorff, The Tragedy of a Specialist.

Fiction

Cypher K ("Taffrail") and By Guess and By God.

GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.

*General Reading*

A Man's Life, by Jack Lawson, M.P., because it is the story of a real man, his struggles from the day he left school till he entered the War Office as one of its chiefs, and because it tells a good story of a mother and wife united with son and husband to serve God by serving mankind.

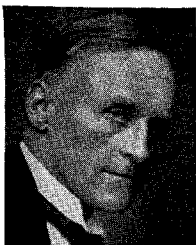
Fiction

All sorts—just to pass time away and try to forget serious things.

JACK LAWSON, M.P.

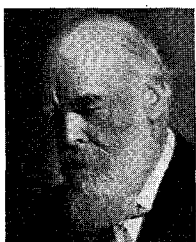
General Reading

Mazzini, Prophet of Europe, has more than interested me. It got me. In the far-gone days when Britain gave refuge to great men who lived greatly for a Cause, we adopted Mazzini. He is half ours. But like all great souls he is the world's possession. In Mr. Griffith's book we grow up with Mazzini, and walk through life with him. He is not a story; he is alive. He is History.



This is not merely a biography; it is the history of a country over the period of Mazzini's life. And vital, arresting history too.

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

*General Reading*

The Essential Shakespeare, by J. Dover Wilson, because it gives a vivid picture of Shakespeare the man.

Fiction

The Fountain, by Charles Morgan, because it struck me as a well-knit novel.

LORD MOYNIHAN.

*General Reading*

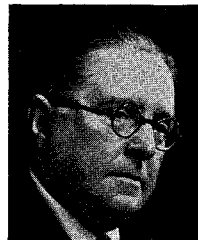
Memoirs above all: Winston Churchill (first vol.); The Duke, by P. Guedalla; Asquith's Life, by Spender and Cecil Asquith, because men (and women) are the greatest interest in life. I like to know what people do, and why and how. Especially how.

Fiction

Detective novels. The modern novels deal too often with psychology, and in reading them I am tortured by the ignorance that novelists so often betray, and I cannot tolerate their endless, vapid, jejune verbosity. Cecil Roberts never fails to delight me. When

others fail there is always Kipling who has helped me immeasurably. Because incident is so often better than an analysis of motives of uninteresting characters, I revel in J. B. Priestley and his Yorkshiremen. His creations are flawless.

SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

*General Reading*

A Hindu Holiday, by J. R. Ackerley.

SIR LANDON RONALD.

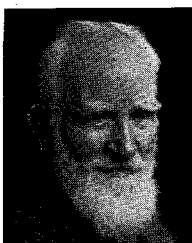
*General Reading*

Dictatorship on Trial, Adventures in Literature and Royal Flush.

Fiction

Young Emanuel (Naomi Jacobs), The Anxious Days (Philip Gibbs); Ballerina (Eleanor Smith), because all very human!

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

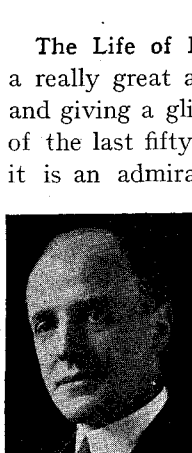
*General Reading*

Trotsky's History of the Russian Revolution, Vol. I, because it is important; and Trotsky can write.

Fiction

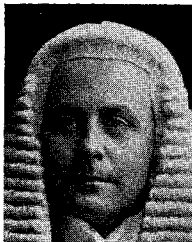
I don't read novels now, because I haven't time.

ANGUS WATSON.

*General Reading*

The Life of Lord Asquith and Oxford, because it is a really great and revealing book, admirably written, and giving a glimpse of perhaps the greatest statesman of the last fifty years. The Great Victorians, because it is an admirable, if somewhat ill-digested, estimate of the Victorian period. A book that no student of history can afford to neglect. Reminiscences, by Winston Churchill, because it is an altogether delectable volume, written by a real master of his craft. Fear and Be Slain, by General Seely, because it is full of good stuff, and exactly the right kind of book to give a boy of sixteen to twenty. Jesus of Galilee, because it is a remarkable little book, which should be in the hands of every minister. The New Morality, by G. E. Newsom, because it is a fighting attack on Bertrand Russell and Aldous Huxley, to which there appears to me to be no adequate reply.

SIR ERNEST WILD.

*General Reading*

Lord Carson's Life, by Marjoribanks, because of its perfect English and its truth.

Fiction

Nearly all old novels such as The White Company, because I prefer old friends.

LONDON: A STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE

The City seen by the Poets

By Philip Henderson

"London, thou art of towns *A per se*.
Sovereign of cities, seemliest of sight . . .
Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white
Bene merchauntis full royal to behold;
Upon thy stretis goeth many a semely knight
In velvet gownes and in cheynes of gold. . . ."

IN 1501 William Dunbar, the Scottish poet, visited the court of Henry VII and wrote his famous tribute to London which at that time was to all appearances the lovely ecclesiastical city of the Middle Ages, little bigger than a village, with green fields outside its walls and windmills among its spires. But in spirit it was already a city of the Renaissance. Soon the Gothic aspiration of its spires, the exclusive integrity of its walled life, was to give way before the substance of its merchants, the expansion of European trade, and the contagion of the new paganism out of Italy. By the end of the century it was already a flourishing business-centre and we find Drayton, in his "Polyolbion," celebrating the great mansions in the Strand, built by the merchant-adventurers, "Whose windows seem to mock the star-befreckled skies." But it was the river that never failed to stir the Elizabethan mind to poetry, the river that was the principal highway of the city, down which floated swans and gilded barges, and as it flowed out to sea it took the imagination away in its silver stream.

"Sweet Themmes, runne softly, till I end my Song!" is Spenser's refrain, and the river is the enlivening spirit of the whole "Prothalamion," bearing the bridal train:

"There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde."

Had the procession gone beyond the Temple to London Bridge, they would have come upon the fleshless heads of malefactors rotting on poles above the gateway. Indeed there was nothing comfortable or settled about London in those days. What with the recurrent outbreaks of pestilence and fire, the public scaffold conspicuous on Tower Hill—"alwayes readie prepared" as Stowe says—individual life seems to have hung by a thread. And Shakespeare, as he left the Mountjoys' house in narrow Silver Street, on his way to Cheapside with its noisy market, must frequently have encountered a party of unfortunate bloody-backed creatures being whipped on their way to the galleys. Yet from the filth and savagery of sixteenth century London arose the most glorious poetry in our tongue.

With the advance of the seventeenth century the city began to assume its Puritan cloak: black and russet mantled the Elizabethan bravery, and the sombre voice of Milton is heard in the land. Milton is a poet one always associates with London; he has something of the city's weight and gloomy magnificence. Whenever I walk across St. James's Park towards Queen Anne's Gate, especially if it is a dark and rainy afternoon, I always think of Milton returning solemnly to his tall narrow house in Petty France after discharging his

duties as Latin secretary to Cromwell. Though the house is gone now, there is a narrow passage leading out of the park where the walls frown down with true Puritanical austerity, and one has the feeling of entering a narrow pass between two darkly contentious factions. And it is surely at this time, in the twenty or thirty years before the Great Fire, when a spiritual flame of white heat burned in men's hearts, that the peculiarly stubborn quality of English morality was forged. So when the fire actually broke out over London in 1666, Milton was not much moved by the external calamity. "Plague and fire, what are they after the ruin of the noblest causes!"

But nobility and the grand manner was by now growing as unfashionable as mediæval idealism—for the Age of Good Sense had arrived. Presume not God to scan, we are advised, the proper study of mankind is man. And in the rebuilding of London after the fire, neat houses of plain brick and stone took the place of baroque gables and timbered fronts, and temples to the glory of man were put up instead of Gothic pinnacles that had aspired to God. Of the new St. Paul's, Waller wrote:

"So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heav'n."

Nevertheless, had Wren's plan for rebuilding been adopted, London would now have something of the unity and order of Paris. The moment was unique. Old London lay in smoking ruins and our greatest architectural genius was at hand to raise a city that would have been a monument to the greatness and nobility of the mind of man. But the moment was allowed to pass. There remained the old intricate



Michael Drayton.

Artist Unknown.
(National Portrait Gallery.)



Edmund Spenser.

squalor and mediæval darkness that people "had got used to," and lost among its crooked mazes a few great buildings to mock us with the grandeur that might have been ours. Meanwhile the king was engaged in laying out the Green Park and took for that purpose, says a news-letter of the time, "several adjacent fields into his park of St. James's." From Waller's modishly topical Muse again we learn that :

"In such green palaces the first kings reigned,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertained."

But in 1698 God interposed with another fire and after that, with the passing of the court at Whitehall, life became much more ordered and serene. Civility was the word of the day, for people had grown tired of heroism and wars, theological disputes and riotous living. Certainly no one could accuse the courts of William and Mary or Anne of either the riotousness of Whitehall under Charles II or the brilliance of Greenwich under Elizabeth. William, finding the London smoke bad for his cough, lived most of the time out at Kensington or Hampton Court; Pope, telling us what oft was thought but ne'er so well express'd, summed up the contemporary position in his "Moral Essays"; the *Spectator* appeared and Addison "brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and coffee-houses." For a man with any pretensions to wit, it was essential to live in London in those days. Indeed it would scarcely have occurred to him to live anywhere else. But with all this wit and polish, the condition of the streets was such, we read in "A Trip Through London," that Honourable Members driving to the House of Commons in their chariots were "so toss'd and jumbled about that it has been near an hour e'er they could recover the use of their limbs and proceed to business." And Gay tells us, in his "Trivia," that it was at imminent risk to his white stockings and red-heeled shoes that the beau ventured to walk anywhere

in London at all; and once he had lost the wall, and chairmen or bullies had jostled him near the overflowing kennel in the middle of road, there he was floundering over his shoes in mud. Gay insured himself against such inconvenience by always carrying a stout walking-stick.

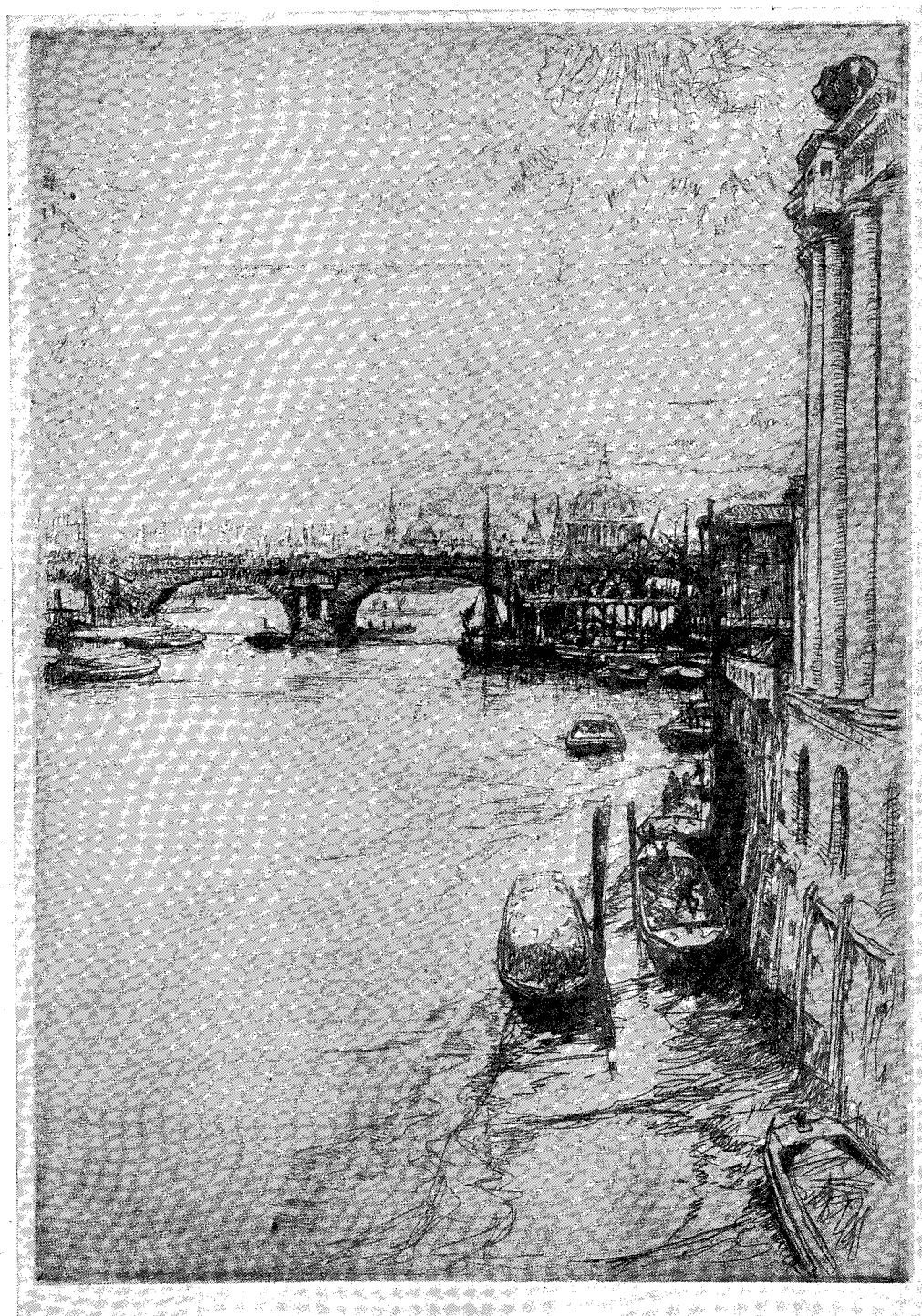
By 1700 the population of London had reached three quarters of a million and had already formed itself into various "quarters" each with its own individuality. The fashionable exodus from the city to the West End had begun under the first Charles, when people went to Bloomsbury for a change of air and the Covent Garden piazza was constructed from designs by Inigo Jones, whose "columns with plain magnificence appear," writes Gay, "and graceful porches lead along the square." Yet it was not till the second half of the eighteenth century that London began to grow so rapidly. "No, sir!" remarks Johnson, "when a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." But there was a growing apprehension that all that that life could afford was most certainly *not* to be found in London. The old Augustan order confined the imagination and men arose who had had enough of proper studies and nature methodised, and once more presumed God to scan.

"Great things are done when men and mountains meet;
This is not done by jostling in the street."

Thus Blake summed up the whole position of the Romantic Revival in one of those epigrams of his that it is like a stone thrown by a street-boy at the coffee-house window. Wordsworth was not blind to the beauties of London, as is shown by his sonnet written on Westminster Bridge; but he only liked it when there was nobody about, such as in the early morning when he could feel himself alone in the presence of the rising sun. And this attitude, with its resentment at all encroachments upon our inner solitude, has persisted in poetry down to the present time, when indeed a more tormented rebellion against the demands of city life animates much of the most representative modern verse.

London is now more than ever "*of towns A per se.*" But for all its air of unimaginative commercialism, it is still largely a city of atmospheres. Walking along the Embankment, it is still possible to feel something of the old Elizabethan exhilaration—the water ruffled to silver, the barges splashing up stream, the gulls wheeling on the wind, and the sullen clang of hammers from the dim interior of wharfs and warehouses. And all around us the roar of the traffic like an inland sea. For all its architectural jumble, the mist and those changing skies, in which the hidden poetic elements of the English character seem to be mirrored, often give London a mysterious grandeur that belongs to no other city in the world. And although its growth has been towards an overwhelming massiveness, as one walks through the streets on a foggy day in winter, it becomes a city built between heaven and earth, spectral and unreal. It is such a vision that Mr. Eliot gives us in "The Wasteland":

"Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn.
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many."



The Lion Brewery.

(James McBey.)

From "Making an Etching," by Levon West (Studio).

THE PAGEANT OF LONDON

London Characters in English Fiction

By W. Francis Aitken

LONDON characters in fiction: what a task they would present to a literary Registrar-General! Into what queer by-ways they would lead him. What a bill of mortality would be his to chronicle. And if complaint be made that our London novelists and dramatists and poets bring the Seven Deadly Sins into the foreground, the reply is that it always has been

"I have good ale," quoth she. And he falls to the woman's temptation. And with him a goodly company, of rude mechanicals. It is early in the morning, and after some have bartered their possessions for draughts of the good ale beyond their financial resources they sit "singing to evensong."

Mine Host of the Tabard Inn in Southwark, Harry



Canterbury Pilgrims at the Tabard Inn.
(Corbould.)

so where town life is concerned, from the days of Langland and the "moral Gower" and Dan Chaucer to those, say, of Arthur Morrison and Edgar Wallace; from the grim personifications of Pieter Breughel and the realistic pictures of Hogarth to those of George Belcher and Phil May. It is significant that where the Seven Virtues are depicted by pen or pencil, the characters displaying them are described as idealised.

Take as a beginning the London of Edward III as we find it reflected in the "Vision" of Langland, who still wrought in allegory, and in the "Tales" of Chaucer, the first of our story-tellers and comedy writers to turn from cold abstractions to the study of a world in which, if manners do not make man, they at least faithfully represent him.

To them as to their successors the ale-house and the inn are microcosms of the universe. Langland's Glutton, bethinking himself that it is time to repent, is passing an ale-house on his way to church. The ale-wife, Mistress Beton, precursor of Mistress Quickly as Lydgate's London Lackpenny is an ancestor of Drinkwater's Dreaming John, bids him good morrow.

Bailly of "The Canterbury Tales"—a fairer burgess was there none in Chepe—is bold, shrewd, not ill-informed, with a shrewish wife. There is the Canon's Yeoman, who betrays his master, one in the long line of fraudulent alchemists, not yet extinct, that Ben Jonson was to satirise in the character of the rascally Subtle, whose name may well have been borrowed from the Canon's "subtilitee."

With a Carpenter, a Weaver, a Dyer, a Carpet-maker, and that gentle lady, Madam Eglantine, whose French is of Stratford-atte-Bowe, is the ale-loving Cook, whose unfinished tale is notable for its graphic little etching of the London apprentice Perkin Revelour, who might have sat as a model for Hogarth's "Idle Apprentice."

And so we come to the crowded stage of the Elizabethan dramatists and story-tellers. We can but be selective. Falstaff and his fellow roisterers and the hostess of the inn in Eastcheap are immortal. But London interest, perhaps, centres more definitely on the romantic incidents in Deloney's "merry and pleasant historie," "The Gentle Craft," which supplied the

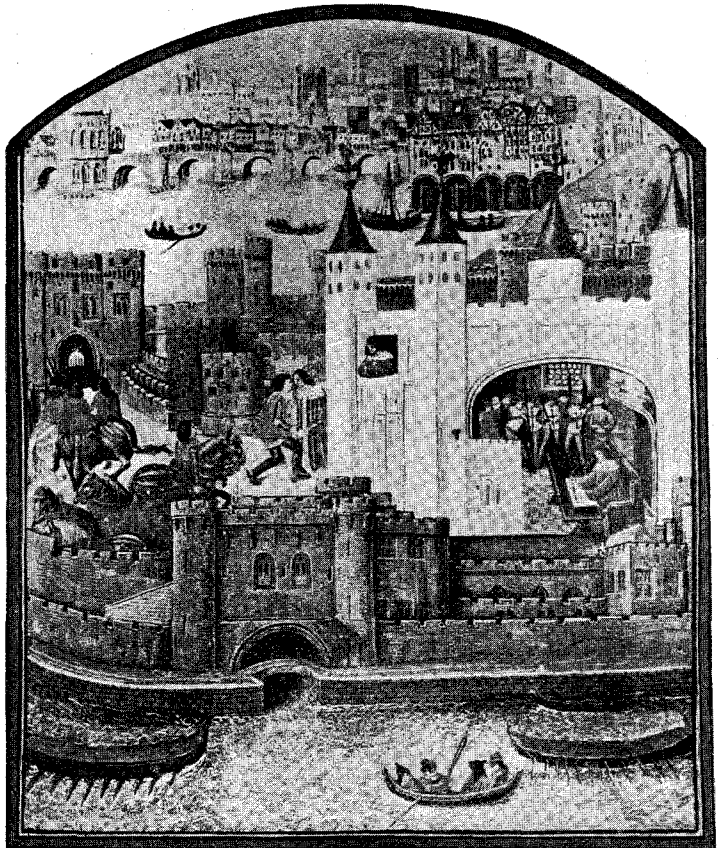
groundwork for Dekker's "The Shoemaker's Holiday" and Rowley's "A Shoemaker a Gentleman." No better picture is there anywhere of the crafts and craftsmen of London in the fifteenth century than is to be found in the pages of the sometime despised silk-weaver whose best work lay in oblivion for three hundred years or so; and no more delightful play of the period than that of the merry-hearted bohemian cockney Thomas Dekker, author too of that inimitable essay in grobianism "The Guls Horn-Booke." Here, from "The Shoemaker's Holiday," is a vivid glimpse of Simon Eyre, "the mad shoemaker of Tower Street," who from an apprentice becomes Lord Mayor, builds Leadenhall leather market, and founds a prentices' holiday:

"EYRE: Goe, vanish, vanish! Avaunt, I say! By the Lorde of Ludgate, its a madde life to be a lorde mayor; its a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a carefull life. Well, Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Sainct Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings; his majesty is welcome, he shal have good cheere, delicate cheere, princely cheere. This day, my felow prentises of London come to dine with me too, they shal have fine cheere, gentlemanlike cheere. I promised Cappadocians, when we all served at the Conduit together (as water-carriers), that if ever I came to be Mayor of London, I would feast them al, and Ile doot, by the life of Pharaoh; by this beard, Sim Eire wil be no flincher. Besides I have procurd that upon every Shrovetuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell, my fine dapper Assyrian lads shal clap up their shop windows and away.



Falstaff and Dame Quickly.

From "Shakespeare's Stories of the English Kings," retold by Thomas Carter (Harrap).



The Tower of London and the River about 1480.

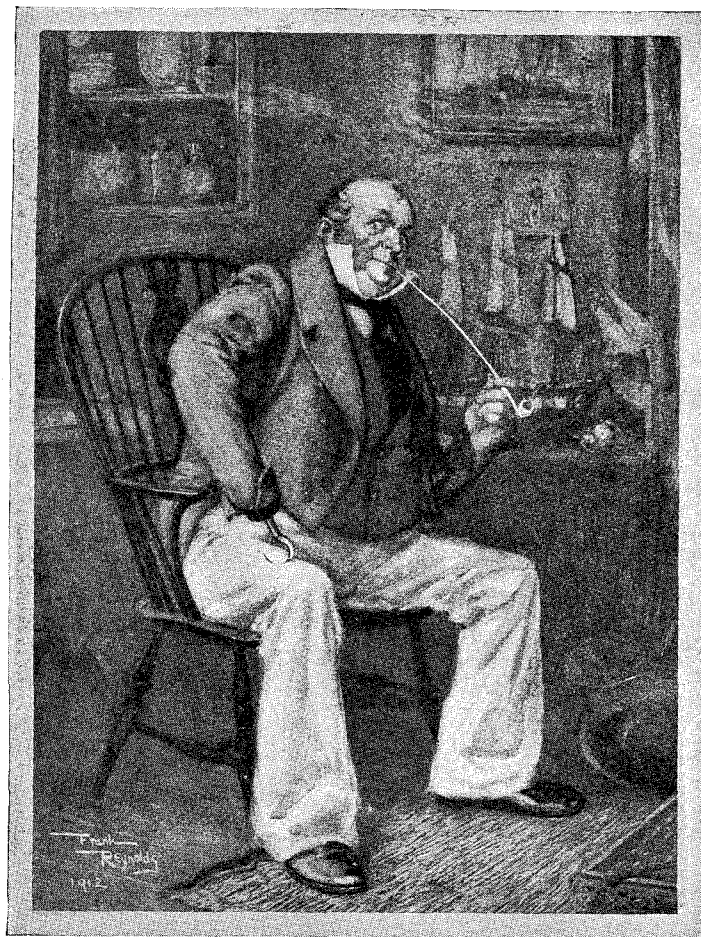
From "The Romance of Lloyd's," by Com. Frank Worsley and Captain Glyn Griffith (Hutchinson).

This is the day, and this day they shal doot, they shal doot.

Boyes, that day are you free, let masters care,
And prentises shal pray for Simon Eyre."

Robert Greene's "Conny-Catching Tracts" may be recalled with Dekker's "Guls Horn-Booke" for their graphic sidelights on the rif-raffery of the London underworld of his time. Nash's "Jacke Wilton" was a page at the Court of Henry VIII, but his adventures are largely on foreign soil. He is however a worthy brother of Roxana, Moll Flanders and Colonel Jacque. As M. Jusserand has pointed out, while Nash leaves to his real heroes, Surrey, More, Erasmus, Aretino, their historical character, he gives to his fictitious ones caprices and qualities which make them distinct and living beings like those of everyday life, and points out the road that was to lead to the true novel. Dekker and others owed something to the portrait gallery in Nash's quasi-autobiographical satire "Pierce Penniless."

But if we would know our Elizabethan London thoroughly we must spend our days and nights with Ben Jonson. He is not easy reading. His characters are links between the abstractions of the allegory and the mystery plays and the works of George Bernard Shaw. "Every Man in His Humour" is essentially a comedy of character rather than of incident; and must be studied from this point of view. Bobadil the cowardly braggart; Master Mathew the town gull; Kitley the jealous husband; Brainworm the rascally servant—are ever living characters. So are the Captain Otter and the Truewit of "The Silent Woman"; so are the cozeners and cozened, Subtle, Sir Epicure Mammon, and the rest, in "The Alchemist"; Brother Zeal-of-the-Land Busy" (a forerunner of Dickens's Chadband)



Captain Cuttle ("Dombey & Son").

(Reproduced by kind permission from the Buchanan Portfolio.)
From "Some Dickens Men," by Edwin Charles (Rich & Cowan).

and his companions in the riotous "Bartholomew Fair." From Westminster to Wapping Jonson knew his London thoroughly.

Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Peele, Middleton, Heywood, Webster, Shirley and others of the old dramatists lay scenes of their plays in London, among them Shadwell, whose picture of Alsatia is recalled later in Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel." We may glance too, in passing, at the characters in "The Spectator," in fancy walking with Sir Roger De Coverley in the gardens of Gray's Inn, visiting the play with him and accompanying him on that memorable visit to the Abbey; peering into that journal of a citizen's life which Sir Andrew Freeport showed to his fellow members of the famous Club; and hearing Will Honeycomb, the sometime town gallant, tell of his remarkable adventure with the Pict.

The characters of Gay's "Beggar's Opera," notably Captain Macheath, and the London of the "Trivia" are also worthy of more space than can be given to them. The next name on our list is that of Daniel Defoe, whose vast canvas includes among so many other living pictures that of the London waif, afterwards Colonel Jacque, the little pickpocket who decides to keep from drink and strong language in his effort to become a gentleman and tells a sympathetic well-wisher: "I never lay in a bed in my life as I remember, and I never had a shirt since my nurse died." How vividly the story recalls the Smithfield and Moorfields of the past. "Roxana" takes us westward to Kensington and then to Whitechapel; "Moll Flanders" again to Smithfield and the city by-ways.

Richardson's Lovelace, Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison belong in part to London; as do Fielding's Tom Jones and Amelia, and Mackenzie's Harley of "The Man of Feeling," and Fanny Burney's Evelina. And so do Scott's Nigel, Cowper's John Gilpin, Marryat's Jacob Faithful, who was born on a Thames lighter, and Japhet Newland, who worked for a Smithfield chemist. Many characters of Disraeli and Lytton come on the London scene; but the London of yesterday is almost overcrowded with the characters and caricatures of Dickens and Thackeray. Dickens's characters are the most numerous. There are said to be fifteen hundred of them, some three hundred and sixty in "Pickwick" alone, too many for full mention of even those that are familiar as household words. Here is a little table, gathered at random:

Mrs. Bardell	Miss Flite	Mr. Pickwick
Mr. Tite Barnacle	Mrs. Leo Hunter	Bill Sikes
Sally Brass	Sairey Gamp	Ruth Pinch
Sampson Brass	William Guppy	Tom Pinch
Inspector Bucket	Sir Mulberry Hawk	Daniel Quilp
Serjeant Buzfuz	Uriah Heep	Bob Sawyer
James Carker	Mrs. Jarley	Harold Skimpole
Sidney Carton	John Jarndyce	Justice Stareleigh
Christopher Casby	Alfred Jingle	Mr. Stiggins
Mr. Chadband	Poor Jo	Spewlow & Jorkins
Arthur Clennam	Miss La Creevey	Dick Swiveller
David Copperfield	The Marchioness	Mark Tapley
Dora Copperfield	Mr. Micawber	Oliver Twist
The Artful Dodger	Little Nell	Mr. Tulkinghorn
The Dombey's	Newman Noggs	Lord Verisopht
Little Dorrit	Mr. Pecksniff	Mr. Vholes
Fagin		

A similar but smaller table may be made of the Thackerayan picture gallery.

Colonel Jack Altamont is of the lineage of Nash's Jack Wilton and Defoe's Colonel Jacque, and there is another link with Defoe in Shandon's journalistic



From "The Night Watchman," by W. W. Jacobs (Hodder & Stoughton).



From "THE SILVER SHIP,"
Collected by LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH
(Putnams).

ON THE SPANISH MAIN IN THE DAYS
OF THE BUCCANEERS.
Painted for "The Silver Ship" by A. K. MacDonald.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932



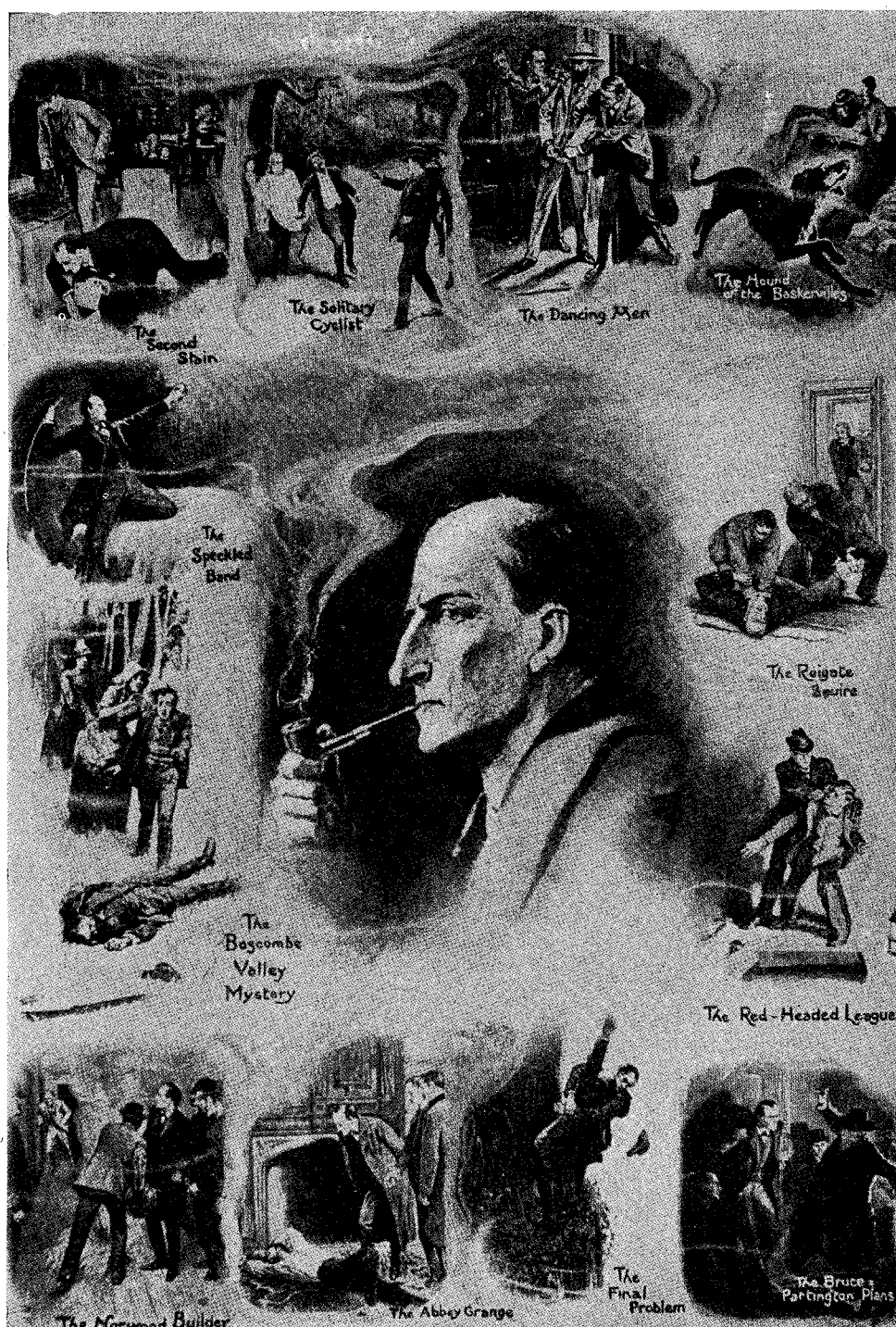
From a drawing by HOWARD SMITH.

THOMAS BURKE

work in the Fleet Prison. Two London scenes of Thackeray's are to many readers more moving than any in the pages of his great and more popular rival: the passing of Colonel Newcome in the Charterhouse and the crash of the Rawdon and Becky Crawley ménage in Curzon Street. The duel between Castlewood and Mohun in Leicester Fields is also noteworthy.

Approaching Dickens in the truth and strength of his London characters is George Gissing, whose pictures of life in Lambeth, Hoxton, Camberwell and Islington in particular are haunting in their bitter poignancy. Kipling touches the East End intimately in his record of the flower-girl mission worker Badalia Herodsfoot, and his Torpenhow and Dick Helder of "The Light That Failed" have left their footprints in Villiers Street; while Mr. J. B. Priestley has drawn some lifelike City portraits in his "Angel Pavement."

We have but touched the fringe of our subject. We can only add mention of Pierce Egan's Tom and Jerry; the Rev. Gregory Shovel in Sir Walter Besant's "The Chaplain of the Fleet"; the same author's London-loving Althea in "The Bell of St. Paul's," the social idealism of Angela Messenger in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," William Halliday's honeymoon walk round London with Alice Shirley in "The Orange Girl"; Mrs. Humphry Ward's Robert Elsmere and his East End Brotherhood; Sir Hall Caine's Father Storm in "The Christian"; Mr. Soames Forsyte and his family in Mr. Galsworthy's "The Forsyte Saga"; Sir Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes; Mr. H. G. Wells's Mr. Polly and Mr. Lewisham; Mr. Hornung's Raffles; Mr. Arnold Bennett's Mr. Earlfoward the bookseller in "Riceyman's Steps"; and his characters in "The Card," "The Regent" and "The Grand Babylon Hotel"; Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Liza of Lambeth"; Mr. Pett Ridge's "Name of Garland"; Mr. Zangwill's studies of Jewry and Mr. Denis Mackail's "Greenery Street." There are, too, the Limehouse and other London studies of Mr. Thomas Burke, the "Gallions



Sherlock Holmes and twelve scenes from his career.

These sketches, except for one by Simpson and one by Twiddle, were drawn by Sidney Paget.

(By courtesy of the *Strand Magazine*.)

Reach" of Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, the Thames-side characters of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, and that human little drama of Christopher Jope-Slade and Sewell Stokes, "Britannia of Billingsgate," the Mrs. Bolton of which has her counterpart in the Mrs. Mutimer of Gissing's "Demos." Nor should one forget the Fleet Street of "Lord London" and other fictions written around the personality of Lord Northcliffe; two works (one a short story) touching the tragedy of superannuation—the "Robert Thorne" of Mr. Shan Bullock and the "Mr. Whittaker's Retirement" of William Hale White; the clever picture of the Bloomsbury of to-day in Miss Kate O'Brien's "The Mandeville Club"; or the fact that the real Prince in Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper" went a-wandering in the London streets.

LONDINIUM TRIUMPHANS

By E. Beresford Chancellor

THE other day I met a lady who told me she thought there were too many books written about London.

Feeling myself a guilty person, involved in her accusation (for by her tone I recognised that she considered it as such), I kept a discreet silence. But, as these things will, the remark lingered in my mind, and I wondered if what she said had not after all some truth in it. There is a vast library of works on the subject; many of them, truth to tell, mere *rifacimenti* of their predecessors; some which are obviously the result of that

book-making mania which seems to attack the old and young alike, but which is after all a harmless result of

latent energy. But although there has grown up this mass of topographical literature, a mass that is being added to yearly, are there after all too many books about a place which has become so vast and complicated as London? Having in view alone the seven works which lie before me, dealing with various facets of that

- "London for Ever." By Colonel Blackham. 12s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)
 "A History of London." By Alan Ivimey. 12s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)
 "The Zoological Gardens." By Gertrude Gleeson. 12s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)
 "Lure and Lore of London's River." By A. G. Linney. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)
 "The Romance of Lloyd's." By Commander Worsley and Captain Griffith. 12s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)
 "A Pilgrimage of the Thames." By Donald Maxwell. 7s. 6d. net. (Centenary Press.)
 "No Boats on the River." By A. P. Herbert. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

amazing organism, I am inclined to wonder if they alone would not form a complete and satisfactory

reply to my lady friend's assertion. For however well one may know the place (and I for one readily confess that I know how little I know about it, after quite a long and loving study of it), you will, I think, nearly always find some fresh facts, some hidden charm, some suggestive observation, contained in nearly every new work which bears that fascinating name on its title page. You may call it "London, the Sovereign City," as does Colonel Blackham in the volume in which he so ably traces the history of that portion of it which, as he appropriately says, forms "a state within a state"; that wonderful square mile over which the Lord Mayor and Corporation rule; that heart for ever beating in pulsations that send the life blood into the remotest portions of the greatest of all empires. . . . There are many who know of a London before the Conqueror came and "smote us into greatness" (to use Sir William Watson's stirring phrase); some there are who can tell the tale of later times, and point out the spots where great landmarks, now with Tyre and Tadmor, once stood; who can people the streets with the notable ones who have made its stones shrines, and have left the reflex of their glory on even its meanest streets. But here you cannot merely follow Colonel Blackham into such directions; for he will tell you of something even greater and to many more arresting: the secret of London's governance; the annals of its wards; how it administers its immense charities and how it preserves the law and order which in spite of an incursion of gunmen and grab-raiders, are better kept than in any city in the world; nor does he fail to discourse of its markets



The Modern City: Concrete Columns in Lime Street.

(Photo: Humphrey and Vera Joel.)

From "London for Ever," by Colonel Robert J. Blackham (Sampson Low).

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932**



From a drawing by PEGGY SMITH.

SIR PHILIP GIBBS.

and its schools ; of what it stood for during the Great War ; of its amazing commercial activities ; of the crafts it has engendered and sheltered ; of those who have set out from it to enlarge and preserve the Empire of which it is the head and front. Thus then I think that no one reading this book will consider it one of the too many which deal with London.

Nor can it otherwise be said of Mr. Ivimey's work, because here we have a different aspect of the great and perennially interesting subject. It is London as a whole that is here dealt with : the London as it was (to use an Irishism) before it *was* London ; what the Romans made of it and what the Saxons ; how

the Danes treated it, and how the Normans solidified, as it were, the work of earlier pioneers, down to the days when mediævalism produced those guilds which are still, in the form of the City companies, an outstanding element of its constitution. Mr. Ivimey notes such things as link up the shadowy past with our vital present. He tells us how Westminster rose to the importance of a twin city with the London which once regarded it as a mere geographical expression ; he shows how Southwark (which the ghost of Shakespeare seems always to haunt), once a rather lawless neighbourhood notwithstanding its great monastery and its semi-royal palace, gradually grew into part and parcel of the city, and incidentally might be as architecturally impressive had it a proper embankment, and had its earlier town planners carried out their scheme more adequately ; while he completes his interesting and valuable survey with a vivid description of the rise and gradual development of the West End, and the suburbs which are among the most astonishing evidences of London's immense increase in size and importance. In this book are a series of comparative illustrations showing what certain areas looked like in the past and how they appear to-day ; which tell us at a glance all sorts of things which in these hurried times we might not all have leisure to learn from written description. Here then again is a book which no one, I think, who loves London could deem superfluous.

The two works to which I have thus alluded deal with the subject in what may be termed a general way, which does not indicate a superficial way, but as embracing together the various facets of the jewel taken as a whole.



The Royal Exchange and Bank of England in the nineties.

(Reproduced from "Modern History of the City of London," by Charles Welch, by kind permission of Mr. H. E. Welch.)
From "London for Ever," by Colonel Robert J. Blackham (Sampson Low).

But just as a jewel has many facets which are in themselves well worthy of special study, certain other books here to be considered, set out to deal with them, and in Commander Worsley's and Captain Griffith's "Romance of Lloyd's" we get the history of that great institution which is indeed a romance. Lloyd's is one of those names which are familiar to most people. One realises that it is part and parcel of the tremendous commercial labours of the country, and that it is linked up with our mercantile activity in so intimate a way that the one cannot be thought of without the other ; that it is the head and front of insurance, and that its head-quarters are the centre for the collection and diffusion of marine knowledge. But when you have read this fascinating book you will realise that behind this general statement there is something which makes the record of its activities akin to a novel of adventure, where pirates and shipwrecks have a place together with the history of men whose names are household words in our city's history from the time of Edward Lloyd, who was a kind of seventeenth century Northcliffe and whose coffee-house was the first scene of its activities in 1688, down to our own time when the great New Zealand earthquake of last year represented one of the instances where Lloyd's land risks were largely involved. The illustrations to the book are well chosen and representative of all phases of the immense interests and activities of the institution ; but that at page 56, showing the Tower "about 1480," should have had an earlier date, for it represents the captivity of Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at Agincourt in 1415.



The Surrey Shore by Westminster Bridge.
From "A Pilgrimage of the Thames," by Donald Maxwell (Geoffrey Bles).

Another aspect of London's amazing variety is represented by Miss Gleeson's work on the Zoological Gardens. I dare say there may not be much here of which a zoologist is ignorant, especially one to whom this fascinating spot in London is an open book; but I have found all sorts of new and amusing things recorded here, and the next time I go to the Zoo I shall do so with an added knowledge and pleasure.

Just as from Lloyd's to Regent's Park is a long cry, so it is when we embark with Mr. Donald Maxwell on his voyage up the Thames, although with his pleasant descriptive writing and his charming illustrations (one of the Ravine at Greenhithe is particularly delightful and will be new to many readers) he causes the journey from Gravesend to Oxford to fly "on swallows' wings." Mr. A. G. Linney in his "Lure and Lore of London's River" does not take us so far, only indeed to Teddington, but his knowledge of the Thames is profound; and the Pool and the Docks with their manifold beauties and activities become more than ever attractive in his luminous pages; nor does he neglect such subsidiary waterways as the Lee, and the Regent's and Grand Union Canals. This is an excellent book and forms a fitting sequel to its author's earlier work on the Port of London.

There is one more book on the river, the writer of which is very well known as a novelist and a contributor to *Punch*. Mr. A. P. Herbert is a humorist; but here he is deadly serious, as he ought to be, for he is stating the case which he has, in common with many of us, so much at heart: the use of the river for traffic and as a relief to the overcrowded thoroughfares of the metropolis. It is nothing short of a scandal that this magnificent river should be neglected, and still more that those (as Mr. Herbert shows) who try to remedy this, meet with such lack of support, even with discouragement, from the authorities. It is curious that with all our so-called progressiveness the Thames is now allowed to remain unregarded and unused. Those who could and should remedy this seem indeed like the Rusticus

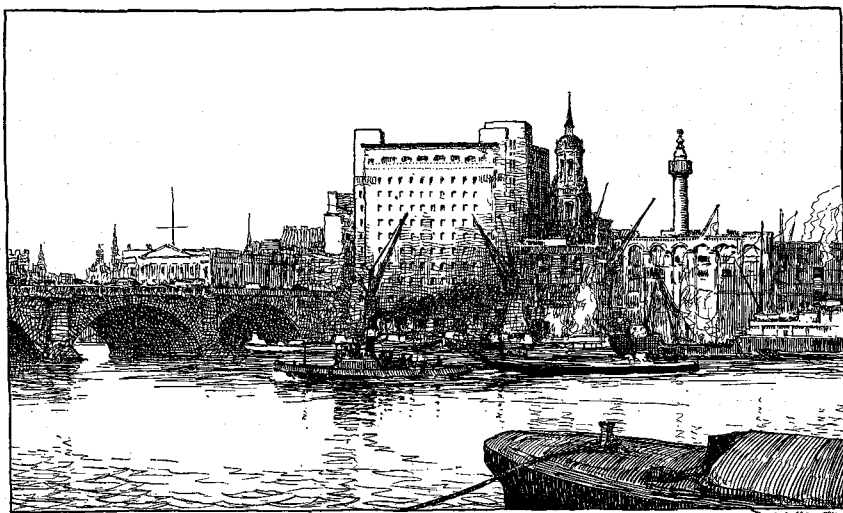
of Horace's verse, to look on with dull unseeing eyes, while the noble river flows past them. What a contrast the stream presents to the past when it was crowded with traffic, and our forbears, who are so often regarded as stick-in-the-muds, at least realised its potentialities, and used them.

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

AN EXAMINATION PAPER ON LONDON

Set by E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

1. Give the proper name where necessary, and exact situation of the following: No. 1 London; "Whetstone Park," "Berghen ," "Hoopers Court," "Alsatia," "Town's End," "Waverton Street," "Wellings Farm" and "Sparagus Garden"?
2. Differentiate between, and describe the respective positions of, Addle Street and Addle Hill, Spurriers Lane and Spurriers Row; the three Water Lanes; Mint Street and Royal Mint Street; Well Street and Wells Street; and the two Silver Streets?
3. The names of "Hicks," "Shaver," "Weltzie," "Crockford," "George Prince," "Sadler," "Busby" and "Cuper" were once attached to London institutions. Name them.
4. There were at one time several Spring Gardens in London. State their exact situations.
5. There is said to be but one example of William Adam's design in London. State its position.
6. Which is the shortest street in London? which was first lighted by gas? and which is the longest without a lamp-post?
7. Who besides the sovereign has the right of driving along Rotten Row? and in virtue of what office?
8. Where was Thorney Island, and what occupies its site to-day?



St Magnus the Martyr as seen from the Pool.
From "A Pilgrimage of the Thames," by Donald Maxwell (Geoffrey Bles).

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CHINESE BANDITS
STRIKING
ILLUSTRATIONS

No. 160

DECEMBER, 1932

PRICELESS

A. A. THOMSON NUMBER YOUNG HOPEFUL

ST. MONAN'S

THE BREEZY COAST

'We drove down by steep winding streets to the harbour and there found as brightly colourful a picture as could be seen in any Continental port. The whole scene was lit with glowing colour and even the rocks round the harbour had a luminous tint, as if a giant's jewel case, containing, among other treasures, a special supply of garnet brooches, had been flung higgledy-piggledy into the water. I should not like to say off-hand that any colour was not represented on these rocks washed by spray and gleaming in the sunlight. There were at least a dozen boats in the little rocky harbour lying at the foot of a brae up which queer, huddled houses climbed steeply, and their gay colouring was a revelation and a joy.

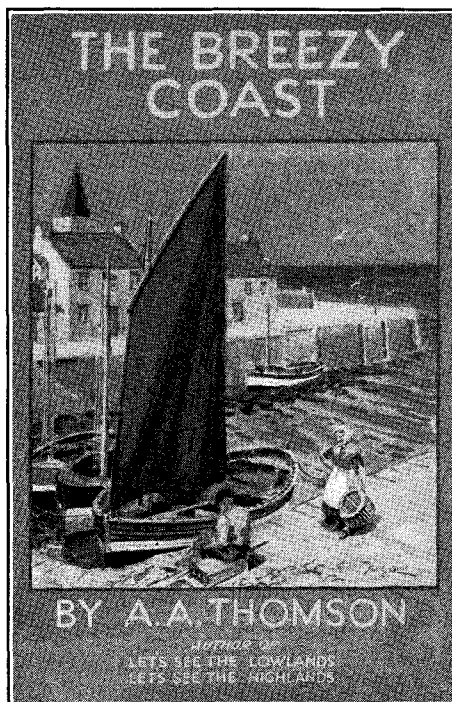
St. Monan's is delightful, perhaps, because it is so exactly typical of what a great writer has called "the little burghs and sea villages, with their poor little havens, salt-pans and weather-beaten bits of cyclopean breakwaters."

The Church

However poor this little haven may be, it is rich in beauty. . . . The lovely red church completes, and seems to bless, the line of odd, irregular tiled roofs as you look back on St. Monan's from the harbour. The grey steeple is neither slender nor graceful, but it fits perfectly into the outline of the picture. St. Monan's is fortunate in having what few Scottish villages have, a really old church which neither Reforming zeal nor fierce tempests have been able to destroy. In this church the village folk worshipped before John Knox's time, and they worship there still. The old story tells that David the Second and his Queen were saved from shipwreck on this shore and that the King vowed to build a church in gratitude for his deliverance. Not merely was he saved from drowning; he was freed, by a miracle, from a poisoned barb while he prayed at the tomb of St. Monan, who had once lived in a rocky hermitage upon the shore.

The church has one finely carved canopied tomb, but, to me, its most sacred possession would seem to be the little ship that hangs in one of the transepts. Churches are everywhere, and so is the Divine Presence without which

they were built in vain, but in the old church of a fishing village where the little ship hangs, you cannot walk without a deeper humility, for there straying thoughts are drawn, more strongly than in any grand cathedral, to Him Who walked the waves of Galilee and did not scorn to choose His friends from fisherfolk.'



Once more Mr. Thomson, with his whimsical friend, Mr. Balaam, has journeyed into Scotland—this time along the colourful, breeze-haunted coast which stretches from Berwick-on-Tweed to John o' Groat's House.

This volume has all the qualities of vivid description and genial humour that made its predecessors—*Let's See the Lowlands* and *Let's See the Highlands*—so successful.

The East Coast, swept by fresh, clean winds from the sea, has a character and atmosphere all its own, and these the author has cleverly captured, together with a wealth of romantic story and much keen but kindly observation of local life and character.

Many critics have praised his method as an original and pleasant departure in travel literature, and those who followed him to the Lowlands and the Highlands will find him equally companionable on *The Breezy Coast*. Illustrated. Price 7/6 net (postage 5d.).

SOME DELIGHTFUL VERSES

We have just published a delightful collection of verses for children, entitled *Young Hopeful*. We print below a few extracts which will enable you to judge of the merits of these verses.

ANN has got a speckelty nose
An' speckelty cheeks with the sun,
... An' there's heaps an' heaps of speckelty hens
Down in the chicken run.
... An' sometimes we have speckelty eggs
An' speckelty buns for tea ...
Well, I'd simply love some speckelty spots
(Like Ann, and the hens, and the eggs, and the buns),
But they just won't grow on ME!

And then we have the thoughts of an observant child who says:

Early to bed, and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.
Daddy says this is what he used to do,
... The rest of it seems a long time coming true!

Eat all your crusts up, there's a good girl,
Eat all your crusts, and they'll make your hair curl!
—Mummy eats hers up 'cos Mummy behaves. ...
... Now I wonder why Mummy needs Permanent Waves!

Charles Robinson, R.I.

From the next few lines one can easily understand the difficulties that must beset the child who tries to reason things out for himself.

Baby sits in his high chair,
He has to have his breakfast there,
He dribbles porridge down his chin
And spills far more than he puts in.
He throws his crusts upon the floor,
Then loudly bawls and shrieks for more.

Daddy comes to breakfast late,
He leaves his bits upon his plate,
He isn't sent to brush his hair,
Or told to "sit straight" on his chair,
Or that he's got a sticky face.
(He hardly ever says his grace!)

Now if I leave a tiny bit,
I never hear the end of it,
If, after meals, there is found
A crust beside me on the ground
They say "What very naughty tricks
For a great boy of nearly six."

Daddy's old as old can be,
Baby's still just only wee;
I have to do as I am told
Because I'm neither young nor old.
It makes a fellow feel enraged
—I'm sick of being middle-aged!

Miss Jennie Dunbar is the author of this book and the illustrations are the work of Mr. Charles Robinson, R.I.

As will be readily realized, the charm of these verses lies, not so much in their merry jingle, but in the remarkable ability of the author to penetrate and read the childish mind. The price is 5/- net (postage 3d.).

THE HERBERT JENKINS' WIRELESS

December, 1932.

Offices:—3, YORK STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1.

Telephone: Whitehall 3235 (2 lines).

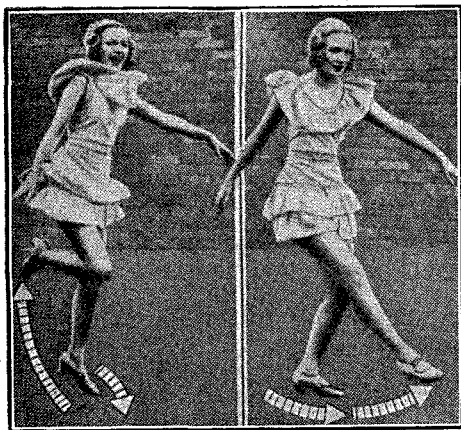
Telegrams and Cables: "Booklover, London."

ON SLIMMING

THE MODERN METHOD

"Tap dancing," said an authority on the subject, "has definitely come to stay. It is now recognized as the most efficacious and congenial method of slimming known to science. It loosens the muscles, improves the balance, corrects the deportment and unnecessary flesh just disappears."

"It is completely eclipsing calisthenics and all the other methods employed by



the rotund to recapture their youthful figures, and the beauty of it is that with every pound decrease in weight, you become more and more fascinated by the delightful little intricacies of this popular art. Mark my words—before long the whole world will be 'tap' crazy."

We smiled our approval and shook him warmly by the hand. This, indeed, was good news. Our interest and enthusiasm were, however, not born of a desire to reduce any "middle-age-spread" that may have descended upon us with advancing years, but rather of the fact that we were on the eve of publishing a little volume which covered the science of tap dancing from A to Z.

We refer to *Tap Dancing at-a-Glance*, by Jimmy Ormonde, which is to appear at the extremely low price of 2/-. The author, with the aid of a multitude of excellent illustrations, shows how easy it is to master the wide variety of steps that one sees performed by professionals in

cabarets and on the stage. The rawest novice will have no difficulty in following Mr. Ormonde as he points out the way, whilst even experts will find much to their advantage included in the mass of information that the author has to expound.

The price of this book is 2/- net. 156 Illustrations in half-tone. Postage 3d.

THINGS!

A post-card sent to us bearing your name and address will ensure the arrival of this *Wireless* at your home every month. It is, of course, quite free.



GILDEROY DAVISON

A Big Smile

Above we have an amusing photograph of the Reverend G. Davison, creator of the "Man with the Twisted Face." He tells us that his recreations combine elocution (he holds the diploma A.L.C.M.), riding, tennis and, of course, writing. The latter, he asserts, helps him to keep his sermons lively. His latest novel, *A Traitor Unmasked*, has just been published, and we understand that he is putting the finishing touches to yet another which we may expect in the New Year. Mr. Davison is a Northumbrian, and after distinguishing himself at Cambridge, both as a scholar and a sportsman, he served in France and Belgium during the War, and later in the Army of Occupation. Now we know why the ring of conviction is so marked in his famous spy stories.

In Our List

Besides a very varied list of fiction, books of a biographical nature and works of general interest, we publish volumes written by experts on the following subjects:—

Glass; Pottery; Spoons; Antiques; Furniture; Lace; China; Stamps; Medals; Bric-à-brac; Pewter; Walnut; Oak; Earthenware; Miniatures; Silver; and Prints.

There are also books on:—Travel; Gardening; Fishing; Shooting; Caravanning; Dancing; Scouting; and Cookery.

Guns; Game; Cricket; Tennis; Rugby Football; Palmistry; Nature; Cocktails; Sundaes; Athletics; Bee-Keeping; Big Game Hunting; and Pig-Sticking.

A well-chosen book on the right subject can give much pleasure. If you are uncertain as to the type of book you require, write to us and let us help you.

BOOKS OF INTEREST

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Truth: "A truly delightful record."

Scotsman: "Delightful accounts of the various gardens." (Postage 9d.)

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Demy 8vo. Illustrated. 10/6 net

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By W. RILEY.

Illustrated. 7/6 net

This is a book for the lover of beautiful scenes, in which the author takes us to his own country, which lies on the edge of the Lake District, with the seas lapping its shores. (Postage 5d.)

The Breezy Coast

By A. A. THOMSON.

Illustrated. 7/6 net

Once more our author has journeyed into Scotland, this time down the colourful, breeze-haunted coast which stretches from Berwick-on-Tweed to John o' Groat's House. (Postage 5d.)

More Great Ghost Stories

Collected and edited, with an Introduction, by HARRISON DALE.

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As in Mr. Dale's previous anthology, each story is by a master in this genre, each contains a ghostly apparition, and in each the supernatural has been seriously treated. (Postage 6d.)

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Foreword by G. K. CHESTERTON.

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The author shows how easy it is to master the steps. Follow his instructions and practise according to the illustrations, and you will be amazed at your progress. (Postage 3d.)

GHOSTS

TOOTH-CHATTERING TALES

"A selection of tooth-chattering tales. Mr. Harrison Dale must do one of two things. He must either give us another volume of *Great Ghost Stories* (there must be more than fifteen 'Great' ones in the world), or, better still, he must extend his introduction on 'The Art of the Ghost Story' into a volume complete in itself."

So said the *Morning Post* of Harrison Dale's anthology, *Great Ghost Stories*, when it was published last Christmas. The demand for this book, probably



influenced by many reviews similar to the one quoted above, was tremendous. There must have been a big R in the month, for ghosts were definitely in season, and the very varied selection provided by Mr. Dale reaped its just reward.

It is therefore with a feeling of complacency that we announce here Mr. Dale's second volume, entitled *More Great Ghost Stories*.

Working on his original principle (that each story must be the work of a master in this genre, each must contain a ghostly apparition, and in each the supernatural must have been seriously treated—i.e. no story must be spoiled by a "natural explanation"), Harrison Dale has compiled another fine anthology to which, the *Morning Post* will gladly note, he has appended further introductory notes. *More Great Ghost Stories* contains four hundred pages of grimly exciting reading, as everybody who read the first collection will readily appreciate. The price of this book is 7/6 net (postage 6d.).

BOOK TOKENS

What are Book Tokens—what do they do and why? Book Tokens represent the latest labour-saving method of book selection. You wish to present a friend with a book for Christmas but you are busy, harassed, or your knowledge of that person's tastes is somewhat hazy. What do you do? You go to a bookseller and purchase a Book Token for 3d. This is a little booklet containing a gummed book-plate on which you can write your greetings and which the recipient can paste in the book he chooses.

To this booklet you attach a special stamp to the value you wish to give and post it to your friend. He then goes to a bookseller, makes his selection and pastes in the book-plate. In this way you are sure of your gift being "right."

LUKE ALLAN

A NEW DEPARTURE

Mr. Lacey Amy, who, under the name of Luke Allan, wrote the ever-popular Blue Pete cowboy yarns, has turned his hand to another, and very different, form of fiction. His new novel is entitled *The Many-Coloured Thread*, and where a bow-legged cowboy once held sway, there is now a young reporter, Hall, who lives in California.

A sudden legacy enables him to throw up his job and take the girl of his dreams, Milly, to the picturesque Balearic Islands where the main drama takes place.

The story reveals the reactions of two young people—wage-slaves—who are suddenly released from bondage by a substantial legacy, and shows how the even tenor of their lives was abruptly ended in the most romantic of surroundings.

Hall and Milly did not marry, but lived together, both happy in the knowledge of their mutual love, and content to forget the world and its attendant cares in their newly-created paradise.

But looming up on the distant horizon a storm-cloud slowly approaches, finally bursting in all its fury upon the unsuspecting couple.

The Many-Coloured Thread is a dramatic and absorbing love story which clearly shows that Mr. Amy is as much at home in handling delicate love scenes as he is with his sharp-shooting broncho-busters. Price 7/6 net (postage 5d.).



GREEN LABEL TITLES TRAVESTIED.

CXVII.—GENTLEMEN OF CRIME.

A FEW

FACTS ABOUT AN AUTHOR

It is our opinion that Mr. A. A. Thomson is a writer of great merit. All his books have shown a delicacy of touch, an artist's appreciation of the beautiful, deft characterization and a light and captivating sense of humour. That we are not alone in our estimation of his qualities is made abundantly clear from the printed opinions of critics from all parts.

"Sparkles on from the opening paragraph." "Remarkably well done." "Entertaining, instructive, stimulating . . . every page delightful." "Written in Mr. Thomson's inimitably breezy style." "A first-rate pen picture."



MR. A. A. THOMSON

"A book of enthusiasm and happiness." "Many picturesque descriptions of beautiful scenes."

In such a manner have the critics welcomed the publication of each of this author's books. He has, besides a large number of novels to his credit, a life of Robert Burns and a trilogy of books on Scotland. The following is a complete list of his works:

<i>The Breezy Coast</i>	7/6 net
<i>Let's See the Highlands</i>	"
<i>Let's See the Lowlands</i>	"
<i>Fay of the Ring</i>	"
<i>The Burns We Love</i>	3/6 net
<i>The Lilac Maid</i>	2/6 net
<i>The Happy Windmill</i>	"
<i>Dorinda, Darling</i>	"
<i>Steeple Thatchby</i>	"
<i>O Petrina</i>	"
<i>Trust Tilty</i>	"
<i>The Exploits of Piccolo</i>	"
<i>Marigold Cottage</i>	"
<i>Records of Reggie</i>	"
<i>Sweet Cicely</i>	"

And what does Mr. Thomson do in his spare-time? you may well ask. When he's not touring Scotland in a small car, he plays cricket or collaborates with Ashley Sterne in writing Radio Revues. All things considered, he's a very busy man.

£200,000

ASHLEY STERNE

"Hallo! Hal-lo! What's this? What's this? Listen, Miss Esdaile! Listen as you've never listened before! The tenth quarterly drawing of the Timbaktu Grand Lottery, which contained the Grand Prix, took place yesterday at the Paris office of the Banque de l'Afrique Norde et Centrale, bond numbered r898, series V, winning the big prize, which is equivalent to about two hundred thousand pounds in English money. According to the official register kept in the Bank's London office, the original purchaser of the bond was a Mr. Bernard Pouncefort Verrinder, of Drapers Gardens.' Miss Esdaile, congratulate me! I'm the Newest of the New Rich!"

Scarcely less excited at the news than the radiant Bunny himself, Hope sprang from her chair and ran and scrutinized the paragraph which her now speechless companion was stabbing with his forefinger.

"And it's you—really you?" demanded Hope eagerly.

A Plate is Broken

In her earnestness and anxiety Hope had gripped Bunny by the lapels of his dressing-gown. Bunny, as a protective measure, had laid gentle but restraining fingers upon hers, for artificial silk is not the stoutest material to resist the clutching hand.

Whilst emphasizing her urgent plea she had raised herself on tip-toe and placed her face within an inch or so of Bunny's. Hence when Mrs. Redapple silently entered the room bearing a fresh instalment of toast, it is scarcely surprising that, totally misconstruing the situation, she dropped upon the floor a much-prized plate featuring the late Prince Consort surrounded by a border of honeysuckle and unripe blackberries.

Bernard Verrinder became secretly engaged to the charming Pamela Huggins. Secretly because Pa Huggins would not take kindly to the idea of an impecunious young man joining with his only daughter in holy matrimony. So when Verrinder heard that he had won £200,000 in a lottery, he knew that this sum would talk to Mr. Huggins in a far more eloquent manner than ever he could hope to do. But the fate that had smiled so benevolently upon him did not entirely smooth the way, as this story, *Devil's Own Luck*, by Ashley Sterne, amusingly relates. Price 7/6 net (postage 5d.).

A MERRY XMAS

WITH A THOMSON BOOK
ASK

YOUR BOOKSELLER

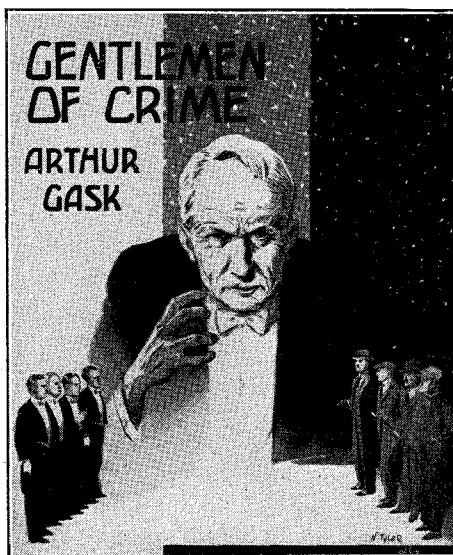
STRANGE COMPANY

GENTLEMEN OF CRIME

"Gentlemen," barked out the small wizened man, "money talks."

Nine men were seated at a long table in a very large room, where, except for a small, carefully shaded light directly above the head of the man who had spoken, everything was in complete darkness.

"Yes," continued the speaker, in sharp staccato-like tones, "it is my fortune or misfortune, as you all know, to be a very rich man, and indeed great wealth alone



could have enabled me to arrange such a gathering as this." He thumped with his fist upon the table. "Gentlemen, will it surprise you to learn that there are now present in this room the very cream of the great detectives of the world, and, if I may say so without giving offence"—his lips curled to a sarcastic smile—"certain of its greatest miscreants as well?"

"I want something, and I'm prepared to pay for it, and it does not matter two hoots to me whether those who give it have clean hands or not in the ordinary conduct of their lives. I have simply brought you here, good man and bad, saint and sinner, in order that you may all pool your peculiar talents to my advantage. I am aware that you all possess one quality in common, the quality of courage. You are all brave men and risk and peril belong to the atmospheres in which you live. You are hunters and therefore you are never deterred by the possibility that your quarry may at one moment turn and rend you. It is to be understood that a truce of God will exist while you are in my service. I mean—upright men and rogues, men of honour and gentlemen without scruples, you will one and all for the time being act as in a common brotherhood. Are you all agreed?"

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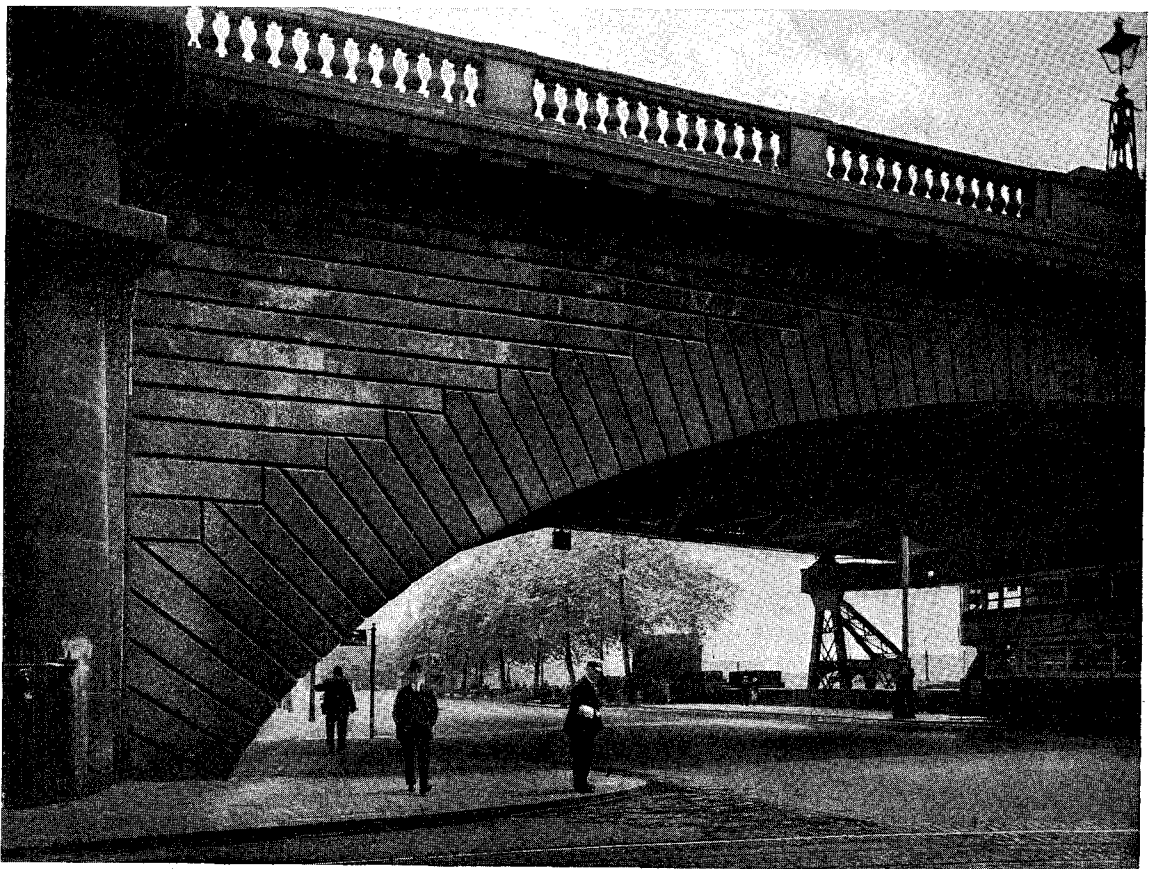
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From "A History of London," by ALAN IVIMEY
(Sampson Low).

HERE IS THE NORTH END OF WATERLOO BRIDGE IN 1827, BEFORE THE EMBANKMENT WAS BUILT, SHOWING WHAT THE FORESHORE LOOKS LIKE AT LOW TIDE. SOMERSET HOUSE IS SEEN THROUGH THE ARCH TO THE LEFT.



From "A History of London," by ALAN IVIMEY
(Sampson Low).

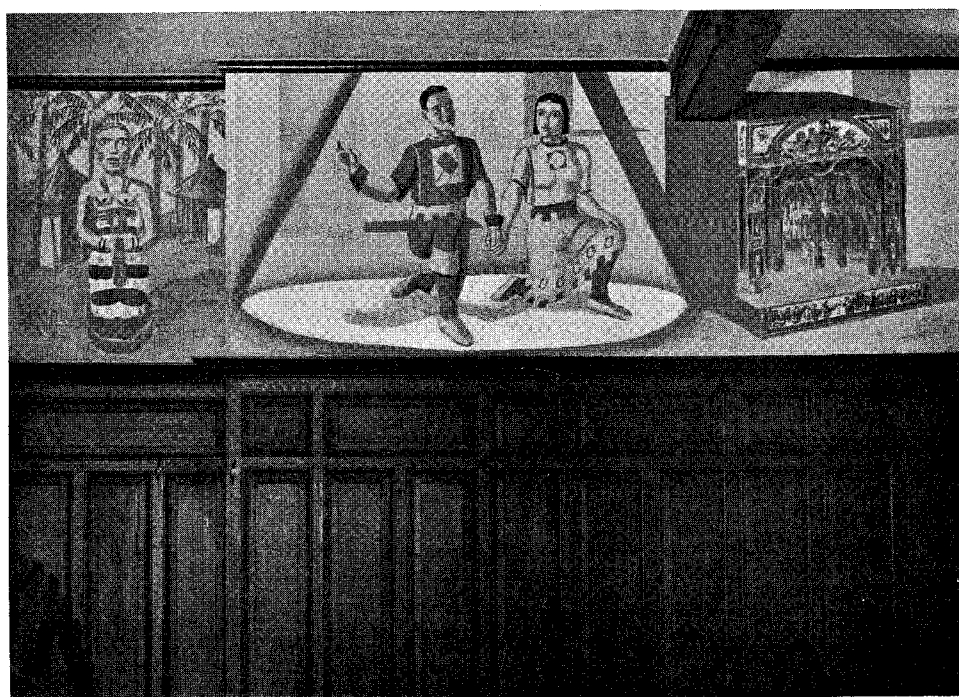
HERE IS THE IDENTICAL ARCH HALF FILLED UP BY THE EMBANKMENT. St. Pau's is just visible in the distance to the left of the trees.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932**



LITERATURE PANEL.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre is in the background. (11 ft. 6½ in. in length.)



DRAMA PANEL.

The colour of shape of spot light is deep blue with grey forming background. The figures are in red and yellow costumes, and the box of "Pollock Theatre" model is green, while the set and proscenium decoration carry through the colour in the costumes. (10 ft. in length.)

Two panels representing the mural decorations in the Toynbee Hall by Archibald Ziegler A.R.C.A. which will be formally introduced by Sir Philip Sassoon on Tuesday, December 13th.

In Commemoration

1632

JOHN LOCKE: THE COMMON-SENSE PHILOSOPHER

By Francis Watson

IN the same year (1632), and within a few months of each other, Benedict Spinoza was born in Amsterdam and John Locke near Bristol. It therefore seems appropriate that as the International Spinoza Society has celebrated by a conference at The Hague the tercentenary of the birth of the great Dutch philosopher, some tribute should be paid to the founder of the English Empirical school—the man who, though Kant of necessity assailed him on many points, paved the way for the later Idealists by his establishment of a critical approach to the problems which confront all philosophic systems.

Voltaire, a great admirer of Locke, complained that in France his works were more abused than read—a fate which for a time those of Spinoza also suffered. If Locke is not widely read today it may in part be due to the apparent simplicity of many of his findings, for to some extent he met with the fortune of all pioneers, the paths which he cut being swallowed up in the wide roads that those who came after him were enabled to build.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the details of Locke's life, but it will be well to bear in mind when considering his work that the Civil War broke out when he was ten years old; that the period through which he lived was one of almost constant political strife and economic uncertainty; that the friendship and patronage of Lord Ashley (afterwards Shaftesbury), valuable as they no doubt were to both men, were bound to involve Locke in the contemporary turmoil and throw upon him suspicion which his cautious nature might otherwise have been able to avoid; that many years were spent in exile in Holland (where, curiously enough, he seems never to have met Spinoza), and that it was only after his return in the wake of William that he allowed any work of importance to be published. He died in 1704, in retirement under the care of Lady Masham.

Locke's theologico-political philosophy (an interesting seventeenth century genre) rests firmly upon his lifelong enthusiasm for toleration—and in particular for religious toleration—in a world that still enjoyed heretic-hunting. The broad principles to which this led him are modified by that common sense which is one of the most obvious

features of his character; for if man is, as the Greeks taught us, a social animal, individualism must be prepared for certain set-backs, and circumstances may arise in which it is permissible to interfere with one's neighbour. His political theory has been overshadowed by that of Hobbes, but through Berkeley and Hume to Bentham and J. S. Mill the framework which Locke constructed has been used and acknowledged.

It is upon the "Essay on Human Understanding"—not published till the author was fifty-eight—that Locke's fame chiefly rests, and his theory of knowledge is his most important contribution to philosophy.

One must of course start with Descartes. Spinoza explained him (without necessarily agreeing with him); Leibniz, the third of the great seventeenth century philosophers, opposed to his idea of "existence through thought" that of "existence through action"; Locke alone showed the line of advance from Cartesianism by qualifying its brilliant dogma with a critical system.

In that age of scientific inquiry it is perhaps strange to find Locke paying less

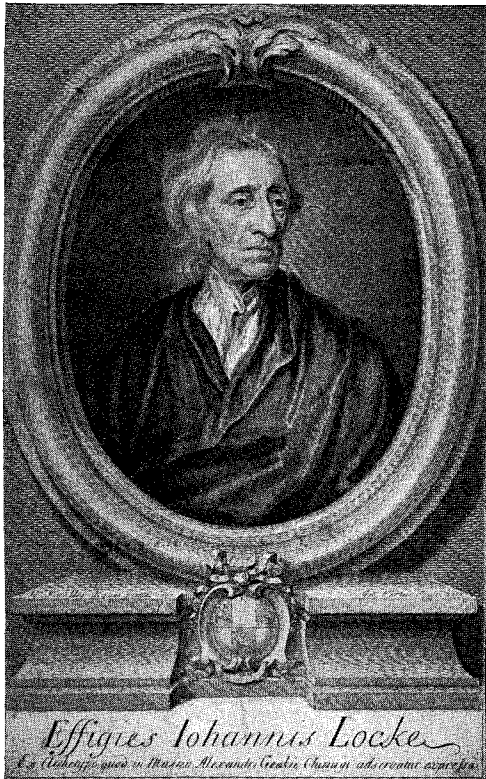
attention than Leibniz to the new knowledge of physics. He had given considerable study to medicine, and Boyle, the "sceptical chymist," quotes in his "History of the Air" some meteorological observations recorded by the philosopher. But he was content to leave to "the incomparable Mr. Newton" and others of his kind the advancement of experimental science, preferring himself to labour "in clearing the ground a little, and removing some of the rubbish that lies in the way to knowledge."

Evidently, then, there was still rubbish to be cleared away after the "Discours de la Méthode" had been written. Descartes, concentrating on the mechanism of perception and the method of reason, had arrived at "cogito, ergo sum." I may, in other words, think wrongly, but the very fact that I have the apparatus and the power to throw doubt upon my existence proves the reality of that existence. This provides a starting-point, and it was Locke's business to determine what possibility there is of thinking rightly, how nearly the received ideas of objects may correspond with the actual condition and qualities of the objects, and what



John Locke.

After Kneller (N.P.G., London).



John Locke.
By G. Vertue (after Kneller).

value knowledge may have in establishing or refuting such correspondence. To use his own words, he proposed "to inquire into the original certainty and extent of human knowledge, together with the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion and assent." Thus to seek to define the scope of knowledge was a courageous and useful piece of work twenty years after the foundation of the Royal Society.

As an empiricist, Locke founded his philosophy upon sensual perception, giving perception and reflection as the activities of consciousness and the source of ideas. He disposed of the old idea of "innate consciousness" by representing the mind as a "tabula rasa"—a blank surface ready to receive impressions. Further, he differentiated between primary and secondary qualities which may be perceived in an object, the primary being those qualities which the object possesses of itself, by virtue of which it is its own cause—such as shape and substance—while the secondary are those which do not in fact exist in the object but in our own consciousness, such as sound, colour, heat. If we regard consciousness as consisting of two parts, the original thinking ego and the "extended consciousness" or complex of perceptions arising from the object contemplated, we may say that Descartes—who actually

was inclined to make an unduly sharp division between the two—had demonstrated the existence of the first part, leaving Locke to examine the reality and value of the second. I exist; whether the objects of my observation also exist is open to doubt; but it is possible to determine to what extent I derive knowledge from (a) my perceptions of those objects, and (b) my reflections on those perceptions.

The final conclusion must be the perhaps rather melancholy but certainly salutary one that our knowledge is exceedingly limited, arising only from the meagre possibility of establishing necessary connections between the qualities which our senses, unaided by intuition but supplemented by reflection, perceive. But even for those who have seen in the scepticism of Hume the inevitable outcome of Locke's philosophy, and have gone on thence to welcome the transcendentalism of Kant, it is worth while to return and make again the first difficult journey with Locke.

And to those who have yet to make his acquaintance, but who may, in pursuance of our curious rites of "centenarising," be tempted to do so this year, it may be said that no philosopher is more delightful to read. An initial difficulty with the precise difference between "Vernunft" and "Verstand" is apt to make the approach to the later German philosophy an arduous one. Spinoza, whose "Ethics" have inspired so many great men, cannot be fully studied without some hard work on his "geometrical" form. Leibniz raises an uncompromising barrier between man and nature. Hume is inclined to be depressing. And while it would be ridiculous to suggest that the appreciation of philosophy does not require mental effort, it is at all events pleasant to be able to point to Locke as a writer who prefers the ordinary accepted style of his day to any vast and peculiar technical vocabulary, who gives consistent due to human frailty and is frequently content, as it would almost seem, to let an argument go in the absence of a better one, who never loses that saving grace of common sense, and who, when all is said and done, and in spite of the loose ends which he inevitably leaves, is as satisfying as many more ambitious inquirers. For one of the supreme virtues of philosophy is that it is never complete. Substitute, as Locke would rather have liked to have done, the physicists' theory of motion for that of substance—you have still to get over the difficulty of conceiving the existence of motion without the existence of anything to move or be moved. There is always, thank Heaven, another stile to climb; and Locke takes his fences like a true philosopher, for he grins at occasional spills.

1732

JOHN GAY OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

By Dr. Frederick T. Wood

"LAZY, kindly, uncommonly idle; rather slovenly; for ever eating and saying good things; a little, round French abbé of a man, sleek, soft-handed and soft-hearted"; this is how Thackeray described Gay in "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century"; and though his book was written more than a hundred years after the poet's death, his estimate, one feels, was on the whole right. It is just how Gay

must have struck his contemporaries. Had he lived to-day we should probably have called him a good-for-nothing fellow, for he was improvident to the last degree, and lived upon the bounty of his friends and patrons; yet he had about him a certain *naïveté* which disarmed all criticism. He could boast acquaintance with some of the greatest of the land, and all the wits of the town were proud of his friendship. The great Mr. Pope was

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932



From a drawing by LESLIE RIFKIN.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

one of his devotees; Swift—the great Jonathan—had a deep affection for him, so deep that he dared not open the letter which contained the news of his death on December 4th, 1732, until some days afterwards; and Sir Robert Walpole (Bob, the poets' foe, as Swift dubbed him) was afraid of him. In 1728 his "Beggar's Opera" took the town by storm, and achieved the record run of sixty-two nights in the first season; yet with all this, while the town was resounding with his praise, while the coffee-houses of Westminster and St. James's were discussing his plays and poems, he died in comparative poverty at the house of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. They, who had been his patrons during his life, had him buried in Westminster Abbey, "like a peer of the realm," as his friend Arbuthnot declared; and any visitor to the Poets' Corner to-day may still see his monument there, with his own curious epitaph upon it:

"Life is a jest, and all things shew it;
I thought so once, and now I know it."

In the London of Addison's day Gay was a veritable character. He had been born near Barnstaple in 1685, and after having attended the local grammar school had come to London as an apprentice to a silk-mercator; but commercial life did not suit his inclinations. He left it, and went for a while to stay with an uncle in Devonshire. Still, however, he was not satisfied. Country life was very quiet after the gaiety of London, and although idleness did not come amiss to Gay, lack of "life" did; so it was not many months before he decided that his declining spirits were restored, and made his way back to the capital. Left to find some means of subsistence, he drifted into the literary world, and soon became known as the author of a number of poems. Then plays followed. "The Beggar's Opera," which, a wit of the day declared, made Gay rich and Rich gay, brought into the theatre well over £5,351; and its sequel, "Polly," though banned upon the stage for political reasons, was for several months a best-seller.

Gay was one of the few authors of his time who really did well out of their works; yet, as has been said before, he was always poor. He simply could not learn the art of wise spending and wise saving, with the result that he lived continually in debt. Times out of number did his friends come to his rescue, but all the money meant for his salvation he merely squandered on reckless living, and then turned to malign his benefactors in the fable of "The Hare with Many Friends." When he published his collected poems in two volumes in 1720, they brought him in a thousand pounds. He invested every penny of it in South Sea stock, and saw his shares rise so rapidly that he began to have dreams of fabulous wealth. His friends knew very well that he could not be left to look after things like this himself. With nothing but good intentions, they advised him to sell while the price was high; but, no, he had become drunk with dreams of gold! He retained his shares, the price fell more rapidly than ever it had risen, and there was poor Gay left without a penny in the world. And all because of his childish and insatiable cupidity!

I have just used the adjective "childish" to describe Gay's behaviour, and though it may seem a strange epithet to apply to a man of letters, it is nevertheless an appropriate one. Indeed Gay was always something of a spoilt child. He was petted by his friends and by society, and soon came to regard petting as his due. He was what the Yorkshireman would call "maudy," with a continual grievance and a continual complaint. Vain and irresponsible, he longed always to be the centre of attention, and fondly imagined that he was a great favourite with the ladies of the town; which he undoubtedly was, but for their entertainment and amusement more than for any other reason. Then he had the childish love of show and splendour, manifested in his passion for fine clothes, lace and buckles. Yes, in spite of his poverty, he was something of a man-about-town; a dandy, who could put up as fine a show as the best of them, who loved to walk in and out of White's or parade the Mall with the eyes of all the company fixed upon him. He was a wit, too, in his own way; but however he might deceive himself and his admirers of the town, his friends knew his true character and circumstances. Now and again they tried to reprove him, but it was no good. He might be penitent for an hour or so, but the next day he was once more his old self. Eating and drinking were his delights—immoderate eating and drinking, I mean—and he indulged them freely.

His friends must have been wonderfully patient, for they never said an ill word against him, while they were willing to forgive all his transgressions as mere peccadilloes. The secret probably lies in a certain tender humanity which, with all his faults, shines patent through his character as well as through his writings. It is apparent in "The Beggar's Opera,"



Mrs. Peachum.

Design by Claud Lovat Fraser for "The Beggar's Opera."
From "The Story of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith," by Nigel Playfair
(Chatto & Windus).

but still more is it manifested in the poem "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London." In that piece the author conducts us through the highways and by-ways of the capital, pointing out all the time interesting daily sights of the place. And how very charmingly it is all done, too! The beaux, the porters, the baker's boys, the chimney sweeps, we see them all. We hear the mingled street cries, smell the stench from the stagnant gutters, are splashed by a shower of mud from a passing coach, and get our new clothes smothered with powder from the wig of some fine gentleman for whom we have refused to make way. Gay loved the country scene, but above all he was interested in people and in life. It is because of that that "Trivia" is so successful a poem; the most successful of its kind, indeed, that the first half of the eighteenth century produced.

In those days, when a man of letters had achieved any kind of success, he was usually rewarded with a lucrative government post, irrespective of his ability to fill it. Gay never held any high office, but several minor ones were given him at different periods of his life. In 1712 he became domestic steward to the Duchess of Monmouth; in 1714 he visited Hanover as secretary to the Duke of Monmouth, but returned to England after a few months on the death of the Queen. In 1725, after he had been left penniless by the South Sea Bubble, he was made Commissioner of State

Lotteries, and accepted the post thankfully. But when, a few years afterwards, he was offered the post of usher to the Princess Louise—a sinecure upon which he could have lived comfortably for the rest of his life—he indignantly refused it. The truth of the matter probably was that his pride was hurt. He was expecting something better, and would never take an inferior position, even if only a nominal one. Now this was just characteristic of Gay. Nothing was ever good enough for him; he was always allowing chances to slip because they were not just what he would have liked. He had conceived the notion—and perhaps it had been fostered by the pampering of some of his well-meaning friends—that he was born for Fortune's minion, and that therefore it was an indignity to accept anything but the best. If society would not offer him the best, then society was at fault. And of course,

the result was that he died, honoured, indeed, but in wretched dependence, when with a little more balance and self-control he might have been living in comfort. For him, truly, life was a jest, and to the end of his days he refused to take it seriously. Nor could his friends really take *him* seriously, and it is as well that we should not do so to-day. But for all that there is still a certain fascination and charm about him which attracts us. One has only to recall the popularity of "The Beggar's Opera" when it was revived a few years ago by Sir Nigel Playfair, to realise that that charm has no whit abated with the lapse of two centuries.

His poems too are characterised by a certain *naïveté* which cannot but endear their author to us. It was the age of Queen Anne, and, as we all know, the chief thing about Queen Anne for us to-day is that she is dead. With her have died the hundred and one little poets who hovered around the Court, St. James's or Grub Street, exercising what they delighted, with grand pretensions, to call their Muse. But Gay has managed to outlive them, and that because (to adapt the words of a modern advertisement) he had a little something that others hadn't got. There lies the secret of his survival. A facility of diction, an ear for music, a quick, human interest, and an eye for beauty wherever it was to be found stand out as the foremost qualities of his works. I have referred already to "Trivia," and once again I say "Read it, if you read nothing

else of Gay's"; but other poems there are also which give evidence of his genius. "A Contemplation on Night" recreates most admirably the etherealised atmosphere of a calm, cool evening. It is impregnated with genuine feeling, and is not altogether devoid of that deep religious sense which had been expressed a few decades earlier in the verses of Lady Winchelsea, and later was to give rise to Wordsworth's pantheistic doctrines. Then there is also another delightful poem of the country in "The Shepherd's Week," a series of mock pastorals written in burlesque of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar"; at least, Gay called it a burlesque, but in actual fact it is one of the first realistic poems of life amongst the simple rustic folk that the eighteenth century produced. Here we are shown all sides of the rural scene, with its joys and its sorrows, its tragedy and its comedy, its occupations and superstitions.

THIS EVENING being WEDNESDAY,
The 6th of DECEMBER 1758,
A CONCERT of MUSIC.

Between the Parts of which will be presented (Gratis)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.
Capt. Machcath, Mr. FITZMAURICE;
Peachum, Mr. LOVE;
Lockit, Mr. LANCASHIRE;
Filch, Mr. STAMPER.
Mat o' the Mint, Mr. PHILIPS.
Robin of Bagshot, Mr. DAVENPORT;
Wat Dreary, Mr. HOLLAND;
Nimning Ned, Mr. ADAMSON;
Ben Budge, Mr. GATES;
Drawer, Maister HAMILTON.
Polly, Mrs. MOZEEN;
Lucy, Mrs. LOVE;
Mrs. Peachum, Mrs. DAVENPORT.
To conclude with a Country Dance, by the Characters of the Opera.
To which will be added, a FARCE called

MISS IN HER TEENS.
Fibble, Mr. FITZMAURICE;
Flath, Mr. STAMPER.
Miss Biddy, Mrs. MOZEEN;
Tag, Mrs. LOVE.

Tickets to be had at Mr. Millican's, the New Stage Office, at the Cross, at the Exchange Coffee-house, and in the Area of the Concert Hall.
PIT and BOXES 2s. 6d. GALLERY 1s. 6d.
A Complaint has been made, that some of the Servants who are admitted Gratis, on Indulgence granted at no other Theatre, have abused that Indulgence, by giving, that the least Disturbance hereafter, will occasion an entire Exclusion.

Concert Programme of "The Beggar's Opera."
From "The Story of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith," by Nigel Playfair
(Chatto & Windus).

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932



From "SEVEN FOR A SECRET,"
By MARY WEBB.
Illustrated by NORMAN HEPPLER
(Jonathan Cape).

"AS THEY CROSSED THE SQUARE THE
SHUTTERS WERE BEING PUT UP."

1832

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN

By L. Aas

IT has been said by Georg Brandes that to mention the mere name of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson is like hoisting the Norwegian flag. It was true in the lifetime of the great poet and it may be quoted again to-day when his countrymen are celebrating Bjørnson's centenary as a great national festival. The new popular edition of his works has found way to all the homes, the Norwegian people takes the keenest interest in everything connected with the history of his life and activity, our theatres act him, his poems are recited in the



Bjørnson.

schools, his words have retained the great power to inspire a feeling of national unity. Few men of our race have ever got such a tribute of grateful admiration as the memory of Bjørnson is now receiving in Norway.

Bjørnson was a born fighter as well as an artist. He was not content only to contemplate and create; it was his desire to stir his fellow countrymen, to arouse them, to be the voice of his people. With his strong combative optimism and love of action, his sparkling temperament and young-hearted mind, he was above all a great personality, healthy of body and soul, gifted with an extraordinary magnetic power. You cannot read the history of Norway in the nineteenth century without noticing his influence and powerful appeal everywhere in politics and social reform, in the development of the Norwegian language, literature and the theatre. He was the prophet of liberalism and democratic idealism, the singer of much that was progressive in Norwegian aspiration of his period. Now of course much has changed. The freedom he longed for and fought for has in some ways been attained. Several

of his problems and ideas have lost the attraction of novelty. Our agitated century is very different from the great time of Ibsen and Bjørnson with its moral surgery and its fervent devotion to the great ideals of truth and liberty. At the actual time economic troubles, unemployment misery and trade problems are matters of vital and immediate importance, and Bjørnson's faith in the redemption of mankind through liberty and love seems to be a far-off dream, very different from the hard and dismal gospel now often preached. Still, it cannot be denied; his voice is always heard, clear and sonorous, arousing us from sluggishness and dismay, speaking to us with enchanting freshness about the beauty of our country and the health of our race, urging us to work and hope, appealing both to the intellect and the conscience of the Norwegian people. Some of the types and characters he created are certainly alive—they do not belong to the faded figures of literature; he has stamped them with the vitality and breezy vigour of his own strong nature.

It has often been written that Ibsen was a cosmopolitan in his outlook, while Bjørnson was essentially the true national poet. I think we may say that *both* these great writers were very Norwegian indeed, each in his own way. The most obvious difference was of course that Ibsen passed his mature years abroad as a self-restrained, very attentive but personally calm spectator of modern life, while Bjørnson always wanted to be in the middle of the fighting, directly preaching his political and social radicalism, gathering crowds of followers and partisans around him to move them on with his words and his example. Ibsen kept completely aloof of party politics, Bjørnson was never out of touch with the liberal party at home. When he was abroad his correspondence got swelled with advices, suggestions and exhortations to the party leaders in Norway, and as soon as he had returned he threw himself into the political struggle going on. A militant character, a man of strife as he was, any biographer of Bjørnson must reserve copious space for the great public speaker, the editor of papers, the writer of countless articles in the press, the promoter of patriotic organisation, the chosen leading figure whenever there was a great occasion of national importance, the man who addressed hundreds of audiences all over the country, influencing and persuading thousands of people by his magnificent oratory. He got many impressions abroad, visiting the other northern countries, making long sojourns in the great Continental centres, travelling in the United States in the winter 1880-1881, addressing his countrymen in the North-West, but all the same for more than thirty years, from 1875 till his death, he was a Norwegian landowner, closely connected with the earth he loved so much, being an interested farmer on his estate of Aulestad in Gausdal, near Lillehammer, at the opening of the great and beautiful valley of Gudbrandsdal in the heart of Norway. Here he lived and worked surrounded by his family, receiving and entertaining

streams of guests. Twenty-two years it is since the famous patriarch of the mansion passed away, but it is still the home of the Björnson family. The rooms are always kept in the same style and order as he left them, the house being reserved for the nation in the future as a Björnson museum. Now at the centenary festivals Aulestad has again become a place of pilgrimage. The venerable figure of Mrs. Björnson, ninety-seven years old, the old building with its broad veranda facing the glorious scenery of the valley, the Norwegian flag hoisted at the staff before the house, it is all reminding his countrymen of the great poet who lived here, Björnstjerne Björnson who gave Norway its national anthem: "Yes, we love this land of ours."

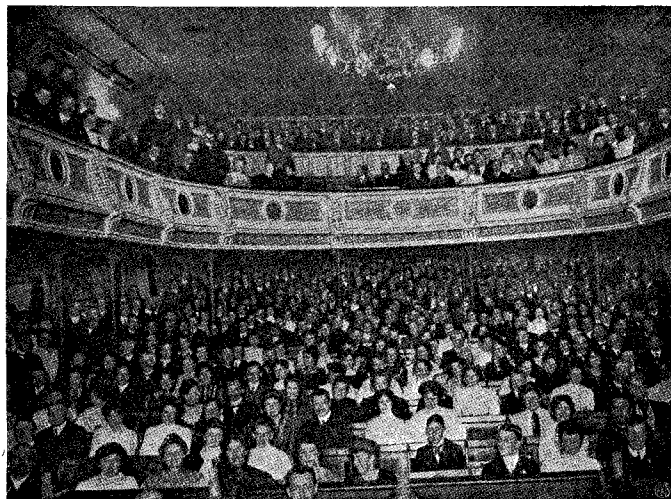
Deeply entangled in Norwegian affairs as Björnson always was, he never wanted his work to be the spiritual property of his own nation alone. He longed to be understood by the world as a whole and his message was not narrowed by any exclusive sentiment of nationality. In this sense he was just as much a cosmopolitan as Ibsen. In fact he was the first Norwegian poet who got a name abroad. In Germany, France, England, America and other countries he was known and repeatedly translated long before the great vogue of Ibsen began. In England a free translation of "Synnöve Solbakken" was made as early as 1858, the year after the first Norwegian edition of the epoch-making peasant idyll had appeared. Later it got translated once or twice before Julie Sutter's version of the tale was published as the first volume of Edmund Gosse's fine edition of the Novels of Björnstjerne Björnson (1895-1909, vols. I-XIII; Heinemann). "Arne," "A Happy Boy," "The Fisher Maiden," "The Bridal March," "The Father and other peasant stories" from Björnson's early period were all successively translated into English and later reissued in new editions again and again. In America the Madison professor R. B. Anderson early in the eighties undertook a translation of all the novels and tales in seven volumes, published in Boston.

Björnson was a country-bred man. He was born on December 8th, 1832, at the Björgan parsonage at Kvikne, a remote and lonely village in the Österdal district. In the charming little sketch "Blakken," still read by all the school children of Norway, Björnson has described his early home so high up in the country that

no corn would grow, winter with its darkness and snow coming very early and lasting very long. Of course it isn't Björgan with its rather fierce nature, grim isolation, and a century ago, most turbulent peasantry, we find pictured in Björnson's novels. When he was six years old his father was transferred to Næset in Romsdalen—a place of beautiful natural scenery, one of the most enchanting spots of this part of Norway. The beauty of nature, as he saw it here where two fjords meet and the land lies broadly with waterfalls, green meadows and farm-houses, all surrounded by high mountains, made a strong and lasting impression on the young boy. "I would stand at the close of the day and gaze at the sunlight playing over mountain and fjord until I wept," he wrote later. The loveliness of this second home of his childhood has moulded his imagination and inspired his mind with lofty sentiments. Many times, in verse and prose, Björnson has described the beauty of Romsdalen. His pictures of nature and rural life in Norway constantly remind us of Romsdalen.

Of course it is true that the peasant tale was no new thing in European literature. In Germany such authors as Immermann, Weill and Auerbach had written *dorfgeschichten* before Björnson. He was also preceded by Fritz Reuter, George Sands's famous "Mare au Diable," and by the delightful Danish writer Blicher's stories of the peasantry of Jutland. The tendency had long been in the air, there was a literary movement towards the peasant tale, but it is quite wrong to suppose that Björnson was directly influenced by his predecessors abroad. He had not read their works, perhaps never heard about some of them, and his peasant stories were quite unlike those of the writers mentioned. Björnson, himself of old Norwegian peasant stock, had no need to get his impulses from foreign literature. He had grown up and spent his boyhood in the country, near the people he has portrayed in his tales. Realism in the modern sense he certainly did not give. The romantic movement in Norway had glorified the peasant, and Björnson looked upon him with a young poet's idealism, making him the hero of fresh and charming tales. He emphasised the reticence of peasant people, the simplicity of their manner and the dramatic fitness and concise brevity of their speech, believing to find depths of unexpressed longing and passion behind the externally cold demeanour. It must not be forgotten that early in life, when he was a school-boy at Molde, Björnson had read the sagas with great enthusiasm. He looked upon the peasant as the true descendant of the old Norsemen of the sagas, and was impressed by the likeness he found. Even if Björnson had not said it clearly himself, it would be easy enough to understand to what extent he has seen the peasant characters of the tales "in the light of the sagas."

A fair amount of criticism has been passed on the tales. It has been said that Björnson's characters were peasants dressed up in their Sunday clothes, that he has forgotten the more or less sordid aspects of peasant life. These objections, however, have not detracted a whit from the historical importance of the tales. And time has not staled their freshness and lyrical sweetness. Novels like "Synnöve Solbakken," "Arne," "A Happy Boy" and "The Fisher Maiden" certainly



The old "Bergen Theatre."
Once managed by Ibsen and Björnson.

still belong to the most popular Norwegian classics, and a short story like "Trond" remains a good example of the power of Björnson's literary art.

Björnson's early study of the sagas, and no doubt also the influence of the national tragedies of the great Danish poet, Adam Öehlenschläger, awakened a strong longing in Björnson's mind to use the rich materials of ancient Norwegian history, as chronicled in the sagas, for dramatic purpose in a series of historical plays. Sir Walter Scott, one of Björnson's earliest literary heroes, had made the past ages of England and Scotland alive in his richly-coloured cycle of historical novels. Björnson's dream (and Ibsen's too for many years) was to create a *national historical drama* in Norway. His first play, "Between the Battles," a little piece in one act, written in prose, takes us back to the time when civil war was raging in Norway between King Magnus and King Sverre. It is rather crude, but full of life and interesting as an attempt of a new style and a new form, rather unlike the old rhetorical way of treating history in the drama. Björnson's historical plays, "Lame Hulda," "King Sverre," "Sigurd Slembe" and "Sigurd the Crusader," I believe must belong to the least known part of the great poet's work in England. As far as I can see, none of these works have been translated by Englishmen; only of "Sigurd Slembe" there is an American translation published in 1910 by William Morton Payne, also translator of "Arnljot Gelline" (Scandinavian Classics: New York, 1917), and author of a book on Björnson.

In "Sigurd Slembe" the American translator says: "Björnson found a subject entirely worthy of his genius, and produced one of the noblest masterpieces of modern literature." Sir Edmund Gosse too, in his old essay on the Norwegian poet, praised this largely planned and powerfully executed dramatic trilogy not only as a marvellous poem, harmonious and dignified, but also for its high level of technical excellence, really succeeding to be a complete saga in strong dramatic form. The material is found in the "Heimskringla," and the story is mainly concerned with the futile efforts of Sigurd Slembe to become king of Norway. The revelation of his secret birth as the illegitimate son of King Magnus, confessed by his mother in front of the statue of St. Olaf in the Stavanger Cathedral in the opening scene of the dramatic prologue; the story of his campaign against Orkney in the next play ("Sigurd's Second Flight"); the whole wonderful closing play, "Sigurd's Return Home," telling us how the restless crusader and wanderer comes back to Norway longing to grasp his fate and do great things in his country—all this is full of dramatic action, beauty and passion. The close of the trilogy, with its tragic spirit and the final reconciliation of approaching death, is one of the supreme achievements of Björnson's dramatic power. His last saga-drama, "Sigurd the Crusader," appeared as late as 1872. It is a play about the clashing of the two royal brothers, the peaceful Eystein and the warlike Sigurd, who can boast of his pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It is a rather vigorous, richly coloured play, very popular on the stage for more than half a century, certainly not only because of its dramatic impressiveness, but very much for Grieg's festive music attending it.

Björnson's ambition when writing his saga-plays was no doubt to found a Norwegian drama for the stage. The dismal lot of the closet-play dramatist never tempted him. Not long after his graduation as a student in 1852 he started to work in the domain of dramatic criticism. He got useful experience by assiduous attendance at the theatre, and a few years later, in 1857, he succeeded Ibsen as leader of the Bergen theatre started by Ole Bull. In Bergen he remained for two years as theatrical director, and later from 1865-67 he had a similar position in the capital of Norway. Like Ibsen, he went through a sound school of practical theatre training. Björnson was an excellent manager and instructor of the first really Norwegian company of actors after the long reign of the Danes on the stage of his country. It was not however with the saga-plays he was to attain his greatest theatrical success. It was in the modern drama Björnson contrived to impress the theatrical world of Europe. But before his career as a great pioneer of the new dramatic movement, he had an assured victory on the Norwegian stage with an historical play which had nothing to do with the old sagas. It was "Mary Stuart in Scotland" (1864). Unlike the immense and magnificent trilogy of Swinburne, Björnson's drama was written with a clear view to the stage. It tries to reproduce the buoyant spirit and the rich colours of the Renaissance at the same time as it attempts to portray the passionate character of the fatal queen in her relation to Darnley and Bothwell. Three generations of Norwegian players have maintained the popularity of "Mary Stuart in Scotland" on the boards of our theatre, and the old play, which has been performed on so many festive occasions, has also had a recent revival under the centenary celebrations. The last translation of the play in English was published in America (by Aug. Sahlberg: Chicago, 1912).

Ten years passed before the turning-point in Björnson's dramatic career with his realistic modern plays, "The Editor" and "A Bankruptcy." The comedy called "The Newly Married Couple," his first prose play dealing with everyday life of his own time, can only be counted as a small forerunner. In the period 1864-74 Björnson published tales, a novel and volumes of verse. The famous collection of his "Poems and Songs" and the epic cycle, "Arnljot Gelline" both appeared in 1870. In the American series of "Scandinavian Classics" there are translations of these works. William Archer and Sir Edmund Gosse have tried to render some of Björnson's lyrical poems into English, and I believe later writers too have made efforts to write English translations of his verse. No translator however can fully reproduce the vigour of expression, the national character, the special tone, the Norwegian way of feeling in Björnson's poems. The original collection of "Poems and Songs" has been revised and extended in later editions, and some years ago we got a collection of all the poems of Björnson in two volumes. His lyrics were early set to music by our finest composers—Nordraak, Kierulf and Grieg—and many of the songs are known by heart by every Norwegian. Among the acknowledged masterpieces of the language must be mentioned the saga-poems, "Olav Trygvason," "The Blinding of King Magnus," the wonderful dramatic

monologue "Bergljot," in which the widow of Einar Tambarskjelve laments the foul killing of her husband and their only son. Raving over their dead bodies, she urges the peasants to revenge, but at last after the fury and rage of wild indignation has passed away, she sinks to the tone of hopeless grief and tragic mourning in the famous finishing words:

"Drive slowly—thus drove Einar ever
We shall soon enough reach home."

In "Arnljot Gelline" there are various beautiful songs about the restless outlaw Arnljot, who received the Christian faith on the eve of the battle, and died with king Olaf at Stiklestad. The most impressive of all these songs is no doubt "Arnljot's Longing for the Sea," a poem which deserves to rank with the great invocations of the sea in literature.

Björnson, the writer of national songs, love lyrics, political songs, ballads and feast poems—it would require an ample space to speak about it all! The poems of Björnson's later modern period are not so many, but there are among them some of the most enduring expressions of his new faith and view of the world. Greatest of all these poems is certainly his hymn, "Praise to the Eternal Spring in Life," one of the noblest poems ever inspired by the great idea of evolution.

Björnson's modern work must be looked upon in close connection with the great transformation going on in the intellectual life of his country. The critical influence of Georg Brandes, the new cosmopolitan outlook, the introduction of the philosophy of evolution, the importance of the historical and religious criticism of the age, the new ideas of social and educational reform must be taken into consideration. The giants of English thought, Darwin, Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, the great French writers, Renan and Taine, and many others, read in the original editions or in translations, had an increasing influence. Gradually the intellectual atmosphere changed, the political conflict got more and more strained, the radical ideas of the French naturalistic novelists deeply affected Norwegian literature in the eighties. Naturalism in the French sense never appealed to Björnson, but the philosophy of evolution induced him to a revision of his ideas and gave him a new outlook. It did not last long before he threw himself into the controversial arena of his time. Both as a dramatist and as a novelist he got engaged in solving the problems of modern life, making his work carry the burden of many discussions of social, political, religious and educational questions. Now of course we see that the weight of controversial matters has at times caused his art to suffer, but his best work has lost nothing of the freshness and vitality of his genius.

It must be admitted that some of Björnson's novels have become rather time-worn. "Captain Mansana" and "Magnhild," both from the later part of the seventies, have not so many readers any longer, and I am afraid his ambitious novel on heredity and education, "Flags Are Flying in City and Harbour" ("The Heritage of the Kurts" as it is called by Cecil Fairfax in his English translation), does not now attract very much as a work of literary art. Its importance is mainly historical—it is a striking manifestation of Björnson's lifelong interest in education, and it is surely a true

child of the age of Herbert Spencer. "In God's Way" (translated by Elizabeth Carmichael in 1890) at once got very popular in England. It is a work full of human sympathy, a protest against social and religious prejudice, a warm plea for the sacredness of life, a simple story with a clear profession of Björnson's idealism and faith in *life itself* as God's supreme word to us, and our highest worship consisting in respect and love for the living humanity.

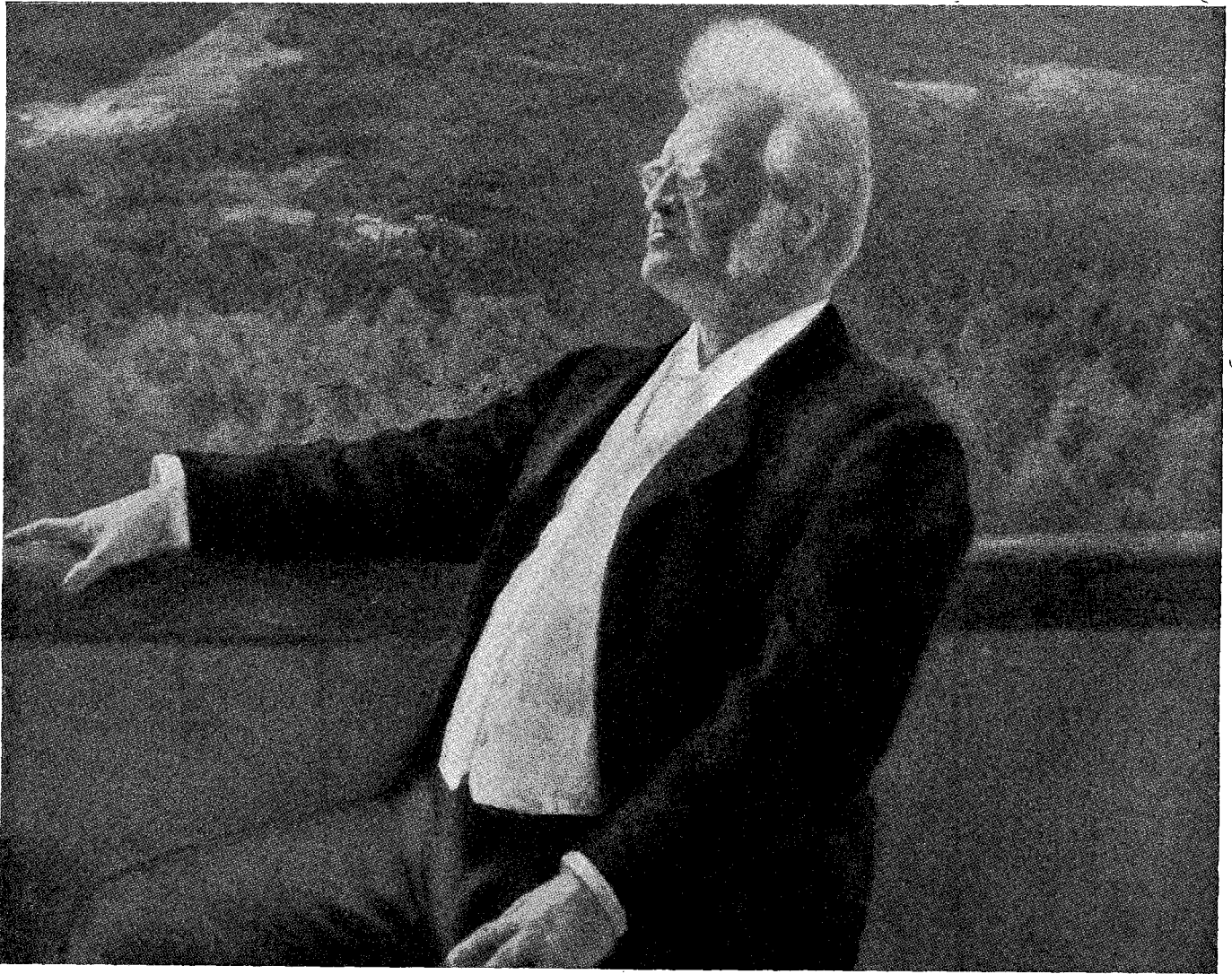
In Björnson's modern tales, especially in "Dust," there is also an explicit statement of his moral and social views, but his last novel, "Mary," has not retained anything of his didactic manner; it is a portrait of a woman whose temperament and character leads her to a misstep without defiling her soul.

Björnson's work as a modern dramatist has been well translated into English by R. Farquharson Sharp in "Three Comedies by Björnson" (Everyman's Library), and by Edwin Björkman in two volumes—"Plays by Björnstjerne Björnson" (Duckworth: 1913-14)—both collections containing very good introductions about the Norwegian dramatist. I can also refer to books like H. Barratt Clark's "The Continental Drama" and F. W. Chandler's "Aspects of Modern Drama." There are many essays in English, German, French, Italian especially about Björnson as a dramatist.

Björnson's modern plays are the following: "The Editor," "A Bankruptcy," "The King," "Leonarda," "The New System," "The Gauntlet," "Beyond Our Power" (in two parts: 1883, 1895), "Geography and Love," "Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg," "Laboremus," "At Storhove," "Daglannet" and "When the New Wine Blooms." His career as a modern dramatist begins with the season 1864-75, when he sent home from abroad his two plays, "The Editor" and "A Bankruptcy," going down to 1909 (the year before his death).

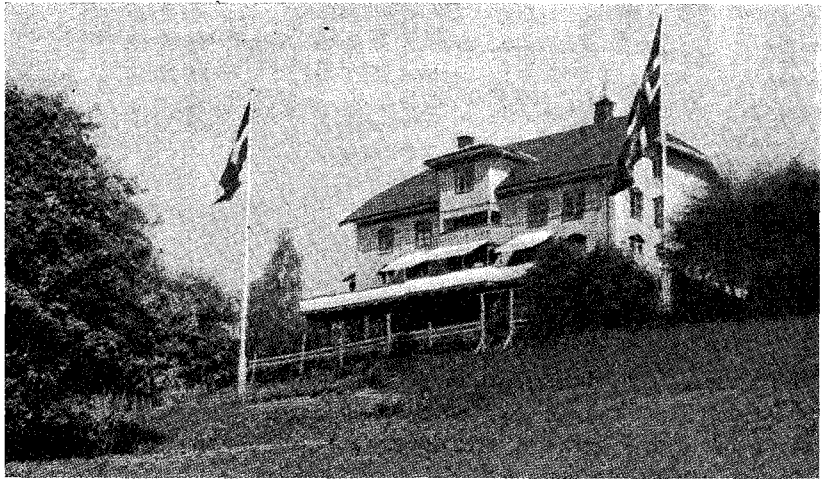
In a book, "Das Theater der Gegenwart" (1928), by the German critic, Julius Bab, the author speaks about "der prachtvolle Poet und Volksmann, der ewig jugendliche" Björnson chiefly as a "ein Vorläufer"—a precursor in the domain of modern drama. A precursor he certainly was in "The Editor," with its violent attack on the egoism, prejudice and partisan power of the press. His brilliant stage success, "A Bankruptcy"—one of the most popular of all Björnson's writings—was the first really significant modern prose play produced in the Scandinavian countries, making money affairs and the ethics of business life a legitimate subject for dramatic treatment not only on the Northern stage but also in Germany. To a certain extent Björnson had no doubt been influenced by Augier and the French school, but he went far beyond the French dramatic method and created a kind of domestic realism, which at once attracted the family instinct of the German world. It was with this play that the modern *home*, with its joys and sorrows, troubles and conflicts first made its appearance upon our stage. In the light of all that has come later, Ibsen, the Henri Becque school in France, the modern French and English drama—we do not look upon "A Bankruptcy" as a great masterpiece, and several of the following Björnson plays do not any longer keep their place on the stage as they did a generation or more ago. In the history of the nineteenth

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932**



BJÖRNSON AT AULESTAD.

century drama, such plays as "The King" (expressing his republican opinion on the institution of monarchy), "Leonarda," "The Gauntlet" (with its demand of the same standard of morality for both sexes) and "The New System" (preaching the gospel of truthfulness), must always be reckoned among the important works. For the drama and the stage to-day the significance of these plays cannot be valued very high. On the other hand "Geography and Love" has remained to be very popular. There is always something amusing in this light comedy, showing us how the learned pedant, absorbed in his investigations, forgets both his wife and his family. It is true what Edmund Gosse said, that Björnson "has done no better scenes of comedy than those in which the womenfolk of the geographer rise up at last in revolt against their tyrant." There are excellent things both in "At Storhove" and "Daglanet," and "Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg" (dealing with the passions engendered by political conflicts), still belongs to the most impressive and pathetic plays of the living Norwegian repertory. This tragic play, and the great drama, "Beyond Our Power," must be considered as the masterpieces of Björnson's dramatic work. In "Beyond Our Power" Björnson has given us the tragedy of Pastor Sang, who believes his fervent prayers have cured his wife's illness, only to find that his belief in her restoration to health has brought death instead of life. It is a deep study of the spiritual conditions of the miraculous, a dramatic expression of the idea that it is hopeless for mankind to strive after the unattainable, the superhuman ideal, wasting the best of its energy in the pursuits of a faith beyond the strength of men, and losing sight of the real possibilities of human existence in this world. In the first part of "Beyond Our Power" it is an absolute faith, a belief in the supreme miracle ruling the forces of nature which is put to a crucial test; in the second (and very different)



Björnson's Home.

Still used by Mrs. Björnson as long she lives, but bought by the nation. It will be kept in the same condition always reminding the world of the great poet.

part it is the modern struggle between capital and labour, and the belief in a violent overthrow of the existing order to attain a social ideal that is subject to the dramatist's trial. In this great and deeply moving play Björnson reached one of the culminating points of the Norwegian drama. His best works from "Beyond Our Power" to the final sparkling, humorous play, "When the New Wine Blooms," will undoubtedly live for a long time. His first plays may be counted as those of a "precursor," but his chief dramatic achievement deserves a much higher place, even if we admit that he was seldom a technical master like Ibsen, and that his plays have been less universal in their significance.

At the end of Björnson's career his renown was ever increasing. His seventieth birthday was a great event, celebrated by the literary world with many signs of honour and admiration, nothing pleasing Björnson more than the beautiful prose poem written on this occasion by Knut Hamsun. In 1903 he was awarded the Nobel prize for literature, and on April 26th, 1910, he died in Paris. A warship was sent to carry his remains back to Norway, where he was given a most impressive state funeral.

1932

KENNETH GRAHAME: A MODERN MAGICIAN

By Muriel Kent

THE obituary notices of Kenneth Grahame gave him a place among the few who have written with genius of children, or of those things that hold a permanent attraction for the spirit of childhood—which may be strong in an octogenarian. But it is no deduction from his work to say that it cannot be ranked with Lewis Carroll's or Edward Lear's, and that he had but a slight affinity with R. L. Stevenson and Barrie. And when Kenneth Grahame died, on July 6th, he left no nearer successor in his rare art than Mr. A. A. Milne, who has acknowledged the influence of "The Wind in the Willows" on his own mind, calling it "a book which everybody in the household loves and quotes continually ever afterwards; a book which is read aloud to every new guest, and is regarded as a touchstone of his worth."

Yet to those who had read "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days" in the nineties, Kenneth Grahame's fantastic tale, published in 1908, may have come as a disappointment, simply because it was a complete departure, in subject and manner, from those enchanting sketches. With his insight, and extraordinary gift for portraying the human boy and girl, Grahame's earlier work had the sure, delicate touch of Mrs. Ewing's—though his approach to childhood was so different. It was not exactly the Age of Innocence that he recalled: nor did he set out to plead the cause of misunderstood children. But he presents an authentic group, of which each figure is as real as Tom and Maggie Tulliver; and whose views, doings and misadventures concern us as deeply as those of the immortal brother and sister.

Kenneth Grahame's Olympians indeed are Victorian

figures, conventional uncles and aunts of particularly dull perceptions. But Edward and Harold, Selina and Charlotte, are as modern as Kipling's Dan and Una; and at the same time akin to John Lydgate's "Medieval Schoolboy":

"Void of reason; given to wilfulness;
Froward to virtue; of thrift gave little heed;
Loth to learné; lovéd no business
Save play or mirthé; strange to spell or read;
Following all appetites 'longing to childhead;
Lightly turning; wild and seldom sad;
Weeping for nought, and anon after glad."

The children's critical attitude to their elders is explained in the Prologue to "The Golden Age" which treats of those strange creatures, the Olympians.

Looking back, the narrator recognises that "to children with a proper equipment of parents these things would have worn a different aspect." Nor were they slow to acknowledge gleams of common sense or better feeling if any Olympian displayed these. For instance, there was Uncle William from India who, throughout his visit, entirely failed to reach their standard of avuncular behaviour. When he left, "the feeling was unanimous that, as an uncle, William could not be allowed to pass. Selina roundly declared him a beast, pointing out that he had not even got us a half-holiday; and, indeed, there seemed little to do but to pass sentence." Then Harold, who had been bidden to accompany his uncle to the station, appeared, round-eyed and mysterious, and displayed four half-crowns—bestowed at the last moment by the taciturn and embarrassed visitor.

"We could but gaze—tranced, breathless, mute. Never had any one seen, in the aggregate, so much bullion before. . . . But the repentant Selina bewailed herself with tears and sobs, refusing to be comforted; for that in her haste she had called this white-souled relative a beast."

"'I'll tell you what we'll do,' said Edward, the master mind, rising, as he always did, to the situation. 'We'll christen the piebald pig after him—the one that hasn't got a name yet. And that'll show we're sorry for our mistake.'"

Edward, though the leader of his clan, seems to have less imagination, less instinct for romance than the others—perhaps because he is a year or two nearer to the "stiff and colourless" condition of an Olympian. But one of Kenneth Grahame's vigorous sketches describes Edward's departure to his first school. During his last weeks at home,

"the unnatural halo round Edward got more pronounced, his own demeanour more responsible and dignified with the arrival of his new clothes. . . . As the short days sped by and the grim event cast its shadow longer and

longer across our threshold, an unnatural politeness, a civility scarce canny, began to pervade the air."

On the way to the station, one of the girls shed tears, and only a determined contemplation of his new hat—"a hard bowler, the first of that sort he had ever owned"—enabled Edward to maintain his own show of indifference.

Harold, as the youngest boy, is very properly the most appealing, and appears in the light of a considerable hero in "A Falling Out." While Charlotte was absorbed in the risky affairs of her dolls, Jerry and Rosa, Harold pursued his own inventions.

"Just at present he was a muffin-man, and day and night he went through passages and up and down staircases, ringing a noiseless bell and offering phantom muffins to invisible wayfarers."

The surprising thing is that

"... nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive,"

and that all this knowledge of child life and thought belonged to a bachelor who spent his days in the service of the Bank of England. For it was not till after the publication of his second series of studies, "Dream Days," that Kenneth Grahame married; and ten years passed before he brought out the book which secured his fame in another generation, and is now in its thirty-ninth edition. "The Wind in the Willows" has proved irresistible, though it hardly reaches that high level of workmanship which set "The Golden Age"

among the "little classics"—as George Wyndham called such small-scale achievements.

The poet in Kenneth Grahame is evident in a different form here. He leaves the schoolroom world for one in which animals play the leading parts, and he succeeds in making them as individual and vivid as his young humans. Who else would have drawn the Water Rat as a shrewd and kindly man of affairs, with a weakness for scribbling poetry in his leisure moments? And who but Kenneth Grahame could have created Toad of Toad Hall, with his follies and vanities, his swagger and "lurid and imaginative cheek"—yet enlisting our interest and sympathy for his dubious hero, whose career has been successfully dramatised.

As a background there is the Wild Wood, peopled with strange little folk, and "the pageant of the river bank" through the seasons, which Grahame displays with loving care. Just as the boy in "The Golden Age" took the March wind for his "whimsical comrade" on a whole holiday, so did Kenneth Grahame understand and respond to the changing moods of nature, or of youth, evoking and interpreting them to his readers in his own masterly fashion.



Kenneth Grahame.

From "The Kenneth Grahame Book" (Methuen).



From a drawing by HELEN STIEBEL.

G. B. STERN.



A Portrait by ELISABETH IVIMEY.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY.

1932 in Review

NOVELS OF THE YEAR

By Winifred Holtby

We live in a puzzling age and are not happy in it. Thoughts on our present discontents rise more frequently to our minds than thoughts of satisfaction. The old certainties which made the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries so comfortable hold us no longer: conventional Christianity, the morals of bourgeois respectability, belief in democracy, progress, individualism and the nation, the righteousness of family life, the infallibility of reason and the inevitable benevolence of science, have all been questioned, and the questioning disturbs even those who refuse to renounce their ancient creeds.

The people who write books are peculiarly exposed to this uneasiness. It is their business to extend our knowledge of reality, and all this breaking of conventions, all this iconoclasm, pessimism and scepticism, are playing havoc with the confidence that glowed through the differing structures of the Victorian novelists. Our contemporaries are seeking salvation, examining circumstance, criticising and exploring, and all who show that severity of mind which is one essential of true art, become in spite of themselves philosophers, sociologists, prophets or satirists, seeking among the ephemeral signs of modern civilisation for some permanent beauty, some indestructible truth, some solution for the problem of human beings living together in society.

So it is not surprising that the three outstanding novels of 1932 should each be concerned with a problem and a solution: Phyllis Bentley's "Inheritance" examines the economic and social structure upon which our industrial life has been built, and which is now so signally failing us; Charles Morgan's "The Fountain" follows a man's search for some ultimate philosophy of individual life; Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" criticises the utopias that reformers dream of, and the emotional anarchical life which utopias would destroy. I have put the books in this order because that is how they occurred to me. I do not know which is the most "important." They all seem to me to have a real significance, and a year which could produce such a trio is by no means barren of hope for English letters.

"Inheritance" is a full, rich, elaborately constructed novel of the woollen industry in Yorkshire. Its theme is the relationship between masters and men from the machine-wrecking of 1812 to the suspension of the gold standard in 1931. The characterisation is vivid, dramatic, and solidly founded upon honest observation of northern idiosyncrasy; the story is passionate, swift and, though it rises naturally from the characters of its actors, is moulded and controlled by its dominating theme. The style is strong, simple and undecorated, but rises to moments of sombre beauty, especially during the early episodes between Will and Mary. Here are no literary innovations and no subtlety of treatment, but a vigorous and masterly use of traditional technique for a purpose which is wise and noble. Phyllis Bentley combines three qualities of power, compassion and that balanced judgment we are apt to call common sense, with the novelist's gift of telling a human story. And she uses her talents for an intellectual end, wholly relevant to our modern dilemma.

Charles Morgan is concerned with the individual and his salvation—the "desire," as his dying German officer states, "so to control our lives that we are invulnerable within the world." The battle for that control is fought out in the minds and hearts of an English interned officer, a dying Prussian and his English wife in Holland, against the rumbling background of those wider—yet who shall say if they were greater?—battles of Jutland and the Western Front. His solution is perhaps less satisfying than his conception of the problem. He is a little too

romantic, too individualistic; he borders sometimes upon sentimentality. But his book is grave and beautiful and intent upon the universal values of human life.

In "Brave New World" Aldous Huxley takes his stand between two conceptions of society and mocks at both. He is our most keenly intellectual, daring and accomplished novelist; his wit ranges broadly as well as deeply, and his satire has the astringent quality which heals as well as wounds. Whether he will find a solution for his problems or whether he will continue his indictment of both our reality and our dreams, is one of the most interesting questions of contemporary criticism.

These three are books for realists, and for those who are not afraid of life. But the romantics do not come off so badly this year either. There have been Priestley's "Far-away," Hugh Walpole's continuation of the Herries family chronicle, "The Fortress," and Eleanor Smith's popular "Ballerina." These three novels provide an escape from rather than an approach to life as it is; but those who desire this will enjoy these.

The historical novel, handled intellectually rather than romantically, can be classed neither with the literature of problem nor of escape. Margaret Irwin's delicate, scholarly "Royal Flush," Rose Macaulay's "They Were Defeated," and H. S. Reid's "Two Soldiers and a Lady," all deal with the seventeenth century. That too was a period of transition, of questioning, and of economic revolution. Behind the constitutional struggle between Crown and Parliament lay the emergence of the middle classes, fostered by Puritanism, commercial expansion and agricultural enclosures. Political religious and social ideas were changing, and a sense of past glory saddened many sensitive and loyal minds then as it does to-day. I do not know if these similarities subconsciously or consciously tempted these three novelists. Rose Macaulay has been, ever since the publication of "Potterism," a novelist of the intellect rather than of the emotions; in her recent criticism she has betrayed a certain nostalgia for academe comprehensible enough in a writer of her temperament and culture. So she lays her new novel in Cambridge before the Civil War, when Cowley was a young poet and Herrick a middle-aged one. H. S. Reid travels a little further, to the decline of Cromwell's commonwealth, and in "Two Soldiers and a Lady" performs the exceedingly difficult task of writing a subjective psychological novel, accepting the values and the mental processes of over three hundred years ago. Only a subtle, learned and intuitive imagination could have enabled her to tell her brief and tragic story thus through the minds of two Puritan soldiers and a Cavalier lady. "Royal Flush" takes us to the Restoration and concerns Court life in France and England. Margaret Irwin has already showed herself to be a good historian and a novelist of real talent. The seventeenth century should come alive to us from these three books. Another good, though less ambitious and subtle piece of work is C. S. Forester's tale of the Peninsular War, "Death to the French." Powerful, straightforward and vivid, it reveals a rare gift for the objective revelation of character through action.

Among the year's humorous successes, the most prominent have been Wyndham Lewis's "Snooty Baronet" and Evelyn Waugh's "Black Mischief." Wyndham Lewis is always interesting even at his worst, and at his best he is gloriously insolent, stimulating, impatient and intelligent. He bangs the table till the glasses rattle; he shouts the house down; his books become a kind of dog-fight. But it is refreshing sometimes to be made as angry as he can make those who differ from him. Some people dislike the ruthless determination to be funny displayed by Evelyn

Waugh in the face of most unpromising situations; but in "Black Mischief" his theme of the modernisation of a savage African state certainly provided a magnificent subject for comedy, whatever one thinks about its mode of treatment.

The novel which examines our social institutions has had one notable triumph in E. M. Delafield's "Thank Heaven Fasting," a study of the "Eaton Square Tradition" as it affected Edwardian girlhood, devastating in its application to modern suburban and provincial small-town society. I suppose that Louis Golding's "Magnolia Street" comes into the same category, though two books could hardly be more different, the one spare, concentrated, rigidly controlled in form, without one superfluous word or action, like a French classical novel, the other rich, emotional, discursive, amorphous, not, I think, Louis Golding's best book, but so charming to read, so warm and glowing and benevolent, that I am not in the least surprised at its immense success. "Thank Heaven Fasting" describes the tradition of respectable marriage and family control over the individual; "Magnolia Street" is concerned with the relationship between Jew and Gentile; G. B. Stern's delightful, but too uneven and uncontrolled

"Little Red Horses" deals with a problem of education. Should we let our children be precocious but vital little freaks, if they show tendencies that way, or should we try to turn them into "nice ordinary" boys and girls? H. E. Bates's novel of farming life, "The Fallow Land," concerns the heroic story of one farmer's wife, and the statement of certain psychological values, rather than any direct criticism of society; but it gives a vivid picture of the changing agricultural conditions in our own day, and is, I think, much his best novel. I have not myself yet read Rosamund Lehmann's "Invitation to the Waltz," but I have been told so emphatically by people whose judgment I respect that it is a beautiful if limited piece of writing that I feel I should not omit it.

There must of course have been other novels as good as these which I just have not come across. Indeed it is an exciting thought that there are as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. But at least I think that this list is representative enough to suggest that the contemporary novel is in a condition of healthy concern with reality, and that the contemporary novelist takes seriously his task of elucidating the meaning of our experience, even if his aim is still higher than his grasp.

FIRST NOVELS OF THE YEAR

By R. S. Forman

The year just passing has not been marked by the emergence of any novelist clearly marked for fame or fortune. For one thing I think that there have been somewhat fewer authors making their first appearance than in recent years. This is something to be thankful for, for not only does it mean that there is probably some slight check to the spate of fiction which has been wellnigh overwhelming us since the War, but also that the intelligent young people, who for the last twelve or fifteen years have been seeing in fiction their only artistic outlet, are now finding one somewhere else, poetry perhaps, or criticism, or even diverting their energies into a more substantial and whole-hearted devotion to earning their livings, a job for which novel-writing is singularly unhelpful.

Last year I tried to name six novels by beginners which I thought stood out above the rest. I managed after much searching of the heart and conscience to detect six, but I was forced to name a dozen or so besides which I should have liked to include in my list. This year my difficulty has been to find six first novels which are, in my humble judgment, worth mention in the Christmas number as in any sense the "books of the year," though I ought to make it plain that I am only dealing with the books I have had submitted to me month by month for review, and not with *all* the first novels published during the year. To judge by the reviews I have read of one or two novels by new authors which I have not seen, the year has not been without its striking successes.

Of the books I have reviewed I select seven as being worth this special second notice, and of these two must be placed in a different category from the rest, being translated works of foreign authors. One of these, "Pilate's Wife," by Jean Damase, I definitely regard as being very much better than any of the books by English authors in my list. It is the only one that gives evidence of being the creation of a brain above the ordinary, and this in spite

of the fact that as a novel the book left something to be desired. This notwithstanding, I was left with the impression that M. Damase is clearly destined to do work of first-rate importance and, indeed, that it might well be that in this book we have the early work of one who will be, and rightly, acclaimed a genius. Already critics have seen in him something of Anatole France and Pierre Loti. Personally I was more struck by his originality than by any kinship to anybody, and I fully expect that we shall have from his pen, as soon as he has mastered his medium, novels of rare and distinctly individual quality.

The other translation to which I have referred is "Over the Border," the very clever and entertaining story of Russian Communism by Victor Keen. This, like the French book, was the work of a practised writer, though it too was a first essay in fiction. Though I praised this book highly when it was first published, and though I adhere to what I then said, I do not put it in the same class as "Pilate's Wife." The author is a gifted writer and a competent craftsman, but I doubt whether anyone will ever call him genius, not, at any rate, on the strength of his novel-writing.

I now turn to my five English writers, or to be exact writers of English, for one is I believe American in origin, though not I fancy in domicile. When I come to study the list I find it rather a curiously varied one, so much so that it would be quite beyond me to attempt to put them in any order of merit.

One of the novels, "Miner," is hardly a novel at all. It is clearly autobiography under a thin mask of fiction. I do not mean to imply that Mr. Bowden is telling us of actual experiences; rather that he is writing from experience and observation almost solely, and hardly at all from any imaginative inspiration. Nevertheless "Miner" is a striking book, almost first-rate in all that touched upon the young miner's life, but marred, badly marred,

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| "Pilate's Wife." By Jean Damase. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.) |
| "Over the Border." By Victor Keen. 7s. 6d. (Mathews & Marrot.) |
| "Miner." By F. C. Boden. 6s. (Dent.) |
| "Three Fevers." By Leo Walmisley. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.) |
| "For the Delight of Antonio." By Beatrice Curtis Brown. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.) |
| "The Survivors." By Francis Sibson. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.) |
| "Snow on Water." By Merle Eiles. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.) |
| "Trinc!" By Francis Watson. 7s. 6d. (Lovat Dickson.) |

I thought, by a conventional and sentimental love story.

"Three Fevers," by Leo Walmisley, struck me as a very promising first novel, though here again the writer showed gifts of observation rather than imagination. I felt that, judging by this book and knowing nothing else whatever about him, that Mr. Walmisley would make a superb descriptive journalist, but I did not feel *certain* that he would ever write a first-rate novel. I am confirmed in this view by the fact that while I recollect vaguely the theme of the book as well as the author's name, I have nothing left to me of its substance, as I have for example in the case of "Pilate's Wife."

Of greater promise as far as really good creation is concerned is Beatrice Curtis Brown. Her "For the Delight of Antonio" is a charming and delicate piece of work, romantic and therefore, I suppose, unfashionable and purely imaginative. I think that Miss Curtis Brown has gifts of insight which are sufficiently rare in the domain of fiction to make one extend to her a very sincere welcome.

Mr. Sibson is another new-comer who can exercise his imaginative powers, though in a very different medium from Miss Curtis Brown's. He succeeded in "The Survivors" in making a most thrilling and exciting story out of a combination of technical knowledge and imaginative creation. I would not go so far as to call him a new Wells, but I should be safe in saying that those who revelled in the early Wells, who moved so surely among his new worlds, are certain to enjoy Mr. Sibson's story.

"Snow on Water," by Miss Merle Eyles, is immature, but quite strikingly original. She has the advantage of writing about Finns and Finland, about which I, for one, know nothing, and she writes as if she knew what she was writing about. She gave me the impression of having a gift for psychological analysis, though I should hesitate

to be dogmatic on the point until I have seen more of her work.

There is one first novel published during the year which I have read, though it was reviewed in *THE BOOKMAN* by someone else. "Trinc!" by Francis Watson. I should like as a kind of postscript to say a word about it, because I should certainly have included it in my list if it had come my way professionally.

I warmly welcome this book because Mr. Watson shows in it gifts which are extremely rare in our native literature. "Comedy," says Sir William Beach Thomas in his essay on George Meredith in "The Great Victorians," "has not flourished in the literature of the English, perhaps because they are essentially a sentimental people. . . . We work for the moral purpose; we like even the drama Moral." Now I cannot say that there is no "moral" in "Trinc!" but it is not spelt with a capital "M," and there is certainly no "moral purpose." Mr. Watson knows his mediæval French literature, a knowledge shared I imagine by very few novelists, and his first novel shows the fruit of that knowledge. "Moral purpose" was not its strong point. Some of it was romantic, some of it sentimental, in the dry French way, some of it burlesque. Some of it, the best of it perhaps, was richly comic, but never more so than when it was satirical in intent. Mr. Watson's story is not perfect. His jokes do not always "get across," as witness Mrs. Bacbuc's description of Flapperland, Passportia and the rest; some of his naughtinesses are those of the little boy with a piece of chalk; but taken as a whole the book is true comedy and the satire often really stings. He belongs to the school of James Branch Cabell rather than to that of Aldous Huxley, for so far at any rate he shows no sign of hating his fellow men; he is content to laugh at them. I think everyone who reads "Trinc!" will look out for Mr. Watson's next book.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE YEAR

By Edgar Holt

The translations of foreign novels which have appeared during 1932 give ample proof of the skill of their translators. A bad translation can impart a stiff and wooden appearance to the best of books, but there is hardly a single novel which has suffered in that way. Here and there, to be sure, the translators have not been so quick in the uptake as might have been hoped. For example, the translator of "Young Woman of 1914" unaccountably prefers the German word "smoking" to the English "dinner-jacket," though "smoking" cannot convey anything to an English reader who is unfamiliar with German. Another lapse has occurred in "The Pascarella Family," where the author allows an Englishman named Campbell to be mistaken by a compatriot for a man named Campbell-Grant. This is quite excusable in German, for in Germany the first part of a hyphenated name is used as an abbreviation for the whole; but in English it is quite impossible, as the English practice is to use the second part of a hyphenated name in this way. The translator should have risen to the occasion and changed the hyphenated name to Grant-Campbell, but he failed to do so. These are small points however and the general level of translation is extremely high. Even dialect novels, such as the French "Lovers are never Losers," have been turned into appropriate English, while the more straightforward works have received almost flawless renderings.

Unfortunately the high level of translation does not coincide with a period of extreme brilliance in the works

translated. France, Germany, Russia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Czechoslovakia have contributed works by representative authors, but it is difficult to select half a dozen which one can confidently recommend as outstanding books of the year. In spite of the publishers' assurance that nearly every one of the authors has received great praise from the critics and public of his own country, it must be admitted that many of the books are tedious and uninspiring, and a list of the six best cannot be presented without some feelings of diffidence.

I have no hesitation however in acclaiming the first three books on my list, which are contributed by France, Germany and Norway. The name of André Malvil is new to English readers, but "The Seven Stars" suggests that he is likely to become an important figure in contemporary French literature.

His work is remarkable for its sense of form and sureness of literary touch, and although the formula of an old man who looks back on his past has been used in fiction before it is here exploited with originality and power. The past on which the narrator looks back is a tale of gay and frivolous life in Paris, of a swift and beautiful love affair ended by death, and of a spiritual pilgrimage in which the image of his dead loved one is always before the narrator's eyes. The beauty of style and distinction of thought make it a novel for the quiet and reflective hour, which will present a series of unforgettable pictures to all who read it with care and appreciation.

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| <p>"The Seven Stars." By André Malvil.</p> <p>"The Pascarella Family." By Franz Werfel.</p> <p>"The Burning Bush." By Sigrid Undset.</p> <p>"Secret Sentence." By Vicki Baum.</p> <p>"Chérie." By Jacques Deval.</p> <p>"Young Woman of 1914." By Arnold Zweig.</p> |
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Germany as usual has provided a large number of the year's translations, and few of them have made any attempt to cheer and invigorate the reader. The German contribution to contemporary fiction is sound and solid, but it is rarely cheerful. In these circumstances it is pleasant to encounter a book like Franz Werfel's "The Pascarella Family," in which light and dark shades are so ingeniously blended by the minor tragedies of the story. Werfel has taken Italy as his setting, and the adventures of Don Domenico Pascarella and his sons and daughters provide the material for what is first and foremost a capital story. Unlike "The Seven Stars," in which the author's sense of form is always a paramount consideration, "The Pascarella Family" never calls attention to the excellence of Werfel's writing. The story has been allowed to develop in an apparently artless manner, and Werfel has modestly remained in the background, as though he were leaving his characters to find their own salvation.

Among Scandinavian novels a word should be given to the Danish "Eskimo," by Peter Freuchen, in which a remarkable story of Eskimo life is only spoilt by excessive length and unnecessary attention to detail; but the chief Scandinavian novel of the year comes from Norway. When I was choosing the best translations of 1931 I had no hesitation in selecting Sigrid Undset's "The Wild Orchid," which was the first part of a trilogy devoted to the life of Paul Selmer; and "The Burning Bush," which is the second part of the trilogy, takes a high place among the translations of 1932. In this volume we see Paul Selmer as a married man, hopelessly trying to make a success of his unfortunate marriage with Björg, finding spiritual consolation in the Roman Catholic Church, and meeting his first love Lucy after a lapse of many years. It would be foolish to read "The Burning Bush" without having

read "The Wild Orchid," but those who have read the first part of the trilogy will find that the second is a work of equal beauty and insight. Sigrid Undset's novels are distinguished by their clear outlook on life, their graceful style, and their brilliant characterisation. All these qualities are to be found in her present trilogy of modern Norwegian life.

The other novels which I have chosen can be dealt with more briefly, for they do not reach the level of those by Malvil, Werfel and Undset. Among several novels which deal with post-war Germany, Gina Kaus's "Luxury Liner" and Erich Kästner's "Fabian" should be mentioned for their vigour and liveliness, but perhaps the best of them all is Vicki Baum's "Secret Sentence." Her previous books, "Grand Hotel" and "Results of an Accident," showed that Vicki Baum could contrive a melodramatic story and could also display a deep interest in human psychology. In "Secret Sentence," which is the tale of a political murder and the murderer's flight from justice, she has exploited all her powers, and the result is an absorbing novel which always holds the reader's sympathy.

Jacques Deval's "Chérie" may disappoint some of the readers of "Wooden Swords," which presented its author as a witty and engaging satirist. There is less satire and more sentiment in "Chérie," but the originality of its plot, which deals with international spying in the Panama Canal Zone, almost atones for the loss of humour. To complete my half-dozen I have taken Arnold Zweig's "Young Woman of 1914," though I fear that his rather nauseating insistence on physical details makes it a book which many people will be unable to read. Those who can overcome their distaste will find that the book contains much that is valuable, and that the picture of German life in the early part of the War is drawn with care, understanding and a complete absence of national prejudice.

PLAYS OF THE YEAR

By Graham Sutton

What sort of best?

There is a notion current among highbrows that the big popular success—the Dubarry-Casanova type—is automatically ruled out of such an article as the present. "Most playgoers are half-wits," the argument runs; "therefore a play which reaches its two-hundredth night must be half-wits' fare." If I had never witnessed such a play I should still quarrel with this view on principle; it has been contradicted flatly and frequently—by "Abraham Lincoln" for example; by "Journey's End" and "Cavalcade" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"; and to come down to our own year, by "Musical Chairs." Further, I quarrel with it on experience, being lowbrow enough to hold that Entertainment, with the capital E, is a right function of the theatre.

Take "Casanova." I must take it on trust, its success being such that a dramatic critic is no longer allowed to profane it. But I am told by the initiate that, while laying no siege to its patrons' intelligence, it is at least not more half-witted than the rest of its kind. Its virtues are Entertainment virtues, no more and no less. It meets for instance that demand for hustle which the films introduced, and which revolving platforms have made possible on the stage (they say no film is shot for more than thirty seconds from one angle, and that three minutes is the maximum for any scene in this play; as art, this seems to me horrible; but it is certainly a triumph for Entertainment technique). Besides, the type is a direct development from post-War musical comedy—a dreary spate whose founts are running dry, if the revival of "The Merry Widow" is evidence. If "Casanova" supersedes such delights, "Casanova" spells progress; and I suggest that

even highbrows may acclaim it as such, and wish its innumerable elbows more power.

So much in fairness to that capital E. I grant one cannot live by gingerbread alone, however gorgeously gilt, and that more fertile progress is afoot than the progress from "Land of Smiles" to "Dubarry"; yet, since the playgoing public is so small, and since its layers overlap, we may find parallels between the stage of the mind and the stage of the senses. Length of cast, for instance. Our serious playwrights used to be assured that big casts would damn them; yet recently, despite the managerial talk of hard times, we have seen worthwhile plays in which the stage was no less populous than the front of the house.

Of these "Cavalcade" was last year's heritage; but the new year brought "Derby Day," "Children in Uniform," "Service," "Evensong," "Road-House"—a mixed lot, but all worth arguing about, which is the test of what one calls

a play of the mind. And if you challenge "Road-House" in this category I must reply by using it to illustrate another branch of my theme—namely, stage-romance.

It is a truism that the trump-card of all the "Casanova" stuff is romance; strange situations, costumes, scenery; a change of century perhaps—though Ruritania will serve; in any case some mitigation of the "sordid realities of the Waterloo Road." What is less obvious is the debt owing to romance by our quasi-realists. For although realism seems much in vogue, romance remains the backbone of our theatre, whether highbrow or low: and has always been so, despite such short-lived realistic interludes as the Manchester School. But until recent times definitions were easier. Realism meant plays like "Hindle Wakes," romance "The Prisoner of Zenda." Our modern practice

"Casanova."	"Children in Uniform."
"Road-House."	"Musical Chairs."
"Evensong."	"Too True to be Good."

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932**



From a drawing by ARCHIBALD ZIEGLER.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS.

is to combine the two, so that romance may shine more glamorous against humdrum surroundings. We have swung back to the Elizabethans in fact, to whom romance and fancy dress were not synonyms. Shakespeare dressed Julius Cæsar in doublet and hose, made Bottom a London guildsman, Theseus a county squire. Windsor was quite as good as Zenda for him.

And so, just now, for us. Consider "Road-House"—typical light comedy, perhaps the best of the year. It finds romance no farther off the map than in an unsuccessful pub on the fringe of London. Its types are commonplace—car bandits, motor-cycle police, and a cute speculator who has brought the pub up to date. In brief, it mirrors our normality; its romance springs from individual enterprise, not from strange settings or types; nor is there anything exceptional about its hero but his stupidity, on which the whole story depends. In Zenda times that hero would have stopped in the North-West Mounted; or had he strayed into the English police, must have turned realist and come no nearer romance than the arrest of some clerk, after four hours of family dispute in the suburbs of Manchester. To-day he makes a much more interesting best of both worlds.

I grant that "Road-House" is the lightest of fare; but the same principle holds good in more weighty productions. Not fancy dress, but the vagaries of normality caught off its guard, are now perceived to be the proper stuff of romance, which is summed up by a north country apophthegm—"Nowt so queer as folk!" And I suggest that the old fancy-dress criterion sways Mr. Sydney Carroll too strongly, when he deplores the realistic tendency of our current plays. Where are the "Zendas" and the "Scarlet Pimpernels"? Mr. Carroll asks.* He admits the romance of "Road-House," and somewhat grudgingly that our more serious authors mix romantic leaven with their "depressing fidelity." He cites "Evensong." I must confess that, to my mind at least, romance predominates in this play. The term is relative no doubt; to a grand-opera singer "Evensong" might seem realistic (and "Zenda" too, to the inhabitant of some pre-War Balkan state?). But to the bulk of us Irela is no less exotic a personage than Rupert of Hentzau himself; and as such, for the bulk of us, Miss Evans interprets her, with a high glamour all the more enhanced by her realistic surroundings.

But there is no confuting Mr. Carroll when he quotes

* In the *Daily Telegraph*, October 22nd.

"Children in Uniform." Romantic "relativity" cannot here be urged; even to unsophisticated males this fine play is stark realism, and its avoidance of subjective sentiment (in a piece where the sentiment of girlhood, treated objectively, is the central theme) is admirably maintained. I am less sure of "Musical Chairs," which Mr. Carroll groups among the realistic productions. I find the leaven of romance more potent there than he thinks it. But I agree that it owes nothing to the trappings of Zendaism. The scene, Galicia, is as real as Lancashire—coalfield or oilfield, there is nothing to choose; the Schindlers are wholly credible; it is their quintessential humanity, flaring up in harsh conflict, that makes this magnificent play.

And what about playgoers? Romance in realistic guise may draw audiences, but is there any public for the fancy-dress kind whose dearth Mr. Carroll deplores? I fear his modesty has made him overlook the success of his "Twelfth Night." True, this was helped by the exceptional support of the Press—and rightly; its merit was exceptional—but not ten times as much support would have enabled it to run for three or four months, as it did, had there not been a large "romantic" public to welcome it. "Julius Cæsar" did creditably; and the continued vogue of the Old Vic needs no comment.

I note too that Mr. Carroll makes no reference to "Twelfth Night's" successor at the New—"Too True to be Good." Perhaps he shrank from classifying Mr. Shaw, who has at all times flouted labels by his knack of turning romance inside out. In this last play the situations are romantic as ever; but the reactions of the characters explode their romance, with true Shavian gusto. "Too True" was savagely attacked in the Press for falling short of Shaw's best; though it received small credit, contrariwise, for being infinitely more worth listening to than most of its rivals. But it is smart just now to pooh-pooh Shaw—witness our critical indifference to this year's revival of "Heartbreak House," an indubitably great play. "Too True"—a lesser piece and somewhat crudely produced—would have been hailed as "nearly as good as Shaw" had you or I written it; and yet when Mr. Shaw writes nearly as well as himself he is abused by the most up to date and praised with faint damns by the rest. I fancy he must see the humour of this; he can afford to. Whether the theatre can afford such smug superiority is more doubtful; I am sure the "smart" critics cannot; it is the sort of cleverness that justly brings their so-called craft into contempt.

FILMS OF THE YEAR

By Charles Davy

Not a very exciting year. The American talkie is stationary at a high level of technical efficiency and shows little sign of throwing up new ideas. In Russia, the wave of inspiration which started with "Potemkin" seems to have died down, and in any case Russia's experiments are now largely hidden from us by the language barrier. France has René Clair, but no other director of particular importance. Germany, in spite of her economic difficulties and political preoccupations, has the best record of any country during the year. Great Britain has had a successful year commercially; her studios have hummed away busily and made quite a lot of money. But most of her best work has been done under foreign influence; a distinctively British school of production, dealing imaginatively with serious native subjects, is not yet in sight.

At the head of my list I have placed "Mädchen in Uniform," not only because of its rare dramatic merit but because it represents a healthy and hopeful break with several cherished screen traditions. The schoolgirls

(there are no male characters) were nearly all played by young theatre students with no previous screen experience. They owe much of their success to the brilliant direction of Leontine Sagan, but some also to their own enthusiasm. They had no fixed salaries and agreed simply to share whatever profits there might be.

The result is a film with no "star values" to upset its teamwork. The corporate life of the school—the struggle of young emotions against Prussian discipline—has a vivid existence on the screen; and it is the school you remember, not this or that person or incident. To some extent the film suffers in cramped movement from its stage origin; but it is a quite unusually sensitive and sincere piece of work, truthfully

conceived and superbly photographed.

Of Pabst's two films, "Westfront, 1918" and "Kameradschaft," I prefer "Westfront," though "Kameradschaft" has had more praise. "Westfront" tries to do too much—to show the effect of war on civilians as well as soldiers—and the total effect is perhaps inevitably uneven and

"Mädchen in Uniform." (German.)

"Westfront: 1918." (German.)

"Kameradschaft." (German.)

"The Faithful Heart." (British.)

"Movie Crazy." (American.)

"A Nous la Liberté." (French.)

episodic. But the front-line scenes have a grim realism which gains immensely from Pabst's relatively impersonal approach. No other war film gives such a convincing impression of war itself as distinct from individual reactions to it—of war as a storm of destruction that dwarfs the men who are waging it and eventually even the national animosities it represents.

In "Kameradschaft" Pabst points a rather similar moral a little too obviously. His French and German miners work in adjoining pits, separated by the frontier. An atmosphere of suspicion and friction hangs over the frontier villages, but as soon as an explosion occurs in the French part of the mine national differences are forgotten, and the German miners hasten to help their French comrades.

This idea is sound enough, but Pabst weakens its effect by occasionally forcing the note. There are moments when we seem to be witnessing an abstract moral lesson rather than a flesh-and-blood drama.

Still, a great deal in "Kameradschaft" is finely done. Apart from one unreal frontier-breaking incident, the arrival of the German rescuers is handled with a cumulative rhythm that becomes extremely exciting, and the echoing semi-darkness of the underground galleries is captured with wonderful skill. "Kameradschaft" does not quite live up to the scale of its conception, but its best episodes are masterly, and you come away feeling that Pabst has used the talkies to give you an experience not to be had from any other artistic medium.

What has Great Britain got to set against these German achievements? Her success up to the time of writing has been mostly in two fields—low comedy and light comedy. In her low comedies she has exploited the robustly coarse traditions of the British music-hall, but without distinction. In her light comedies she has been influenced partly by René Clair and partly by such German films as "The Road to Paradise" and the decorative but overrated "Congress Dances." She has learnt how effective an atmosphere of musical irresponsibility can be on the screen, and "Sunshine Susie," her first effort in this line, was so successful that the order at once went out for more.

In "Love on Wheels," Victor Savile produced an ingenious and amusing fantasia hampered by too rambling a story, and in "Jack's the Boy," Mr. Walter Forde—with the invaluable assistance of Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge—devised a profitable cross between "Sunshine Susie" and the Aldwych farces. But Mr. Savile's

best work, I think, was his direction of "The Faithful Heart." Monckton Hoffe's simple little play—a play of sentiment which avoids the grosser forms of sentimentality—is well suited to screen treatment, and Mr. Savile succeeded in endowing it both with a remarkable veracity of feeling and a delightfully easy and fluid narrative rhythm. At last we were shown a film which could stand up to the best American pictures on technical grounds, and which was at the same time distinctively English in its story and its setting. It was not a masterpiece, but it was a thoroughly creditable piece of work, and for the moment, at any rate—with Mr. Asquith and Mr. Hitchcock temporarily in eclipse and Mr. Grierson hidden from the commercial limelight—Mr. Savile deserves to rank as the leading British director.

I am not going to assert that Harold Lloyd's "Movie Crazy" is the best American film of the year. There have been plenty of good American pictures which might claim that title, but few outstanding ones. I single out "Movie Crazy" because here, for the first time, the Chaplin tradition is translated with almost complete success into talkie terms. There is far less slapstick than in Lloyd's earlier films; instead, he reveals quite unsuspected acting powers, and the film's familiar story of the small-town youth's efforts to break into Hollywood is touched with just enough of that underlying pathos which is so valuable for making screen humour sympathetic and saving it from seeming mechanical.

We are left with René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté"—last and perhaps best. It lacks the controlled rhythm of "Le Million" and the poetic atmosphere of "Sous les Toits," but it is delightfully fresh and generous in spirit, with some glorious moments. Again Clair shows his peculiar gift for giving slapstick an intellectual edge and so blending it with social satire. I believe that he wanted the film to be more satirical, with the resemblance between prison and factory more sharply emphasised, but his backers insisted on a milder tone. Perhaps this is why the film seems at times to waver in purpose; and certainly the open road ending is too trite and facile a resolution of the theme. But it is a film which no one but Clair could have made; and in it he nearly solves the problem of making a talkie independent of its national language.

Almost—but not quite. This unfortunate problem remains to haunt the cinema of to-day and to-morrow, damming up so many fertilising ideas behind national frontiers.

HISTORICAL WORKS OF THE YEAR

By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard

"England Under Queen Anne: Ramillies and the Union with Scotland." By Professor G. M. Trevelyan, O.M.

"Letters of Queen Victoria (1896-1902)." Edited by G. E. Buckle.

"Julius Caesar." By John Buchan.

"The Revolt of the Netherlands." By P. Geyl.

"The Jacobite Movement." By Sir Charles Petrie.

"Metternich." By Arthur Herman.

Swift depicts Criticism as a malignant deity dwelling on a snowy mountain-top in Nova Zembla; her father is Ignorance, her mother Pride, while among her children are Noise, Impudence, Vanity, Pedantry and Ill-Manners. But she has also a gay and giddy sister named Opinion, perhaps the least unattractive of the family.

Calling Opinion to my aid, I think that thus far 1932 has been marked rather by a high general standard than by many historical books of startling and outstanding merit. Scissors and paste compilations without any per-

manent value, which at the end of every season begin to litter the cheap book boxes and shelves, are less in evidence. An unfortunate practice of giving pretentious and uninformative titles to historical biographies seems to be on the increase. Why, for instance, "Superman" for Frederick the Great in the translation of Nathaniel Ausubel's biography—or "Empress Innocence" for Marie Louise—or "Jovial King" for Jerome Bonaparte—or "Imperial Brother" for de Morny in a work which, calling itself a novel, is in fact an extremely useful and well-documented historical biography? The comparatively new art of nomenclature conceals so much more than art. We shall be having Elizabeth next as "Bachelor Woman" or Anne as "Dead Majesty."

Without attaching such importance to order as in the numbering of a squad on parade, I think high place must be given to the second volume, "Ramillies and the Union with Scotland," of Professor G. M. Trevelyan's "England under Queen Anne." We have not too many historians of the first rank to succeed the great writers of the past; the early chroniclers from whom we still glean much of our knowledge of the Middle Ages; and such later English historians as Clarendon, Gibbon, Hume, Froude, Stubbs,

Freeman, Macaulay, Carlyle, Tout. Professor Trevelyan, unlike some of these, has the distinction of combining picturesqueness and lightness of touch with a due regard to facts. As in his earlier work, he finds all grist that comes to his mill, and in making the extremely defunct Queen and her times live again does not, I am glad to see, ignore the useful service done to the history of his period by such writers as Thackeray and Scott.

In a survey of the year it seems impossible to omit the final volume of Buckle's "Letters of Queen Victoria." This is a great task successfully completed, and though the last phase (1896-1902) which ends with the sombre falling of the curtain may possibly hold less interest than some that preceded it, no future historian of the Victorian Age can afford to overlook this important contribution to its story.

During the year, an admirable series of cheap biographies, many of them historical, has been issued by Mr. Peter Davies. Almost without exception these are deserving of very high praise; they are accurate, suggestive, vivid, and carefully written. Miss Mona Wilson gives us a useful little study of Queen Elizabeth; Sir John Fortescue's "Marlborough," which helps to clear away many of the popular misconceptions about one of the great Englishmen of his own or any age, is of especial value in view of Mr. Winston Churchill's forthcoming book on his famous ancestor; and I think I may select as one of my list John Buchan's "Julius Caesar" for inclusion in the historical section of any library. Another excellent series during the past year is "Great Mediæval Churchmen," published by Messrs. Methuen at the low price of six shillings, and of interest not only to theologians but to educationalists and students of the political changes of the Middle Ages.

"The Revolt of the Netherlands (1555-1609)" by P. Geyl, strikes me as one of the important books of the year, as a corrective of Motley's intensely interesting but not too accurate history of the Low Countries during this period has long been overdue. I think I will choose next Sir Charles Petrie's "The Jacobite Movement," and as a final selection "Metternich," by Arthur Herman. The "Prime Minister of Europe" in his day, Metternich's attitude towards France contrasted with that of Bismarck in a later generation is deserving of fresh study in the light of present problems.

Criticism's sister, Opinion, is too volatile a lady (I fear) to make any special selection like this of great importance or value. "Men and Women of Plantagenet England," by Dorothy Margaret Stuart, is a book worth mention in a general survey; it gives an accurate and vivid picture of the thirteen Plantagenet kings and their times; the chapter on "Craftsmen" is particularly well done, and includes many little known facts about the methods of the old-time worker. The addition to the Record Office "Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII" should not be forgotten; here is the rough material of history which, not infrequently, is quite as interesting as fiction in the pages of this publication. Then there is the History of the Hudson Bay Company, by Robert E. Pinkerton, and among historical biographies of the year one notes "Peter Abailard," by J. G. Sikes, "Alexander the Great," by Professor Ulrich Wileken, "William IV," by Grace E. Thompson, "Mazzini," by Gwilym O. Griffith, "Arnold of Brescia," by G. W. Greenaway, "Albert the Good," by Hector Bolitho, Dr. G. J. Renier's Life of the Princess Charlotte, and Mr. Duff Cooper's Life of Talleyrand.

POETRY OF 1932

By Geoffrey Grigson

Verse-publishing does not pay, and (unless the poet has paid) most books of verse should be regarded as publishers' conscience money, i.e. money that cannot be spared in times of crisis. There has then been less than the usual quantity of verse during the last twelve months. Richard Church, Edmund Blunden, the Poet Laureate—all these have reminded us of their names; and Mr. J. C. Squire is threatening. Yet in general this magnificent verse-year has done poorly in numbers; and 1933 threatens to do poorer still. Magnificent? In the summer "The Orators" was published; and the one critic who declared it the most important poem since "The Waste Land" spoke with a correct fervour. One need say in THE BOOKMAN little more than has already been said at length: that "The Orators" creates a world, is distinguished by reality of language and dramatic quality of versification and performs a fine service of creative satire, when standards have shrivelled and complacency and dullness are the two Mussolinis we obey.

"The Orators" has been better received by personal recommendation than any book of verse for some years. There has been little of the drivelling ecstasy (in which I confess myself to have been a collaborator) which welcomed Mr. Roy Campbell's megaphonic "Adamastror" two years ago. Reviewers have been frightened by "The Orators." There have been admissions of its power; but reviewers were most of them very anxious to show how clever they were in finding sources. Rimbaud, says one; St. J. Perse, says another; Wilfred Owen, says a third; and 'strewth,' say I (quoting W. H. A.) when one blockhead accuses him in part of Emily Dickinson. Yet there is an obvious source in W. H. Auden; and because "The Orators," a new machine propelled with magnificent horse-power, comes from W. H. Auden, and not from

this or that other poet, it ranks 1932 with the year that was happy in coinciding with "The Waste Land."

Otherwise the year has been like most years. D. H. Lawrence's "Last Poems" are mainly notes for anything but poems; but the slightest annotations of genius are worth examining. "New Signatures," with its contributions from Auden, Day Lewis and Spender, maps the arterial, dotting in a by-road, well-metalled, but blind perhaps in William Empson; and the rest must be anthologising. Sir Edmund Chambers has produced an anthology

in the Oxford series that can be praised (though for the unbaptized Q-like titles have sometimes been invented). His period has little contemporary relevance, though in the adolescent lyricism one can survey the cause of revolt and in the longer and more serious work (Raleigh's "Ocean to Cynthia," for example) one

can detect the metaphysical beginnings. Mr. Untermeyer's arm-benders have more utility than value. In the earlier of them, one can neglect the introduction, the Anne Bradstreets and Whittiers for the section of native ballads and folk-songs. In the second (now in its fourth edition, enlarged—actually—and revised) every variety of fiddle-faddle can be found from the Kreymbourg variety, the Edna St. Vincent Millay variety, the E. E. Cummings variety to the Louis Untermeyer (critical and poetical) variety. Yet apart from Emily Dickinson, with whom the book begins, Robert Frost, and perhaps Conrad Aiken, who are all familiar in England, there are readable poets whom it may introduce. The most sensible thing for Mr. Untermeyer to do would be to cut out all the American Churches and Blundens, Gibsons and Humbert Wolfes and present English readers with a reduced selection, including poems by such as John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, and Hart Crane; and he might also omit all his own miniature, well-manicured "criticisms."

"The Orators." By W. H. Auden.
 "New Signatures." Collected by Michael Roberts.
 "Last Poems." By D. H. Lawrence.
 "American Poetry to Whitman" and "Modern American Poetry." Edited by Louis Untermeyer.
 "Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse." Chosen by E. K. Chambers.



The Five Sisters, York Minster.

From a proof in the possession of Frank Rinder, Esq.

From "Masters of Etching," by D. Y. Cameron (Studio).



From "THE CHRISTOPHER ROBIN VERSES,"
Illustrated by E. H. SHEPARD
(Methuen).

POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF THE YEAR

By Collin Brooks

The year has been unusually rich in political biography. Asquith, Cromer, Hicks Beach, Redmond, Carson, Herbert Gladstone and Walter Leaf make an assorted gallery, though it is true that the life of Carson was represented only by its first volume and dealt rather with the lawyer than the politician, and that Leaf was only a politician in the broadest sense. Had Mr. Garvin's eighteen-year-long effort resulted, as was hoped, in the publication of the first part of his life of Chamberlain in time for inclusion in this survey, the harvest would have been even more strikingly rich.

The Life of Lord Oxford and Asquith by Mr. J. A. Spender and Mr. Cyril Asquith was a model of intimate, formal biography. It was, in one sense, the misfortune of the biographers that the periods which it covered had so fully and so recently been explored by the biographers of Campbell-Bannerman and Harcourt, by Haldane in his autobiography, by Asquith himself in his own memoirs, and by the biographers of Lansdowne and King Edward VII. Something indeed was left for them to reveal, but that something was not the first revelation. The tragedy of Gladstone's tenacity in his last Cabinet; the bitter feeling between Rosebery and Harcourt; the attempt to force "C.-B." to the Lords for the greater glory of Grey, Haldane and Asquith; the origin of the attack on the House of Lords after the 1909 Budget and the complicated negotiations to avoid a definite clash on the Constitutional issue; the similar and equally abortive negotiations over the Home Rule Bill; the inwardness of the Curragh incident; the entry of Britain into the War and the betrayal of Asquith first by certain of his own generals in the field and later by his Cabinet colleagues of the First Coalition—these episodes in history were known even before Asquith's death. His biographers however filled the duty of making clear Asquith's own motives and his own views of these events.

The respect with which Edward VII regarded his first Liberal Premier and the affection—for it was no less—that developed between Asquith and the new monarch, George V, affected the history of constitutional monarchy in Britain. Another Premier might either have forced upon the Crown actions repugnant to its wearers or weakly permitted a court sycophancy to divert a policy from its logical conclusions. Asquith did neither.

Not the least interesting parts of the Life were to be found in the appendices, one of which presented a list of the gentlemen who were to have been invited to accept peerages to ensure the passage of the Parliament Act. The list contained some unexpected names, ranging from J. M. Barrie and Anthony Hope (an old legal friend) to Sir John Gorst, who had been Disraeli's organiser of victory in the seventies. Other appendices gave the full text of Asquith's memoranda to the King on the difficult points of precedent involved in the struggle with the peers and the coercion or exclusion of Ulster from the Home Rule Bill.

The revelations of Asquith's personal character and life changed in many respects the popular image of that statesman. His tender love romance in youth, leading to his marriage with Helen Asquith on a too meagre income and the establishment of a ménage wherein the husband displayed a boyish fondness for fireworks and was apt to spend a carefully hoarded £300 on a necklace for his wife, was followed by an early widowerhood and the romance

of his infatuation with Margot Tennant, who was no less infatuated with him. The second marriage, regarded doubtfully by the friends of each, gave Asquith a happiness only to be known by one who has found both love and comradeship with a complementary being. Here indeed was an attraction of opposites which would have pleased Schopenhauer.

Behind the detailed story of Asquith's career was the true romance of the poor boy—an orphan left to the bounty of relatives—who by sheer intellect and character rose to a dominance in the state rarely paralleled. Had Asquith not been of such classic mould—had he seemed less Roman and more romantic—that rise would long ago have been seen as more striking than any since Disraeli, exceeding even that of the "cottage-bred man," Mr. Lloyd George, and that of another lawyer, Lord Birkenhead.

The life of Earl St. Aldwyn—"Black Michael" to his contemporaries—was belated. It performed two great services to its subject's memory, for it threw a new and grateful light on the true rôle played by Hicks Beach in the débâcle of Bartle Frere, and it showed the old Lion enjoying an Indian summer of power at the opening of the War when the bankers, of whom he had become one, had lost their heads.

Both Asquith and Hicks Beach were Chancellors of the Exchequer; both were

conservative financiers; both were economisers. It was the lot of the one to be responsible for the finance of the Boer War period and of the other to make almost inevitable the new Lloyd Georgian finance by a too-sanguine reduction of taxation in the Budget of 1908, which established Old Age Pensions. The student of national fiscal policy will find both these biographies essential to the creation of a sound perspective over the years of transition which began with the Harcourt Death duties. It was Asquith, incidentally, who first made a differentiation between earned and unearned incomes, itself a logical development of the Harcourtian conception.

The memoir of Herbert Gladstone by Sir Charles Mallet provided in some ways an addendum and a sidelight to the life of Asquith. Herbert Gladstone was Asquith's junior at the Home Office, and was Liberal Whip at a time when the leadership was in doubt. For a moment there was a chance that he, and not Campbell-Bannerman, might be the Moses to lead the exiles from the wilderness. But Herbert Gladstone's virtues were too negative. The story of his career proves only the old truth that virtue, even political virtue allied with filial piety, can be very dull. Asquith's successor at the Home Office and a Governor-General of South Africa, Herbert Gladstone, to borrow Sidebotham's telling phrase applied to the present Lord Salisbury), bore but hardly wielded the sword of his great name. He renounced the life of a don to become his father's secretary, and after a career that barely rose above mediocrity, he emerged from placid oblivion to defend his father's moral character. The best that can be said of him is that Sir Charles Mallet's memoir will be a pleasant memorial to the family and its friends, and the older Liberals at Leeds where the son took the seat the father would not have.

The life of Walter Leaf, partly from his own hand and partly from that of his widow, was that of a man akin to Hicks Beach in two regards. Both became bankers, late

- "Lord Oxford and Asquith." By J. A. Spender and Cyril Asquith. 2 vols. 36s. (Hutchinson.)
 "Sir Michael Hicks Beach." By Lady Victoria Hicks Beach. 2 vols. 15s. per vol. (Macmillan.)
 "Lord Cromer." By the Marquess of Zetland. 25s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 "Walter Leaf: Some Chapters of Autobiography and a Memoir." By Walter and Charlotte Leaf. 10s. 6d. (Murray.)
 "John Redmond." By Denis Gwynn. 25s. (Harrap.)
 "Lord Carson." By Edward Marjoribanks. Vol. I. 15s. (Gollancz.)
 "Herbert Gladstone." By Sir Charles Mallet. 18s. (Hutchinson.)
 "Montagu Norman." By Paul Einzig. 10s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)

in life, both were men of strong opinions, and both were lovers of the classics. But Leaf was a scholar in the true sense. The story of his twenty years of service to a business that he disliked, and the rigours of which he lightened by translating Homer or translating such lyrics as the Serenade of Schubert, and of the later period of his life when he became at once the successor to Gilbert and Bagehot and was an influence in post-War international politics, was no less enthralling than the revelation of Victorian character at its best.

The short life of Cromer by the Marquess of Zetland was a necessary rider to Cromer's own "Modern Egypt" and a needed corrective to Lytton Strachey's embittered caricature. Here, as with Asquith, the man of affairs cast in a classic mood was found to be a great and devout lover of a compelling affinity, and a character that had seemed something grim to the casual observer was shown to be informed with an unexpected tenderness. This biography is part of the history of Egypt; it will some day give a new Browning the perfect material for a dramatic monologue.

The Life of John Redmond by Denis Gwynn was the quiet tragedy of a leader unable to measure or control the human forces he imagined himself to be leading. Redmond was by temperament a Tory, he inherited the frayed and tattered mantle of Parnell, but he wore it in the manner of Isaac Butt, against whose Parliamentary correctitude and "niceness" the whole of Parnell's rugged weight had been thrust. Redmond shared with Asquith the quite fallacious belief that Ulster's arming was largely "bluff." (The mistake is condonable; Rhodes in '99 was convinced that the Boers would not fight.) He made a magnificent gesture of patriotism to England in 1914, forgetting that, from the viewpoint of his followers, England's extremity should have been Ireland's opportunity, but in 1916 he would not enter a Coalition Cabinet because Carson was to be a member. Ireland always baffled him. Easter, 1916, surprised him, the reprisals surprised him, the growth of Sinn Féin surprised him, and nothing surprised

him more than the psychological oddities of his fellow Nationalists. He lived and died respected by his fellow politicians at Westminster and was the artless cause of the real "trouble" in Ireland which a Parnell could have averted.

The complementary life to this biography will be found, when it comes, in the second volume of the life of Carson. The first volume, heralded by the tragedy of young Edward Marjoribanks' suicide, was the story of a great Old Bailey advocate by a hero-worshipper, and little more than that. It cannot with any sense of fitness be classified as a political biography. This exclusion from the one category does not however detract from its high merits in another. It was remarkable for a second display of the talent that had been exercised on the life of Marshall Hall—the talent for vivid compression in retailing the story of great legal battles.

It will be noticed that every biography of the year has so far been that of a Gladstonian, either a man who served with or fought against Gladstone or who came to adolescence in Gladstone's day. The forthcoming lives of Balfour and Chamberlain will round a picture that will not be fully complete until the day—long distant, let it be hoped—when Lord Grey of Falloden is posthumously celebrated. The question recurs whether or not the men of the past were really the giants they seemed. It is perhaps significant that a short biography of a living man published towards the end of 1932 justified its use of the word statesman by the frank declaration that since the War statesmanship had been absent from Westminster and has resided in Threadneedle Street. Dr. Paul Einzig's brilliant exploration of Montagu Norman and of "Normanism" might have been less significant had not his considered estimate of the man been whole-heartedly confirmed from the unexpected pen of Lord Snowden, who grew lavish in his praise of the book's insight and worth. The moral of the life of Montagu Norman is twofold—it is that the terrain of politics has widened and that the seat of political power has shifted. A review of political biographies would be faulty which did not take note of this contribution.

ART BOOKS OF THE YEAR

By Frank Rutter

No period in art has been written about more extensively than the Renaissance, but the majority of writers on this subject have concentrated their attention on paintings, giving sculpture a secondary place. Mr. Adrian Stokes—not the well-known Academician but a young critic with the same name—attacks this much discussed period from a new angle by concentrating on early Renaissance sculpture and architecture, but while there is thus a certain novelty even in his subject matter, his treatment is still more original, and the conclusions he draws from his profound studies justifies the description of his work as "A Different Conception of the Italian Renaissance."

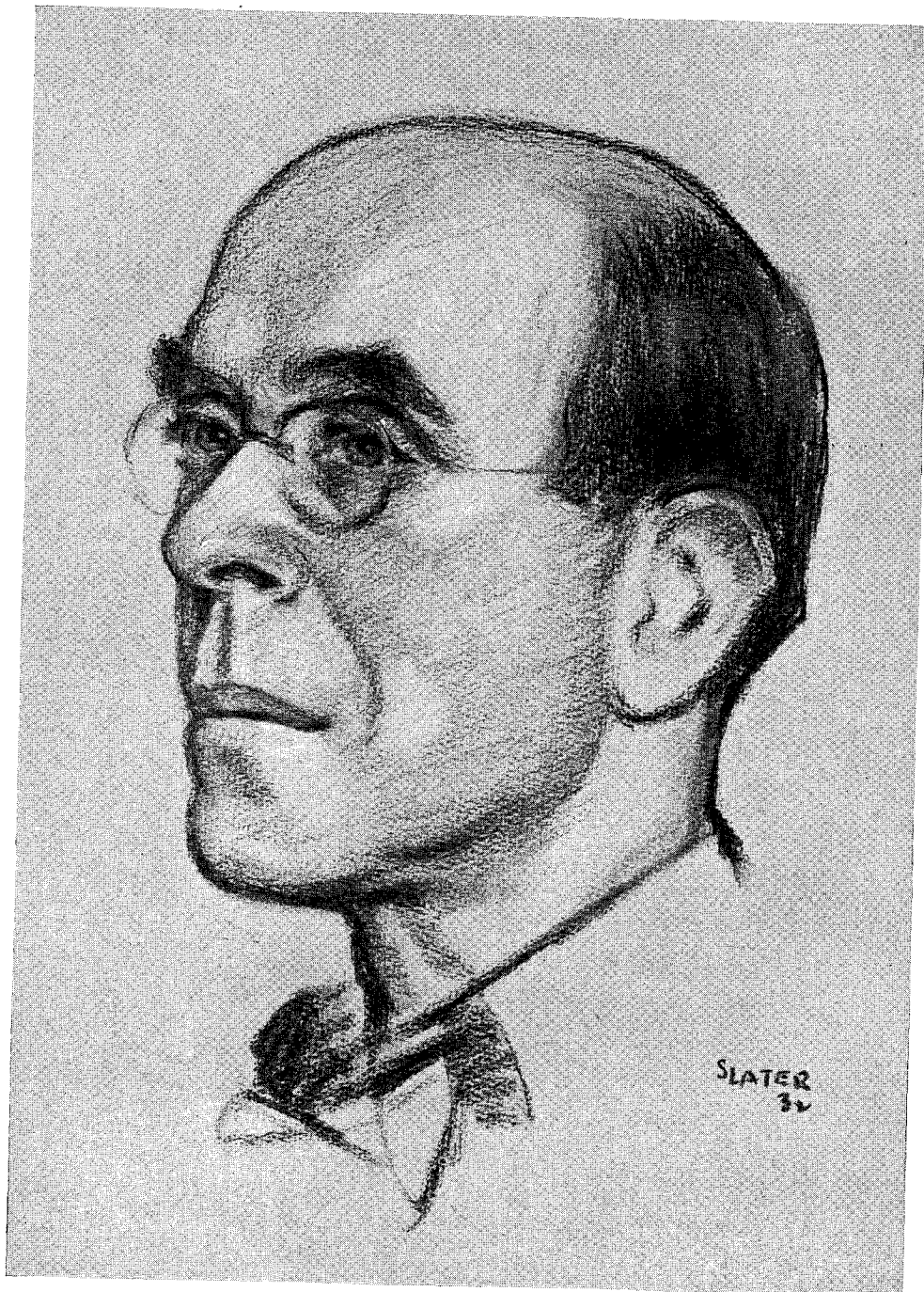
Writing with imagination as well as erudition, freely using the historic present to give a vivid actuality to his narrative, Mr. Stokes seeks to reinterpret to us the very spirit of the Renaissance, to analyse the influences which flooded Italy from east and north as well as south and west, and to explain to us how the humanism which emerged from this furnace of influences found expression in an art embodying a special attitude to material, particularly to stone. His book is not exactly easy to read, for it demands close and careful concentration on the part of the reader who wishes to follow his arguments, but the

student who is prepared to follow Mr. Stokes through his detailed analyses of various works, will find his essay immensely stimulating and revealing, not only of Renaissance art, but also of the aesthetics of the younger generation. In his first volume, which is profusely illustrated, Mr. Stokes deals only with Florence and Verona, though he alludes by-the-way to many works in other cities, and indeed of other ages also. His survey is wide, and in point of sheer creative criticism his volume takes rank as the most important original art book that has appeared this year.

While Mr. Adrian Stokes has been engaged on isolating and uncovering secrets of

expression, expression made manifest in Renaissance sculpture and architecture, Miss Irma A. Richter—member of a family famous for art scholarship—has been equally busy at work investigating the principles of Composition in Art. She deals with the framework, with the structure so to speak, rather than with the content of the work of art, and she begins her survey by an analysis of proportions in Egyptian craftwork, Greek pottery, and the Parthenon before coming to the paintings of the Old Masters, though these last are her chief concern. Her object is to make clear to us the scaffolding of geometry on which the Old Masters built up

- "The Quattrocento." By Adrian Stokes. 25s. (Faber & Faber.)
- "Rhythmic Form in Art." By Irma A. Richter. 21s. (Bodley Head.)
- "The Brushwork of Rembrandt and His School." By A. P. Laurie. £5 5s. (Oxford University Press.)
- "The Meaning of Modern Sculpture." By R. H. Wilenski. 10s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)
- "The Meaning of Art." By Herbert Read. 3s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)
- "Domenicos Theotocopoulos." By Achille Kyrrou. (Athens.)



From a drawing by FRANK SLATER

SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN.

1. *Explain the concept of "cultural lag" and provide an example of how it might manifest in a modern society.*
 2. *Discuss the relationship between culture and social structure, using the example of a traditional agricultural society transitioning to a modern industrial one.*

[illegible]

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

their masterpieces, and while no doubt a mathematician would be able to follow her arguments more easily than ordinary readers, her diagrams make her meaning perfectly clear to all who have even an elementary knowledge of geometry. By imposing these diagrams on photographs of well-known paintings by Titian and other masters, she seeks to persuade us that a principle of composition was based on concentric circles in a certain related order.

To some extent Miss Richter's geometrical diagrams remind us of Robert Louis Stevenson's analysis of alliteration and assonance in some famous passages from Shakespeare. But while R. L. S. made us see the beauty in these consonantal harmonies and vowel orchestrations, he convinced few of his readers that Shakespeare consciously built up his lines with his mind fixed on alternations of P and F, B and P, and the like. Similarly while Miss Richter's concentric circles and their radii marvellously fit the planning of a number of pictorial compositions, we feel a doubt whether *all* the world's masterpieces of art were consciously planned on these geometric lines. An analysis of its geometrical construction does not altogether explain the power and charm of a great work of art. Still less does a knowledge of geometrical principles suffice to enable an artist to create a great painting. Nevertheless these investigations are interesting, and helpful to those who take them as a hint and not as a dogma. The attempt to isolate and closely define the beauty in rhythmic form, is rather like attempts at definition in philosophy: they rarely take the inquirer much further forward, but the pursuit is full of interest and fascination for those who like this kind of inquiry.

Another book which may be described as a pioneer work in another branch of art criticism, is Professor A. P. Laurie's magnificent volume on "The Brushwork of Rembrandt and His School." Just as the enlargement of a signature helps the expert in handwriting to decide whether it is authentic or a forgery, so the magnification of a passage of brushwork affords valuable evidence to the art expert as to the authorship of a painting. For some years now Dr. Laurie has made a special study of microphotographs in relation to the work of Rembrandt and his disciples, and in this volume he has brought together a splendid series of photographic plates showing passages from Rembrandt's work and passages from the work of other seventeenth century Dutch painters, enlarged to four diameters. As a result of this magnification it is found that the drawing of few stand the test so well as that of Rembrandt, whose strokes thus enlarged still express form and express it plastically with a wonderful three-dimensional effect.

Of his numerous followers Carel Fabritius seems to come nearest to the perfection of the master, and after him, Flinck at his best. Dr. Laurie's magnified photographs bring out very clearly the differences that exist between the work of the master and his followers, even when the latter are using similar brushes and endeavouring to imitate the technique of the master. But while these magnifications are most revealing and helpful, they cannot be said as yet to bring finality into decisions about the authorship of

certain doubtful pictures. These magnified photographs afford new evidence, but it is too much to hope as yet that all the art experts will draw the same conclusion from the evidence. With this reservation we can heartily congratulate Dr. Laurie on having opened up a new path of expertise, and we may be certain that in the future sets of enlarged photographs will be a part of the necessary equipment for any student who seriously desires to make himself an expert on the work of a given master.

These three books, one giving a new interpretation of the art of a great historic period, one seeking to establish the principles of linear composition governing the masterpieces of art, and one revealing a new method of investigating the individual touch of a great master, must certainly be counted among the greatest contributions made to the literature of art during the past year.

All who have been bewildered by the productions of some very modern sculptors, will be anxious to see what Mr. R. H. Wilenski has to say in their defence. Mr. Wilenski is always an amusing and challenging writer, and even those who dissent from most of his conclusions will have to admit that he is often witty and never dull. Lovers of the classics may be inclined to resent his contemptuous attitude towards Greek sculpture and the destructive criticisms he aims at Renaissance as well as at Græco-Roman statues, but no doubt these assaults are due merely to over-zealousness on behalf of the moderns. His book is full of zeal for the most advanced sculpture of the day, but despite all this zeal it may be doubted whether text or illustrations will convince many readers that the works of Zadkine, for example, are superior to the fragments in the Acropolis Museum.

A more reasonable and persuasive guide to the ideas about art held by the younger generation is "The Meaning of Art," by Herbert Read. Mr. Read, who has recently been appointed Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh, has the command of a poet's language added to the delicate perception of a refined connoisseur. He has a wide knowledge of æsthetic philosophy, but the charm of his style conceals the learned professor under the flowing robes of the persuasive advocate.

No review of important art books of the year would be complete without mention of one foreign publication, unfortunately not accessible to most English readers. This is a critical biography of the painter known as El Greco, written by an Athenian scholar, M. Achille Kyrou, and printed in modern Greek. By his researches in Crete, M. Kyrou has established that this master Domenicos Theotocopoulos was a member of the ancient and noble Byzantine family Theotokis, he has identified the ancient mansion in the interior which was probably the artist's birthplace, and he has reconstructed with great probability the early life of El Greco, and indicated the monasteries in Crete where he probably studied before he left the island to find his fortune in Venice and his fame ultimately in Spain. No future writer on El Greco can afford to ignore the valuable contribution made by M. Kyrou to our knowledge of the master's origin and early life.

ENGLISH MUSIC OF THE YEAR

By Hermon Ould

England, "the land without music," as it has been graciously labelled by a German writer, is gradually approaching a position when the injustice of such a charge will be so patent that there will be no need to refute it. Music during the last few years has become a topic of general interest and has even entered the realms of politics. Subsidies for opera have been mooted and even parsimoniously conceded, to the dissatisfaction of most of those concerned. And during the present season we are threatened with an abundance of orchestral concerts so generous that—given the economic crisis—some of them are foredoomed to inadequate support.

All this is a sign of health in the musical life of the

country. It must be granted that we are not an opera-loving people and have never produced a grand opera which ranks with the best European masterpieces. Our bent has always been in the direction of choral works and orchestral works that may be roughly classed as symphonic; and it looks as if this tendency would continue. There is unquestionably a growing public for music in these forms, and if its loyalty is at present largely confined to the classics or to recent works whose excellence has become axiomatic, there is nevertheless a nucleus of intelligent listeners among them who are able to discriminate and even to give a fresh and critical ear to new works.

Since the last Christmas number of *THE BOOKMAN* there

has been a considerable amount of new music written and a certain amount performed, and it is by these new works that the real musical progress of the country may be estimated. As interpreters we have always been able to make a respectable show, but in original creative work we have, since the eighteenth century, lagged behind the other great Powers, and only came within appreciable distance of their achievements during the present century.

Once more the outstanding music of the year is choral, and optimists may derive comfort from the fact that probably the most significant work comes from one of our youngest composers, William Walton, whose "Belshazzar's Feast," for mixed choir, solo baritone, and orchestra, remains vivid in my mind although it is a year since I heard it. This is Mr. Walton's most considerable composition. It is conceived on a grand scale. For its adequate performance the chorus must be a large one; the solo singer must have a voice of great flexibility and a force and imagination not often to be found; and the orchestra

is unusually ample, with an alto saxophone and a "battery" of three players, not to mention the grand organ. It says something for the grandeur of the composer's conception that this great army of performers, often all going full tilt, does not seem excessive, and the clarity of his ideas comes through the volume of surging sound. In this work Mr. Walton has permitted himself more colour than his earlier work revealed, and he has not been afraid to express emotion. The words, chosen from the Bible by Osbert Sitwell, offer magnificent scope for imaginative treatment. They are full not only of colourful imagery but of superbly dramatic moments which the composer has not failed to exploit. Modern music has nothing more dramatic to offer than the unaccompanied shouting of the word "Slain!" by the whole chorus, following the pronouncement of the solo singer: "In that night was Belshazzar the King slain," and nothing more moving than the chorus, "By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down; yes, we wept and hanged our harps upon the willows." While the exhortation to "make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob, for Babylon the Great is fallen," was obeyed so generously that the walls of Queen's Hall threatened to tumble about our ears with the noise thereof. Mr. Walton—strong as ever contrapuntally—has shown a mastery of choral writing and a facility in dramatic expression which prove him to be in the direct line of succession to the great composers of oratorio.

That "Belshazzar's Feast" should reflect the opulence and languor of the East is not surprising. More unexpected is the not altogether dissimilar treatment which Dr. Vaughan Williams has given to his "Magnificat," performed at the

Three Choirs Festival. The Old Testament we associate with the East; with the New we are apt to claim a nearer kinship. Vaughan Williams, however, has quite rightly remembered that Mary the mother of Jesus was a Jewess and the idiom in which he has expressed her joy in the coming of the Child is distinctly oriental in its florid exuberance. The work is characterised by the composer's accustomed breadth and dignity. There is real exultation in the opening, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," and there is tenderness and fervour in the chorus which opens persuasively with "Fear not, Mary," and closes with the triumphant "And of his Kingdom there shall be no end." A pastoral flavour, so dear to this composer, is given to the work by the felicitous introduction of flute passages.

Another work which carries on the true English tradition is "The Trees so High," a symphonic ballad for large orchestra, with baritone solo and chorus, by Patrick Hadley. I did not have an opportunity of hearing it when it was performed by the Cambridge University Musical Society,

but I have examined the score and alighted on many felicities. The folk-song serves as motto to the work and is sung in full in the final section, the other three movements being purely orchestral, built up from thematic material derived from the song or from ideas connected with its story. The work is

very English in character, fresh as the English countryside, and both the solo and the choral writing are effective. Perhaps we shall have a chance of hearing the work in London soon.

Among new orchestral works, Mr. Arnold Bax's "Winter Legends" must be specially mentioned. It is a symphonic poem for piano and orchestra and is one of the most satisfying of all Mr. Bax's recent compositions. The writing for the piano, as elaborate and brilliant as his work usually is, could not have been more skilful, but the instrument is not really treated concerto-wise but as an integral part of the orchestra. The starkness of winter provided Mr. Bax with a theme which did not call for his usual exuberance and almost over-fertile fancy, and the resultant restraint was impressive.

Two other new works should not be overlooked, both by Delius. "Songs of Farewell" are not among his happiest achievements. The writing for voices is awkward, the sopranos being set a task which they could not reasonably be expected to accomplish, but the "Song of Summer" is Delius at his most characteristic. Although it cannot be said that he has added anything in this composition to what he has said before, the sensuous charm, the brooding nostalgia, which he conveys more convincingly than any other living composer, are again felicitously expressed.

"Belshazzar's Feast." By William Walton.
 "Magnificat." By Ralph Vaughan Williams.
 "The Trees So High." By Patrick Hadley.
 "Winter Legends." By Arnold Bax.
 "Songs of Farewell." By Frederick Delius.
 "The Song of Summer." By Frederick Delius.

CRITICISM OF THE YEAR

By Gilbert Armitage

Writing in these columns twelve months ago on the achievements in criticism of 1931, Mr. F. R. Leavis invited us to celebrate with him the incursion into literature of a young author who, at his first published attempt in that line, had produced "one of the most important critical books in the language." I am not in so fortunate a position as Mr. Leavis. I have no new prophet of 1932 (from Cambridge or elsewhere) to announce. But since, in the nature of things, events of such magnitude are unlikely to recur in successive years, readers of THE BOOKMAN should not be too disappointed that I am unable to appear before them as the sponsor of a yet more up-to-date evangel. I

can, however, recommend three books, roughly classifiable as criticism—one of which is by Mr. Leavis himself, one by his wife, and one by Mr. T. S. Eliot—as deserving, in different degrees, the attention of thoughtful people interested in literature.

Mr. Eliot's "Selected Essays" include the major portion of his published prose writings from 1917 to 1932, some of them reprinted from "The Sacred Wood" and "For Lancelot Andrews," and some from

less readily accessible sources such as pamphlets, e.g. "Homage to John Dryden" and "Thoughts after Lambeth," and periodicals, together with some valuable matter hitherto unpublished, notably the essay on "The Function of Criticism."

"Selected Essays." By T. S. Eliot. 12s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)
 "Fiction and the Reading Public." By Q. D. Leavis. 12s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
 "New Bearings in English Poetry." By F. R. Leavis. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932



From a lithograph by KRAMER.

EPSTEIN.

When I was preparing to write this article, I did not intend to make any general remarks about Mr. Eliot. I was under the impression, shared no doubt by readers of this journal, but mistaken, as it turns out, that Mr. Eliot had been acknowledged—sometimes to the point of a tedious hero-worship—by all persons with the slightest pretensions to an understanding of literature, as a vital and decisive factor in forming the attitude of the whole of the present generation towards the thought and writing both of its own time and of the past; and consequently I felt that while any useful discussion of Mr. Eliot was impossible within the limits of space at my disposal, championship of his merits and importance from a “political,” i.e. anti-lowbrow, standpoint would be a piece of the merest supererogation. What convinced me I was wrong in this almost inevitable assumption was a recent article in a weekly journal, in which the author asks, “Where in his [Mr. Eliot’s] discussion of other artists has he triumphantly communicated his delight, or compelled us to understand more lucidly our own delight?” and concludes, “It is chiefly because he fails to do these things that he seems to fail as a critic of literature.” There are propositions so irresponsible that it is hard to know where to begin to refute them. But if anyone has compelled us to understand more lucidly our delight in the Elizabethan dramatists, and in the poetry of the seventeenth century, that man is Mr. Eliot. Yet it may be that the kernel of this critic’s strictures is contained in the first half of his rhetorical question: perhaps, in a word, he is inclined to blame Mr. Eliot for not writing like Mr. Arthur Symonds—an ambition which, in the first essay in “The Sacred Wood,” he expressly disclaims. In any case, a writer who can describe Mr. Eliot’s verse as “amateurish,” and can accuse his prose of “intellectual mistiness” and “lack of clearness in the exact meaning of words,” is self-evidently condemned as insensitive.

Nevertheless, though one may rightly ignore opinions of this kind from a personal point of view, it would be rash to disregard them as symptomatic phenomena of the contemporary social situation as it affects serious writers.

Now I suppose there are people who would say the notion of a contemporary social situation, militating against the production and appreciation of good literature, is the face-saving invention of a small body of disgruntled poetasters, whose native incapacity for writing has precluded them from obtaining an audience for their work. “Look,” they would say, “at the sales of Warwick Deeping, J. B. Priestley and others; or if you mean poetry, what about ‘The Testament of Beauty’? Obviously if a man has something to say and knows how to say it, there is a larger educated public than ever there was to listen to him. And these are all *good* books, remember, not vulgar best sellers.” On the other hand there are a few, perhaps misguided, persons, in whose view the last sentence represents the social situation we are discussing in its acutest form.

Addressing myself then to that perverse minority, I would maintain that there are definite elements in our present society which are not only profoundly inimical to the production of good literature, but which are substantially novel, and distinguish it from all societies which have prevailed in other times and places.

The most general, and at the same time the most

novel, feature of this situation is the claim made on behalf of mediocrity for the recognition of its values and beliefs *in their own right*. The groundlings no longer ask for sympathy, assistance or instruction, no longer respect or even pay lip service to what they cannot understand. No, sir! They have arrived. Whatever is beyond them is beyond the pale! The only good highbrow is a dead highbrow! For the astonishing thing about the reign of mediocrity is that it is not, as might be conceived, a regime of anarchy and toleration, equality and diversity of opinion, but that it enforces with unbelievable success a uniformity rigid beyond the dreams of the most stereotyped and tyrannical academy. Even Mr. Baldwin has bowed the knee, in spite of his classical education. “I have worked with him,” he said of Sir Herbert Samuel, “more or less cordially for a year, and the only thing I know to his detriment, and where he differs from me, is that he is an intellectual and I am not.” Mr. Baldwin, with an affable gesture of meeting his opponents half-way, has handed over to them the keys of his own citadel. The intellect is the faculty whereby crude impulses are controlled and reactions refined, whereby standards claiming superior validity to the automatic responses of the lowest grade biological organism, are erected and imposed. For this reason it is the bugbear of mediocrity, and the principal *casus belli* of the lowbrow versus highbrow conflict that is now raging on many fronts and under various banners.

One of the places where the lowbrows are being resisted with admirable spirit is Cambridge—or, at least, a section of it. For some years now, influenced, one surmises, by Dr. I. A. Richards, English literature has been studied under certain tutors with great intelligence. From there is now issued a quarterly periodical called *Scrutiny*, whose avowed object is a campaign on behalf of the intellect and for the application of critical standards in all departments of life. From there also come the two remaining books on my list, “Fiction and the Reading Public,” by Q. D. Leavis, and “New Bearings in English Poetry,” by F. R. Leavis.

Of these I think that the first, though less well written than the second, is the more useful. In effect it is a lowdown of the commercial fiction racket, substantiated by documentary evidence and statistics, too varied and too voluminous to be mentioned here. I cannot however refrain from quoting a sentence from the winning entry in the Book Society’s competition for the best formulation of “What the Book Society has meant to me.” It runs: “I have looked on the Book Society as a fold into which I can creep for shelter, knowing that the fleeces of the other sheep will be the same colour as my own.”

“New Bearings in English Poetry” is a fairly orthodox highbrow exposition of the re-orientation of English poetry through the influences of Hopkins, Pound and Eliot. The conclusion is marred by somewhat disproportionate eulogies of two young Cambridge poets, neither of whom has produced so much interesting work, or had so extensive an influence on his contemporaries as W. H. Auden, who is not mentioned. But both F. R. and Q. D. Leavis are excellent propagandists on behalf of the critical intelligence, and, however much one may disagree with their estimates of particular writers, they thoroughly merit serious consideration and support for being so consistently, even if at times a little irritatingly, on the side of the angels.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS OF THE YEAR

By Rev. R. Birch Hoyle

The best books on religion are not always the best sellers. These latter usually catch the mood of the hour, with an appeal to the emotions: "they have their day and cease to be." Other popular books may prompt to action by suggesting some short cut out of the maze of present discontents. But other difficult situations emerge and their force is spent. The best books on religion, most fruitful though perhaps not most bought, make demands on the mind, provoke and often exasperate thought. They cut deep through the fallow crusts of habit; they pierce beneath the surface show to deep reality. They may find audience, fit but few; but, like flowers, they carry seeds that sprout in later years. As one surveys the books issued this year in the department of religion, one is struck by the paramount influence of such authors as Baron von Hügel, Rudolf Otto, A. N. Whitehead, John Oman and Karl Barth. The best books on religion this year have sprung from the influence of such forceful thinkers and writers.

But what do we mean by "religion"? A good statement is given by a German, Oscar Bauhofer, in his book, "Das Metareligiöse" (Geneva, 1930).

"Religion is always the wish or the need for a Divine Thou, the overcoming of, or the wanting to overcome, the solitude of the ego, in movement with some Power over against man, qualified by strength, goodness, or even awefulness."

The dominant moods of our day are expressed there: man's feeling of his littleness and loneliness in view of his enlarging knowledge of the universe, "the infinite passion of hearts that yearn" for some explanation of the riddle of existence, the hunger for satisfaction of mind and heart, the craving for "some sure word of God." Many to-day share the feeling Jean Paul Richter had after his dream: "I have seen the universe as a bottomless eye-socket without an eye, for creation is without a Creator, and the aching, despairing human children have no Father."

All the six books selected deal, in one way or another, with this prevalent mood. Friedrich Heiler's book on Prayer has been out a decade and more in German: now, abridged, it appears in a very good English translation. Heiler gathered materials from all religions, and exhibits man's prayers at all stages of human development, from primitive aborigines crying for food, up through Indian, Greek and Roman civilisations, to the communal, liturgical service books of the great organised Churches of Christendom, and the dwindling down of prayer under philosophical reflection. Apart from Heiler's own views, the wealth of quotations alone are of inestimable value. We overhear "great souls at prayer" in "a chain of prayer" that links all the ages of mankind. To Heiler prayer is not man's despairing cry into empty space, but man's response to God's approach.

"Religion is not man's work but God's, not man's discovery but God's revelation, not man's achievement but God's free gift."

The interpretation by Dr. C. H. Dodd of Moffatt's translation of Paul's "Romans" is the outstanding book of the year devoted to explaining an important part of Holy Writ. Paul's great and often difficult thoughts are studied closely by a mind quick to grasp, skilled to explain, thoughts that often baffle. Paul's religious experiences are shown to be fruitful in suggestion for our own age. As Dr. Dodd says:

"Paul's theology starts from objective facts in the real world to which inward experience gives a meaning. But the experience itself is the result of the impact of the facts upon him. Jesus Christ had lived and died, and the Church had arisen. . . . These facts had drawn Paul into their orbit. They mediated to him that touch of God upon his spirit by which he was made a new man."

Here we are brought into warm touch with a great experience, vital contact with a soul *en rapport* with the reality, God; the first man to construct a philosophy of history and a force in the history of mankind. Dr. Dodd helps us "to listen in."

Miss Underhill groups her thoughts round the stanzas of the mediæval hymn, "*Veni, Sancte Spiritus*," aptly styled "The Golden Sequence." The "dramatic inter-course" (Heiler's phrase) between God and man's soul, the preliminary approaches of the Divine Spirit to man and the constant tension felt by "a creature moving about in worlds unrealised," with the reaction on one who has

"Felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness,"

are finely illustrated from the written experiences of the

great saints and mystics of the Christian centuries. The "interior life" of the soul, experiencing through the five senses the material, transitory world, groping after "the Real, the Abiding"; the cleansing of senses, intellect and the fortifying of the wavering will: all these subtle processes are described with the literary grace with which Miss Underhill is so amply endowed.

From Miss Underhill's study of the contemplatives' "flight of the alone to the Alone," Mr. C. F. Andrews's book carries us into the active life of the apostle of goodwill. His book is full of joy and of

"Central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

Agitation enough he has had, with Indian coolies in Natal, with Indians on their own soil, with victims of flood and famine in China and the poor in London and Japan. Through union with the Living Christ Mr. Andrews has found the barriers of narrow Christian (!) sectarianism, racial antipathies and nationalist hauteur dropping down one after another, as Love Divine has come to rule his intercourses with men. Friendships with earth's lowliest children and greatest geniuses have been his happiness. Of these friendships with men like Tagore, Gandhi and Albert Schweitzer, he says: "They have sprung out of, and been moulded by the love which has been ever deepening in my heart for Christ, the Friend of friends."

How to find God has been the theme of many books during the past few years. Rufus Jones's is one of the best. Naturally, he being a Quaker, he points to the "inward light" as sign of God's immanence in man, as against Miss Underhill's present emphasis, following Otto and Barth, on God's transcendence. But Rufus Jones deals with various pathways; the spiritual interpretation of the universe, the purpose of evolution, the manifestations in history, especially in Jesus Christ, the implications of philosophical thought, the impulses that come when one is in prayer.

Dr. Davison, the Wesleyan Nestor among theologians, has seen many phases of religious crises, and gives a balanced survey of all present trends of thought.

"Prayer" ("Das Gebet"). By F. Heiler. Translated by S. McComb.
 "The Epistle to the Romans." Commentary by C. H. Dodd.
 "The Golden Sequence." By E. Underhill.
 "What I Owe to Christ." By C. F. Andrews.
 "Pathways to the Reality of God." By R. M. Jones.
 "The Living Word In a Changing World. By W. T. Davison.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932**



From a drawing by HOWARD SMITH.

MISS EVELYN UNDERHILL.

Verse

ROOM WITH MIRRORS

The silver mirrors,
Clean, upright pools in the shadowy room . . .
As though the elemental dusk
Had been drained of light to accomplish
The complex lacquer of the dark. . . .
This room, familiar mellow-smelling place,
Stately with a shabby kind of dignity.
A wilderness of quiet! Hush, they come
With their haggard, bleary politeness . . .
(" So refined, m'dear ")
They'll light harsh globes, shut out the night,
Stir the somnolent fire, unsettle the dog. . . .
And prepare themselves the feast,
Scattering crumbs on the pale carpet. . . .
Their voices licking the air like the hot
Feverish tongues of the offal-succoured beasts.
The high mirrors will gleam a pure contempt,
Silently aware of a decline and fall. . . .

EDGAR FOXALL.

OUTING RETURNS

(" The British Legion outing on Wednesday was a great success. . . . There was much singing on the homeward journey."—Local Paper.)

I

The bus waits.
Now the pleasure beach is closed.
Pushed with lingering care on to blank square,
Last penny lost; moon shows the scaffolding
Behind the scenic railway perilous,
That had seemed solid mountain in bright sun.
Only a winter garden music drones
At the pier's end, where the last dancers turn.
The Fattest Woman in the World removes her pads,
Squeezes the Opium Eater's shabby hand.

To-day has been a desperate holiday.

The cockle bar's deserted. The jetty rooms
Are empty now.
Only the mirrors at the door distort
The latest stragglers into obscene shapes
That were at noon so laughable and now
Are memories of hospital (the swollen wounded,
The strutting cripple, the absurd sufferer);
These are they to whom to-day was kind.

II

A little vagrant world, uncurious planet
Whom no astronomers observe, the bus
Spins continentally home
(" Ah, did you hear

The music of the spheres last night? " they'll say
Who live at the road's edge.
" I thought it like the troops leaving for France,
Singing. But you would not remember that.")

For, the third village past, they started singing.
Singing not as though their hearts would break,
But as though, if they stopped singing, their lives
Would stop quietly, as a disused road ends
Running into a fallow field, and then these men
All of them for a short time—
A day's holiday, a seaside trip, their friends
Would be lost, or forget how to return
To the old places where they had been together,
As a man forgets a tune.
And by these songs, at least until the bus stopped,
They might hold the positions they had won.
For these were songs
To which the enemy would listen,
For they used to sing them,
Or others like them. Half-remembered peace-time songs

They used to sing them in the valleys at evening,
Before the fields were covered with shacks,
Before the mobilization in the towns,
Songs from the western islands, ancient songs.

III

So we can gain a little strength, a little
Comfort. So we can keep what we have won.
And we can reassure each other, show
Will to advance further, hold a longer line.
It is good to remind ourselves of courage.
Others, you remember, shot themselves
Rather than let peace take them prisoner. . . .
And when the bus stops (so easy an end;
It might happen any minute, without warning,
So sudden an end), there will be farewells
In mining village or market town,
And, short leave over, war again at dawn.

WYNYARD BROWNE.

MENACE OF HISTORY

Life is a spark between extremes,
Earth and the heavens together clash,
Pale Kingdoms vegetate in dreams
Rise softly and as softly crash.

We think in pools between the sharks
Of history looming through the void;
Beneath the whiskers of Karl Marx
Libido generated Freud.

EDGAR FOXALL.

Miscellany

MR. J. S. FLETCHER AS POET

By Richard Le Gallienne

Collected Verse : 1881-1931. By J. S. Fletcher. 1932.
6s. net. (Harrap.)

Poets occasionally pride themselves on their prose, but more often, however eminent a prose-writer may be, historian, novelist, or essayist, if he has written any verse at all, say a little book of boyish verses long ago, he will retain a peculiar affection for it in his heart, however much he may deprecate references by his friends to that youthful indiscretion. Through the years he will hear the pathetic pleading of his unacknowledged offspring for recognition, till at length he can resist it no more, and he succumbs at last to the extent of a small limited edition, "over-persuaded" by those faithful adherents to

"the song
Which first of all he made when
young."

Perhaps he cherished a wistful hope that to his laurel wreaths of prose he may thus add a few of those more fragrant leaves, "the loved Apollian leaves," which deck the brows of poets.

Mr. Fletcher has enjoyed a high reputation for his prose for many years. He has in fact two or three prose reputations, beginning with his first historical novel, "When Charles the First was King," published when he was twenty-nine. But it was probably with his essays contributed to many prominent newspapers over the signature of "A Son of the Soil" that he won his early fame. From these sprang "The Wonderful Wapentake" and "Life in Arcadia," both of which celebrated his native county, Yorkshire, of which he is so stalwart and characteristic a son, and in the dialect of which he has written one very remarkable ballad which alone should "plead against oblivion for his name."

One of the most learned of English archæologists, he has written several books on the archæology and history of Yorkshire which have a permanent value. Then some twenty years ago he set about winning a new fame in a very different field, with the result that, probably with the exception of Edgar Wallace, he is the most voluminous and most popular writer of detective novels in the world. One publisher alone has published forty-eight of them, and there are at least twenty more, and such has been their popularity that they have been translated into fifteen European languages. Some have also been translated into Chinese, which to some of us will seem the most enviable and romantic form of recognition. Mr. Fletcher's French public too is very large. But during all this long career of varied successes, the still small voice of that youthful volume of verse has gone on pleading, with the result that in 1931 Mr. Fletcher issued a privately printed edition of "Verses Written in Early Youth," limited to sixty-two copies—already, doubtless, a "very desirable item" to the collector. This has since been incorporated in a volume of "Collected Verse" (1881-1931), in which volume are also included "Ballads of Revolt," first published in 1897, and "Leet Livvy," the Yorkshire ballad to which I have already referred, privately printed in 1915, and regularly published in 1919.

I am the fortunate possessor of a copy of the private

edition of "Verses Written in Early Youth," to which Mr. Fletcher has affixed this prefatory "apologia":

"It is at the suggestion—amounting indeed to a fervent entreaty—of an old friend that I have put together the contents of this little book—a collection of verses written when I was very young; so young indeed that it is close upon fifty years since any of them were written. Looking them over now, after all these years of non-acquaintance with them, I see influences and I hear echoes, and if I were a poet—that is, if I made any claim to be considered one—I should throw these *juvenilia* in the fire. But when I remember what they really represent—the recreations of a boy who relieved some ten years of illness and acute pain by reading all the poetry he could get hold of, and now and then attempted to write a little himself—I am weak enough to print them again, if only to please the old friend to whom I have just alluded."

Let us at once assure Mr. Fletcher that his old friend was justified and that he himself need not feel conscious of any personal weakness in thus giving way to him.

Without making any exaggerated claim for the little volume, one may confidently affirm that, for a lad under eighteen, it is a remarkable example of precocious maturity. "Influences" and "echoes" it is but natural to expect. What first volume by any poet has ever been without them? But along with these, one feels an underlying individuality, a strong sense of personal character.

The young poet has already found himself, instinctively chosen from the world around him that material, those interests, which throughout life are to be most germane

to his temperament, particularly those dramatic, mysterious elements in human life with which his spirit will always be preoccupied; already he responds to the call of natural things, and feels the deep thrill of his roots in the earth, his own earth, the northern earth from which he has sprung. Already he proudly announces himself as "The Northman," in firm resonant verses which surely have little suggestion of "*juvenilia*" about them:

"Oh, I ha' strayed through many a land
And gazed on some scenes divine!
There's naught so wonderful or so grand
As yon wonderful land o' mine!"

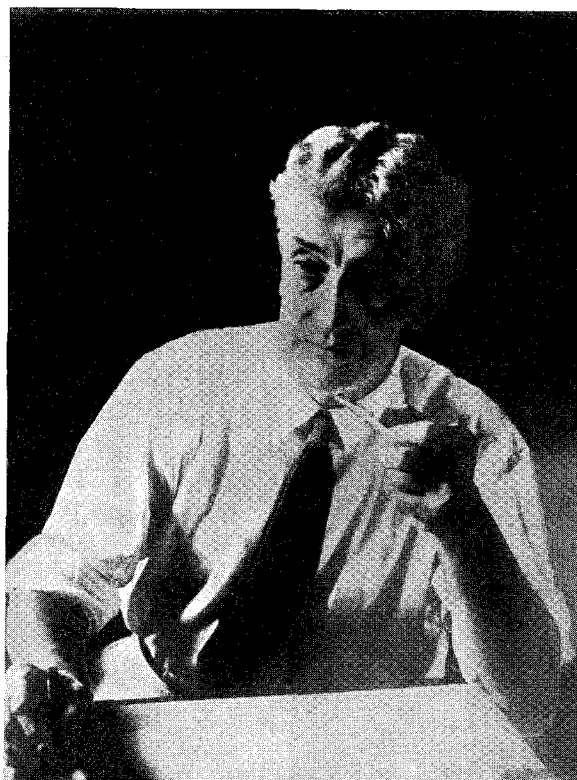
"And steer me the ship to the North, I say,
And show me the Northern shore,
And let me hear a Northern bell
Ring clear on its cliff once more.

"And let me see the Northern fells,
And hear the Northern streams,
And sit where a forest fairy tells
The weird old woodland dreams.

"To the wonder children of waking Spring
By the side of a haunted burn,
What time the linnets begin to sing
And the first green comes to the fern.

"Steer me the ship, good pilot, steer
Where the Northern sea-birds fly;
Steer where the great grey skies stretch clear,
For I am a Northman, I!"

The ballad rhythm of these lines is characteristic of all Mr. Fletcher's verse at its best. Whatever metres he writes



Richard Le Gallienne.

in, his verse is always firm and workmanlike, but he has most charm when he employs ballad metres, and his best poems always are dramatic ballads or ballad-songs. Already he is at his strongest when telling a story, and here very markedly the boy was father of the man. And his ballads usually are on grim and haunted or, as in the "Ballads of Revolt," mystical themes. Two of his best gruesome ballads are the work of his boyhood. Here are two characteristic verses from "The Wayside Inn":

"I slew him in this very room
Four hundred years ago.
Without, the skies were filled with gloom,
The air was thick with snow.
Along the highway fast I fled,
And fast behind me came
The unspoken curses of the dead,
The never-dying shame.

"And in the midnight dark and fierce
A sentence reached my ears;
Through heart and brain it seemed to pierce,
Surcharged with nameless fears.
I knew my fate; I bowed my head
Before its icy breath;
Death was from me for ever fled,
Yet I was seeking death."

And here is a verse from the still more striking ballad of "The Slave Ship":

"We drifted 'neath the blazing line
Before a sluggish wind,
And still the sun poured fiercely down
Where none a shade could find;
And as we crept along, the sharks
Came steadily behind."

Already, it will be seen, Mr. Fletcher possessed the attractive gift of making our flesh creep, as witness once more this verse of spirited grimness from "The Gallows Tree":

"And tie the knot, my hangman bold,
And tie the knot, I pray;
A blacksome blot I'll make, God wot!
Betwixt the gold and grey.
And country folk who pass me by,
And stealthily draw near,
Will whisper this and that—but I,
Hangman, I shall not hear!

The kite may tear my rotting flesh,
The hawk pick out my e'e,
When I swing loose to every wind
Upon the gallows tree."

Though, as I have said, Mr. Fletcher is at his best when he tells a story, particularly a grim one, his young hand could turn a love lyric with grace and freshness, as in "Aide-de-Camp," and the fragrance of hay and heather breathes out from his verses of the English country-side. Mr. Fletcher's life-long enthusiasm for cricket finds early expression too, particularly in the quaint rustic humour of "The Old Stumper Recites a Piece of His Own Composing," which I wish I had room to quote. But his most satisfactory nature-poetry is to be found in the "Miscellaneous Verse," written in later years, included in his volume of "Collected Verse," some of it written as recently as 1931. "The Harvesters" will have a particularly strong appeal to those who resent the intrusion of machinery upon the domain of Ceres and the other rural deities.

"We are not what we were. Our homely fields
Are grown akin to city workshops; we,
Who once were all unlearned, are now become
Expert in use of strange machinery.
Hark, the self-binder's unfamiliar hum!
No more the labourer wields
Sickle or scythe; such ancient instrument
Were laughed to scorn in this material day;
With the old days the old things passed away,
And with them half the joy of living went . . .

"Have we grown careless of our ancient faith,
Losing our souls in vain expediences?
Not half so reverent are we as we were
In those old days when these wide-branching trees
Were acorns whirling in the wind's wild stir.
O let that mighty wraith
Be witness to us of the things we loved,
Ere lust of hate and hurry sapped our strength!
Once we moved slowly, but we came at length
To life's sure point, however slow we moved

"Now, do we come at all? Ah! wherefore haste
To gather up the world's poor crumbs so fast?
We sweat and toil, and view with greedy eye
Some swifter wretch who threatens to stride past.
Where once we gently walked we long to fly,
Nor will we one hour waste
In such simplicity as Adam knew,
Who with his Eve sat down at noon-day hour,
And felt his heart to every tree and flower
And to the God that made them beat more true."

If the self-binder "frighted away the dryads and the fauns," what must have been their terror at seeing cows milked by electricity! Alas, for the sweet breath of cowsheds and dairies, and the vanished milkmaid on her three-legged stool! Among these later verses is a charming bird-poem, "The Four Birds," which shows that Mr. Fletcher can on occasion sing with a true lyric lilt and melody. Indeed, whether in ballad, lyric, or descriptive and meditative verse, Mr. Fletcher's "Collected Verse" maintains a high level of achievement, and it would have been a real loss to the admirers of his prose if he had obeyed that diffident impulse and cast them behind the fire. For they are real expressions of himself, and we understand him the better for them; but, good and valuable as they are, there is one poem already mentioned which rises above them all in its rare dramatic power and genuine poetic inspiration, "Leet Livvy," which, I am happy to see, has met with a chorus of praise from many distinguished critics, Professor F. W. Moorman declaring it "the greatest achievement in Yorkshire dialect poetry up to the present time." But that praise in my opinion is too relative. For though, as Professor Moorman also says, "the use of dialect enhances the directness and dramatic realism of the story at every turn," it is no more to be judged as an achievement merely in dialect poetry than Burns's best poems are to be judged as achievements in Scots dialect, or Barnes's poems as achievements in the Dorsetshire dialect, and much less so than Tennyson's famous *tour de force*, "The Northern Farmer," written in the same Yorkshire dialect, unless I am mistaken, as Mr. Fletcher uses. As to that question of dialect, it will doubtless be contended that "Yorkshire," like the "Scots" of Burns, is not a dialect but a language, being, like the Lancashire dialect, which it resembles, "the direct descendant of early northern English." The Lancashire dialect boasts two writers who may be said, even though in a humble degree, to have achieved something more than a dialect success; namely John Collier, of Rochdale, known as "Tim Bobbin" (1708-1786), and Edwin Waugh (1817-1890), known as "The Lancashire Poet," whose "Come Whoam to the Childer and Me" and some other pieces have, in the opinion of Professor Oliver Elton and other good judges, "the stamp of true folk-ditties." I confess that I am unacquainted with the Yorkshire dialect poets, but the point I wish to make is that Mr. Fletcher's "Leet Livvy" is not a mere curiosity, an example of what can be done with an "uncouth dialect," as was once said of Burns, but that it is a fine tragic ballad poignant with an intense human drama, and burning throughout with such true poetic fire as would have animated any form of language. At the same time, it may well be that, as was the case with Burns—whose genius seldom felt at home out of "broad Scotch"—Mr. Fletcher's inspiration instinctively chose in the dialect of the county which was in his northern blood from boyhood the vehicle which was the natural body to his northern theme. From the manner in which the ballad grips one from the first line to the last, it would certainly seem so, and after having read it in the form Mr. Fletcher has given it, it is impossible to imagine it in any other. Once more it is a grim story after Mr. Fletcher's own heart, but a love story of such intense feeling as to give it the beauty of high tragedy. I have but space to indicate its outline, and quote a few verses to illustrate the manner of its telling. It begins with the old village sexton and bell-ringer sitting over his dinner at noon. To him comes a young man to tell him of the death of his master, an old farmer, "owd Mattha o' Marlby Moor," so that he may ring the bell of the village church for his passing; and,

while he eats his dinner, the sexton tells "owd Mattha's" story. The ringing must wait now, till he's eaten—"till I've noytered misen":

"Three for a bairn, an' six for a woman, an' nine for a man: That's what mi feyäther larn'd ma to pull when I fo'st began; Wi' a extry stroäke for eaäch year as ivver they'd been alive. I shall hev a stiff pull to-daäy: owd Mattha wor seventy-five."

"Owd Mattha" had lived alone for many years, a savage misanthrope, with no thought but to hoard up his "brass"; but the time had been when "He'd h' given all t'gowd i' t' warld for t'touch of a lass's hand."

"He was summät o' thy aäge at that time— what ar'ta—twenty-three?
Limmer and leet on his toas, wi' a roäguish glint i' his e'e.
Allus a faäv'rite wi' t' lasses; he'd nobbut ta chewse an' pick;
An' he maäde his choice, did Mattha, an' he chewsed a crooked stick.
Not but what t'lass wor weel-faävour'd; she war reight enough i' her looks;
Bit of a beauty shoo wor, like them as ya reäd on i' t' books;
But vaäne, mi lad, varry vaäne, an' flighty, an' soif etter men;
Laädy's maäd at th' Hall shoo wor—an' t' Hall wor a bad plaäce then."

"For t'Squire wor raäkish and raffish, an' his wife wor inclined ta be gaäy,
An' they torn'd ivvry daäy inta neet, an' ivvry neet inta daäy,
An' t' lass tewk etter her missis, an' allus wor makkin' e'es,
An' shoo maäde 'em, tha knaws, at Mattha, an' Mattha grew wake i' t' knees."

"He wor settled for ivver, wor Mattha; hev her he must an' would!
For he cam' of a maisterful raäce, an' wor hot wi' maisterful blood,
An' he gat round t'Squire's missis, an' t' missis shoo talked to t' lass;
An' t' text o' ivvery sarmon shoo preeäched wor Mattha's brass."

"Sich a chance! the chance of a lifetime! sich a steady an' fine young chap!
One as could gown her i' silk, an' chuck a fat purse i' her lap,
A chance i' a thousand!—nivver wor lass soä lucky afoor.
But t'lass wor fond o' life, an' it's dowlly o' Marlby Moor."

So Livvy gave in at last, and Mattha set up a fine house for her, and "bowt her a di'mond ring."

"It wor June when shoo gev him her word, an' t'rooäses wor red i' th' laäne—
But Mattha he nivver could bide th' scent of a rooäse agaäne."

But before the wedding, one of the guests at the hall seduced Livvy, "an' Livvy wor left ta paäy." Her desertion turned Mattha to stone. There was no forgiveness in him, and Livvy took her shame away with her to London, "An' shoo traäded her body for brass, an' her soul for a fine new gown."

"But Livvy wor nivver a foil; shoo knew what wor what, did that!
Sharp as Mattha, shoo wor, where'er theer wor brass to be gat.
An' shoo sell'd her wares to 'vantage, an' nivver cheeäpined hersel',
An' shoo sammed up gowd an' silver down theer on th' floors o' Hell."

In course of time she married a rich tavern-keeper, who one day broke his neck on the cellar stairs:

"An' Livvy cam' in for his brass—houses, an' stocks, an' shares;
Soä Livvy wor quite th' laädy, an' gev hersen laädy's airs."

Unabashed, she returned to her native village, and "peacocked" in the church on Sundays, in her fine mourning, with a Prayer Book in her hand, still "a reight fine woman, shoo wor," and when Mattha heard of her return, "he started ta dither, an' toun'd as white as a mawk." The old love once more took him by the throat, and he

turns to his old friend the sexton to confide in him and ask his advice.

"For I haäte her, waur nor ivver, but shoo pulls, shoo pulls, all t'saäme;
An' haäfe o' ma's cowl as snaw, an' t'other haäfe's hot wi' flaäme;
An' theer's times I could rive her to regs, an' stamp 'em under mi heel!
But theer's summät shoo's tee'd around ma 'at's tougher nor onny steel."

The squire up at the hall was dead, and his lady was lonely for old faces, so "all of a sudden Leet Livvy cam' back to Marlby Hall," and there she laid her plans to recapture Mattha, for "shoo meant to be Mistress Martin, up theer upo' Marlby Moor."

Night after night she waylaid Mattha in the lane, and at length the hawk struck, and the banns were read in the church, and the wedding day came. But:

"... early that daäy two straängers draäve quietly up to t' Hall;
Come i' a clooäsed-in carriage, like quality payin' a call;
An' t' carriage draäve back i' a while, an' Livvy was saäfe inside,
An' shoo spent that neet i' jail, instead o' bein' Mattha's bride.
"An' t' taäle came out t' next day, an' a niceish taäle it were;
Nivver wor nowt i' Marlby afoor 'at hed maäde such a stir!
For Livvy hed browt forth a bairn or ivver shoo'd been a wife,
An' her an' another woman hed maäde awaäy wi' it' life."

The other woman had confessed, "Soä Livvy wor left to t'Law, an' t'Law wor a hard un' then."

"Hedn't noä marcy at t'Sizes; they harstled 'em inta t'dock,
An' harstled 'em off ta t'gallows, an' sooin as t' Judge hed spok';
They hinged 'em for steeälin' a sheep, an' they hinged 'em i' public, an' all;
An' they hinged Livvy Primmer one mornin' i' front o' Granchester Wall."

"An' Mattha he went ta t'Sizes, an' he set whol they tried th' caäse.
An' his e'es they wor fixed like gimlets on Livvy Primmer's faäce;
An' i' t'end shoo maäde for to speyk, but t' wo'ds they stuck i' her throat,
An' shoo lifted her faäce to Mattha, an' Mattha he nivver said nowt."

"Cam' hoaäm like a man i' a dreeäm, an' walked as if he wor blind,
An' t' talk it ran round Marlby 'at Mattha'd goan out of his mind;
An' t'day o' t' hengin' caäme, an' Mattha gat up wi' t' sun,
An' he raäde ta Granchester Wall, to wetch till t'job wor done ...

"An' he drawed his breath, an' I knew it wor done, an' theer worn't noä more to see;
An' Mattha he bent his heeä, an' he maäde awaäy fro' me;
An' t'fowk they secämed ta wonder whativver he'd drawn 'em theer.
But Mattha he begged for t'body, an' he browt an' buried it here."

"Wi' ta hev some moär aäle? Tha weern't? Then we'll off, an' we'll pull yon bell.
Tha can gi' ma a hand wi' t'pullin'; tha'rt noan as owd as misel';
An' I'll larn tha ta pull as mi feyäther larnt ma when fo'st I began.
Three for a bairn, an' six for a woman, an' nine for a man."

"Theer's t'plaäce 'at I mean for Mattha, an' yon's wheer Livvy laäys;
Noan sa far off of each other, tha sees, at t' end o' their daäays.
But wheerivver their souls maäy be!—naäy, that ye mun tak' on trust,
I ha' nowt to do wi' their souls—my traäde is wi' deeäd men's dust."

I do not think that I overrate this remarkable ballad when I say that, in my opinion, if Mr. Fletcher had written nothing else, his name would survive in English literature by "Leet Livvy" alone.



From "ANIMAL STORIES,"
By RUDYARD KIPLING.
Illustrated by STUART TRESILIAN
(Macmillan).

"HE SHTUCK WAN FOOL-FOOT THROUGH THE FLURE
AV UT AN' A WHEEL WAS SHPINNIN' ON HIS TUSK."

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932



From a drawing by HELEN WILSON.

J. S. FLETCHER.

PAINTER AND POET: PICTURES THAT HAVE INSPIRED VERSE

By H. T. Kirby

It is a somewhat curious reflection that whilst poetry has frequently tempted the artist to illustrate its rhymes, the converse is not nearly so marked, and the pictures that have inspired verse have been by comparison few. Where for example is there a picture that has called forth the poetic fervour comparable to the artistic energy of brush and pencil devoted to illustrating the quatrains of FitzGerald's "Omar"? Such poems too as Thomson's "Seasons," Somervil's "Chace," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village"—with others of their period—enjoyed a tremendous illustrative vogue. That verse still appeals to the artist is evident by the many illustrators of Masfield, Kipling and their contemporaries. It may be that the poet prefers nature to art, but whatever the reason, it seems apparent that the poem presents more attraction to the artist than does the picture to the poet.

There have nevertheless been some quite good examples of pictures that have moved poets to rhyme. Austin Dobson for instance used pictorial art repeatedly as a subject for his verse. Not the least of his efforts in this direction was the short poem "In the Belfry." This was directly inspired by the great woodcut—"Death the Friend"—of the German, Rethel. The engraving is familiar to most people. It represents, it will be recalled, the study of an old man, worn and feeble, resting in the belfry. Half dozing, he suddenly sees a bony figure, clothed and hooded, tolling the bell. Strangely enough the serenity of the scene is not disturbed. Through the open window is glimpsed a wide landscape, and in the far distance—no doubt with symbolic intent—the sun slowly sets. Obviously death, coming thus at the end of a long life, is not unwelcome, nor does the old man regard the figure as frightening. Austin Dobson's poem traces the bewilderment of the aged inmate as he first views the strange visitor to his belfry tower. Gradually however wonder gives place to understanding, and the poem ends with the fine confident outburst: "*In manus tuas, Domine!*"

Pictured Death furnishes the same poet with other verses. "Chant Royal" owes its creation to those tiny but immensely spirited designs of Holbein known as the "Dance of Death" series. In spite of their grim message (grimmer still no doubt in their original intention, when used to point the moral to an unlettered age) their art is unmistakable, and they rivet the attention to-day as much as they ever did. The "Chant" epitomises the series—from the babe snatched away from its distracted mother to the aged man at the edge of the open grave—whilst the insistent refrain "There is no King more terrible than Death" hammers out the message with throbbing beats.

Death and life are closely allied, and life—very troubled

life—furnishes the theme for another set of verses. Remembering that Dobson compiled the standard *Life of Hogarth* it is not surprising to find that one of the great satirists' pictures receives poetical attention. In a "Suggestion from Hogarth" the "Distressed Poet" shows how worrying life can be. The unfortunate situation of the impoverished scribbler, trying to find inspiration amidst the noise and squalor of his garret-room, has never been described with more economy. We almost visualise the scene:

"The empty safe, the child that cries,
The kittens on the coat,
The good-wife with her patient eyes,
The milkmaid's tuneless throat;

"And last, in that mute woe sublime,
The luckless verser's air;
The 'Bysshe,' the foolscap and the rhyme—
The Rhyme . . . that is not there!"

Other pictures, to praise which Austin Dobson found rhyme more easily than Hogarth's poet, were Watts's "Good Luck to your Fishing" and the illustrated versions—by Abbey—of "She Stoops to Conquer" and "A Quiet Life," and G. H. Boughton's pictorial decoration of the Avery "Knickbocker." The curious will also discover lines written to "A Stupid Picture," the picture in question being one popular some forty or so years ago, and having as its main incident the woe of a small maiden as she is attacked by a flock of hissing geese.

Wordsworth also uses the works of artists as pegs for his verse. He not only composed a sonnet to the unfortunate painter, R. B. Haydon, "On seeing his picture of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena," but (no doubt to balance matters—as between France and England!) wrote a further sonnet after studying the "portrait of Wellington on the Field of Waterloo." "Daniel in the Lions' Den" (as seen displayed in Hamilton Palace) is the unusual theme of another effort, whilst other verses have as their urge "The Gleaner" (whose?) and a "Coloured Drawing of a Bird of Paradise." His appreciation of the Italian School is indicated by the lines written on seeing the fresco of "The Last Supper" of Leonardo, at Milan. Whilst not afraid to note the "searching damp" and "envious flaws" that marred the picture, he is capable enough to recognise the essentials that remained. In "The Two Thieves" the artist-engraver Thomas Bewick is mentioned, and although particular works are not specified, it is clear that Wordsworth admired Bewick's art. There can have been few more graceful tributes than that penned by the Lakeland poet:

"O now that the genius of Bewick were mine,
And the skill that he learned on the banks of the Tyne,
Then the Muses might deal with me just as they chose,
For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose."



Death the Friend.

Line drawing by Rethel. Reduced from a wood engraving by H. Burckner.



The Ploughman.

From "The Dance of Death," by Hans Holbein.

It is not often that a poet offers to resign his Muse under any circumstances: least of all to a mere artist!

One of Cowper's best known poems was written "On the receipt of my Mother's picture out of Norfolk." The work must have been a good one, for besides the natural flood of affectionate remembrance that it aroused, Cowper did not fail to state his regard for

"the art that can immortalise,

The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it."

Not all connoisseurs would agree perhaps that "time's tyrannic claim" plays no havoc on works of art. However it is interesting to know that the gift of "his cousin, Anne Bodham," was valued sufficiently to elicit a versical response.

John Keats preferred nature without the interposition of a painter's brush, but his "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is really nothing less than a poetical description of pictured episodes sculpted on the surface of a vase. Yet even Keats was moved to a sonnet by a picture showing the tragic death of Leander. Nor could the artist have been a poor one to evoke such beautiful concluding lines:

"see how his body dips
Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile;
He's gone; up-bubbles all his amorous breath!"

Crabbe, in the first part of "The Parish Register," appraises the pictures hung on the walls of the rustic cot. It would not seem that the art was of a high order, for Lady Godiva, who

"By wanton act the purest fame could raise,
And give the boldest deed the chastest praise"

was hung (doubtless in the once-popular coloured lithograph) close to "the stoutest Ox in England fed" and a boxer, "Whitechapel bred." Could propinquity achieve worse blunders than associating a high-born lady, a Whitechapel Jew and a Fat-Stock entry?

We have but touched the fringe of an intriguing subject, for we intended to mention Browning, Churchill, Lord De Tabley, and many others who have found their Muse awakened by the sight of picture or portrait, but we must not forget that space, like time, has also "tyrannic claims"!

TOURS IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND

(Lord Torrington's Forgotten Diary)

Diaries such as that of John Byng, fifth Lord Torrington, written for private satisfaction and never intended for publication, have in them the heart of eighteenth-century England. Pepys was perhaps a little too much of a bounder and Evelyn a little too much of a gentleman to be their real selves; they were, up to a point, acting a part; in simpler diaries like Byng's there is something fresher and more attractive and more essentially English. Without such writings the intimate everyday atmosphere of the period would be irretrievably lost in literary gymnastics.

Byng gives his dates as accurately and "with as much particularity as if they were to be read or quoted hereafter," but he hopes his Diary will show Fancy not tricked out with false taste and French trimmings. He wishes to taste life in Reality, not look for it in a Dictionary. To refresh his mind on a distant Perusal he introduces the most trivial occurrences and they have a peculiar and delightful vividness. "Nothing there is to come, and nothing past, But an eternal Now does allways last." There is a graphic simplicity in his descriptions, and even in his crude puns, and he knows exactly when to introduce some little naïve remark.—"Nature in all her charms and fullest fragrance (for now the Hay is cutting) courts us to be happy," or in his sad commentary on middle age, "You sometimes hear me, and won't alter. I listen to you, and cannot change."

His sentiment and philosophy never floats idly in a vacuum but is always anchored firmly to some fact that is actually experienced. He reads that his cousin is elected Knight of the Shire for the County of Middlesex—Much good may it do him!—But he pictures him pestered by every voter in the neighbourhood and his Park overrun by every Butcher of Clare market. In the Wanton destruction of wild birds he sees callousness or worse. The Duke of Marlborough suffers not the Birds Nests to be taken in the Shrubbery of Blenheim, but the gardener is permitted to shoot them when they hop over the garden wall.

Children are taught to harass them, men delight in murdering them; else would the birds hop before us in security and sing on every spray around us. Cruelties, early indulged in, open the navigation to Botany Bay.

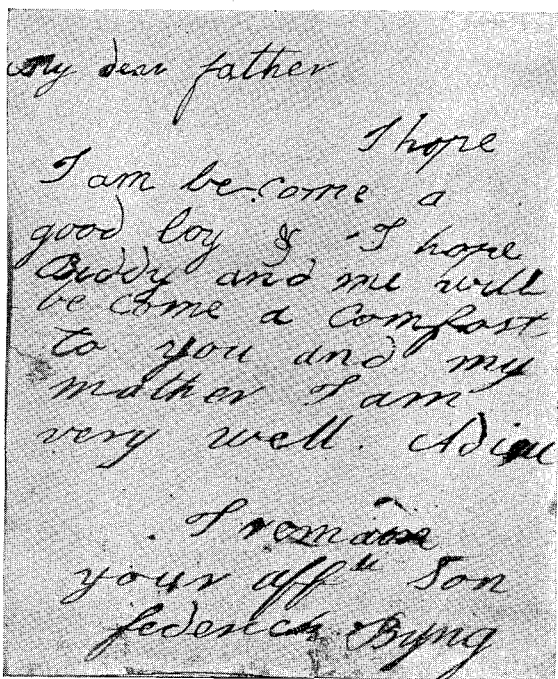
As a traveller he appreciates what is too often forgotten, that the mood of the sightseer is everything. Cambridge furnishes a wretched welcome. The Inn ought to be burnt down with most of the rest of the town; the glasses are dirty, the wine bad, the cookery vile, the Tent Bed, in a dark room, opening from an old Gallery, miserable. The shady walks, at the back of the greater colleges, and Kings College chapel, constitute the only beauties. The rest is hopelessly neglected.

To Tintern Abbey he advises a leisurely approach. It is probably as true to-day as it ever was that to enjoy its beauty you should bring Wine and cold Meat, and some Bread, Beer and Cider and Salmon from the local Inn, though it is doubtful whether you would be allowed to spread your table in the ruins or whether a Welsh harper could be procured from Chepstow.

A suitable companion is also of the greatest importance. The best is the hospitable moon to light you gayly to bed and the sun's garish beams to call you from it. But J. B. who accompanies him on his earlier tours and whom he treats more as a friend than a servant, is ideal, and so too is the gentleman whom he meets in the West Country and takes for a drive, though



Account Rendered.



A letter from his Son.

he does not even know his name—it being the prerogative of an Englishman to conceal such things. The old Colonel however who joins him with two nephews, proves a bore. He loves not snugness and quiet, must be always in company and whisking along, and cannot endure a day in a place. He hurries into Lancashire, that he may hurry into Lincolnshire and hurry thence back to London, always with heavy baggage and Incumbrances, dressing apparatus, snuffs and Books, from Shakespeare down to a Court Circular.

But even those Byng meets on the way he views as fellow travellers :

“Life is a journey of a winter’s day,
Where many breakfast and then post away ;
Some few stay dinner and depart full fed ;
Fewer that sup, and then retire to Bed.”

Some of his sketches of old age are the most striking. The old Ex-guards officer of Spalding, very worn out, in an ancient house of bay-windows surrounded by Yew hedge gardens, his good old Parlour covered with portraits, some seemingly very good, but so overheated by a fire in July that it was impossible to inspect them. Moreover from his horrible grunts and groans he expected the old gentleman to drop dead at any moment. And as a pendant the old Lincolnshire vicar for ever adding to what he called The Hermitage, a collection of cloisters, seats, etc., all made of the roots of Trees and moss and finished with curious taste and trouble, leading into various recesses and chapels lighted by old stained glass from Tattershall Church, the ornamental parts of fire copes, the tables of polished horse bones, the doors of roots curiously woven together and on the floors many inscriptions of praise in pebbles.

Once or twice during the Tours we are plunged in the social whirl of a provincial town. No reader of the Tour in the West will forget the lovely Sally Loveday, the White Rose of Weymouth, or her Beaux, Colonel York, a pleasant good natured esteemed soldier, and Mr. Malone, an Irish gentleman of (strange to tell) diffident sensible manners, nor the vivid picture of a Tea Drinking where there is nothing but Form and Grimace, the men so foolishly assiduous and the ladies so conceitedly offensive. The affectation of the towns even spreads to the farmers. Squire Dilly, merely because Mr. Boswell mentions him in his newly published life of Dr. Johnson, talks of giving up Farming and seeking in or near London the conversation of learned men. Byng delivers a warning against such folly, middle age is no time to pursue a shadow.

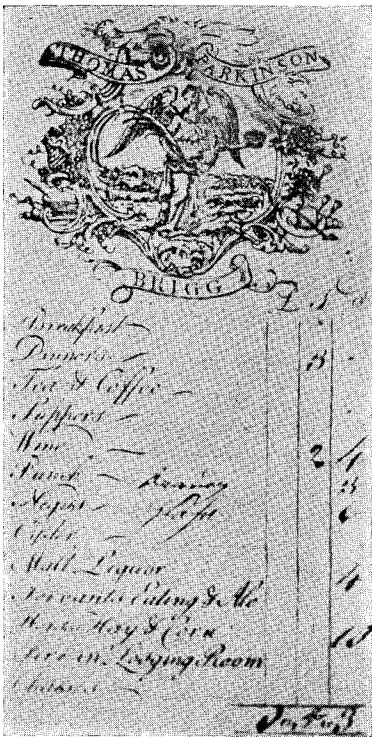
Byng’s dislike of the foreigner is typically English and

at that period the foreigner meant the Frenchman. Everything French was taboo. The mean modern Lombardy poplar, windows to the floors savouring of oddity and meant Particularity, festooned curtains that never shut close, being for show and not for Comfort, and above all the loss of religious faith. But in this last England may gain what France is losing, for at times of crisis like theirs we usually find an Oliver Cromwell. But we must first recover a sense of fitness, and stop such absurd customs as burying our dead among Shrubbery Walks in lumbering Grecian Mausoleums festooned with stone flowers and baskets (which must be very diverting and reviving to the family and their visitors) or erecting like Sir F. Dashwood the horrid piles of modern architecture within a few miles of such a beautiful Gothic Cathedral as Lincoln.

Byng saw not only country life, but national life itself, passing. What cheap transit, the telephone and wireless are producing to-day, the turnpike roads were doing in the Eighteenth Century. The country was losing its individuality and its cosiness. The welcome that the Inn used to give the traveller was neither tendered nor sought. As the modern motorist takes the same lunch hamper to whatever part of the country he visits, so the late Eighteenth Century gentleman took his meal in his Post-Chaise, disdaining even to alight at the Inns that gave such joy to his ancestors. Whilst we deplore the decay of family life and the growth of Hotels, Byng a hundred and fifty years ago was deploring the decay of both.

Everything was changing. At the Inns a priggish impudent waiter from Covent Garden has succeeded the Drawer with his bushy wig and green apron, pert jockies and conceited chamber-maids have driven out the steady hostler and careful chamberlain. The misses ripen quickly from the squeals of the maids hauled about by the hostlers and there is little comfort. Our Inns are kept but for the change of post-horses and a person who wants supper and bed is considered an unprofitable intruder. In the villages a bank or a tree marks the line where there used to be a neat cottage enclosure, a well, grown over, or some decayed garden wall is all that is left to show where a house has been. The small holder, with the village-green before his door, an orchard adjoining and the long close behind, is gone and the very life blood of the nation dries up at its source.

The market day is no longer what it used to be, a day of Joy and Hope in the town, the bells ringing merrily, the corn pitched in the market Place where the jolly farmers assembled and afterwards dined together at the several Inns. No longer is there every right intention of fair sale and honest dealing, the careful matrons and the ruddy country wenches attending beneath the market house with their poultry, ducks, eggs and pigs, the produce of their own care and the support of their little families, whilst the sage Housekeeper and the widow ladies come forth for their purchases. Now a few farmers perchance ride there for a cabal of an hour to raise or keep up the price of corn, which they can easily accomplish, and entirely demolish the right of free markets. As for the



An hotel bill.

smaller sales, these have all been forestalled for the supply of London or some great manufacturing town. But what can be expected when the Gentry, the supporters of the Poor and their Rights, have gone? The gentlemen end with gout and the ladies with bile, and after wearying of the luxuries of London repair to get cured to some Watering Place where amid lesser gaieties they finish their days in some poor little house suited to their impoverished purses.

The next generation will find the country-side almost depopulated. Parents educate their children in fashionable folly, boys think they will become bishops or generals, and the Misses are sent to French boarding schools or convents with the result that the old farm is sold, the sons soon sink into debauchery and disappointment, and the fine misses, vain pert and ignorant, quickly degenerate, take lodgings in Wardour Street and perish—let us hope—repentant sinners!

The other side of the picture, though full of dangers, has its hopeful aspects. The cotton trade, thanks to the Reciprocal Treaty, brings prosperity to many counties, and with it a remarkable Purity to the country-side. Young women ride alone round Knutsford whereas within fifty miles of the metropolis they would have been robbed and raped. Away from London there is a healthiness that persists in spite of everything.

But beneath all this change lies the sinister fact of the decay of religion. The solemnity of divine writ is being frittered away in modern Biographies of our Saviour. Inappropriate decorations are creeping into our churches. Following the example of the lumbering Grecian St. Pauls a new screen by Wren is introduced into the fine old cathedral at Winchester, not at all in the Gothic taste, a too glaring altar piece by West and *ombres chinoises*, and into New College chapel at Oxford a window by Sir Joshua Reynolds where twisting emblematical Figures appear like half-dressed languishing hussies.

The dramatic services at the theatres, though ill performed, bring more tolerable audiences than the divine services at the churches. Yet when the Litany is well done it becomes the finest spiritual concert, far better than those overwhelmed by Fiddles and Italian singers. Instead however the Services are huddled over by clergymen who care little for their offices; and in private life, over the Board, their society is even more objectionable.

If they prove proud and formal it is disgusting and if frisky even worse.

There is, through the delightful pages of these Diaries, a pathetic homesickness, a longing for a return of that family life before the Turnpike roads brought Vice and Insolence into the country and the peasant aped the manner and habit of the "independent" artisan. But how can a village greet and gratify the Sight when the very hedges round it are pulled down and the fields, wanting divisions, filthy rails and hurdles take their place? Throughout the country something precious was crumbling. Was something more valuable coming instead? Byng wondered then; and we are wondering now.

But though the Diary leaves us questioning, it leaves us also with many cheery pictures of bright spots on the road. A sudden, unexpected sight, such as a three-quarter-old baby, "a lovely creature prodigious because we fathers take notice of such things," brings him comfort and consolation. And in spite of all the quicker methods of posting there are many welcoming Inns to which he always finds it a pleasure to return. In receiving a pint of warm milk from the hands of a very pretty wench at an Alehouse on Rockwell Heath he finds much attractiveness in the Female Peasantry; in a clean bow-windowed parlour at Boreham, all neatness within, all Beauty without, he enjoys the fine expanse of Ashburnham Woods and a distant prospect of the sea; and at Rumsey the fare is so good that, with a Pint of good Port Wine, it inspires a Poem:

"Pri'thee tell me what can vie,
Or eat like a Pigeon Pye?
Nought so pleasing to the Eye
As a charming Pigeon Pye.
If my appetite is high,
What's so good as Pigeon Pye?
Or so proper to put by
As well relished Pigeon Pye?
Fools at this may call out Fie,
And deride a Pigeon Pye.
But all those who good cooks try
Doat on well-egg'd Pigeon Pye.
Ever let me till I die,
Taste the charms of Pigeon Pye.
That you may think I lye,
Ask a well-made Pigeon Pye!"

C. B. ANDREWS.

THE GRAMOPHONE

By far the best of the records which have reached me for review during November is the Columbia recording of Beethoven's violin concerto. This work may not be "the noblest of all violin concertos," as is sometimes claimed for it, but it is certainly one of the finest of Beethoven's works and makes one regret that he did not write more similar compositions. (Like Mendelssohn, Brahms and Tchaikovsky, Beethoven left only a single specimen.)

It was composed in 1806, during one of the musician's brief periods of happiness when he became engaged to Theresa, his "immortal Beloved"; it is thus contemporary with the wonderful "Leonore No. 3" overture, while the fifth symphony was in process of formation. Its dramatic opening with the four single drum notes, which recur throughout the whole of the first movement, recalls the similar "Fate knocks at the door" opening of the fifth, and the theatrical effect of the drum may be compared with the even more theatrical use of the trumpet in the Leonore overture.

The soloist in this recording is Joseph Szigeti, who renders most brilliantly the Cadenza (written by Joachim, who was responsible for rescuing this concerto from comparative obscurity). It is claimed that the recording "surpasses all previous efforts in the history of violin recording," and the claim in this instance is fully justified. The concluding record of the first movement is truly marvellous, and if one record only is bought it should be this one—LX176, though one can honestly recommend nothing less than the concerto as a whole in five records, LX174 to LX178, being Album 290 of Columbia Master Works. The orchestra is the British Symphony Orchestra, directed by Bruno Walter.

EVELYN POLE.

By DESIRE of the Hon. Mrs. BYNG.

CHELLENHAM THEATRE.

On TUESDAY the 10th of June, 1891, will be performed

A CONCERT of MUSIC.

The Vocal Parts, by Mr. and Mrs. BROWN.

The Instrumental by the Cheltenham Band.

Tickets for the first and Two Shillings and One Shilling each, to be had at the Inn, Mr. Harvard's, Bookeller, and at an Office opened for that purpose, at the Door of the Theatre, and no Person to be admitted without such.

Tickets free for all the Stock-Nights, One Guinea each.

To begin precisely at Seven o'Clock.

Between the several Parts of the Concert will be rehearsed (gratis) a Comedy called

Much Ado about Nothing,

Benedick, Mr. FULLAM,
Count Claudio, Mr. CARLETON,
Prince of Aragon, Mr. EYEELEY,
Don John, Mr. EIBENROOD,
Learner, Mr. CROSS,
Balthazar, (with a Song) Mr. BROWN,
Borachio, Mr. HARDING,
Antonio, Mr. SAUNDERS,
Watchmen, Mr. WALTON, Master CROSS, &c.
Verges, Town-Clerk, Sexton, &c. by the rest of the Company,
And Dogberry, (Confidant of the Watch) Mr. SHUTTER.

Beatrice, Mrs. FULLAM,
Margaret, Miss CARPENTER,
Ursula, Mrs. EIBENROOD,
And Hero, Mrs. BUTLER.

To which will be added, a FARCE, called,

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS,

Leucy, Mr. EYEELEY, Lord Duke's Servant, Mr. FULLAM,
Freeman, Mr. EIBENROOD, Coachman, Mr. CROSS,
Cook, Mr. SAUNDERS, & Philip, Mr. SHUTTER,
Hough Tom, Mr. WALTON, & Kingston, Master CROSS,
Sir Harry, Mr. HARDING.

Lady Duke's Maid, Miss CARPENTER, Lady Charlotte's Maid, Mrs. BUTLER,
Cook, Mrs. CROSS.

And Eliza, (with the Song of All in a Merry) Mr. BROWN.

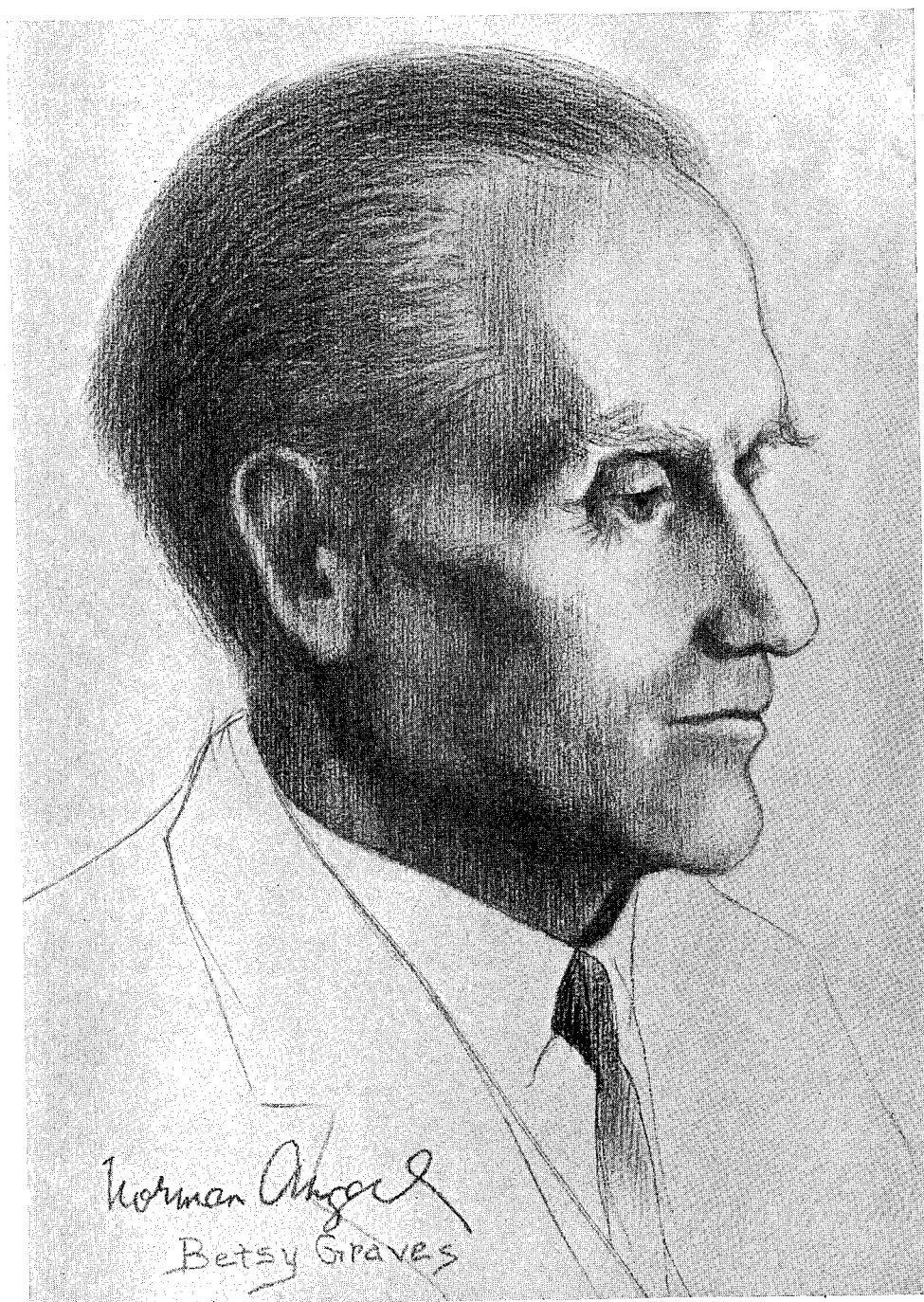
A "Command" Performance.

**SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1932**



From a drawing by FRANK SLATER.

G. D. H. COLE.



From a drawing by BETSY GRAVES.

SIR NORMAN ANGELL

THE SEDATE CHRISTMAS OF JANE AUSTEN

By Rowland Grey

That Jane Austen was well born, well bred, well educated and well looking, every Janeite knows. Her serene existence certainly accounted largely for that smiling irony of which she alone among women possessed the charming secret. Her point of view on any subject never fails to interest those—and they are legion—who recognise her genius.

We may therefore excusably ask the seasonable question: "What place had Christmas in her work?" Before letting her answer it herself, it is however essential to remember that the great Dickensian revival of Christmas was yet distant. A certain reflex of Puritanism still lingered—a something of sedateness—and not merely with the genteel. For Hardy, in one of the best of his rustic Christmas-masses set near the Austen period, tells how the autocratic "Grandfer" insisted that the dance at the Tranter's, in "Under the Greenwood Tree," should not begin until after midnight as if it were a Sunday.

If Christmas had been paramount in the early girlhood of Jane, surely that sheer joy to Mr. G. K. Chesterton and all the right-minded, "Love and Freindship," would have shown traces of the fact. It was certainly in December that the enamoured Laura wrote to her Marianne of the romantic arrival of the stranger "On whom I felt the happiness or misery of my future life must depend. . . . The noble youth informed us his name was Lindsey; for particular reasons however I shall conceal it under that of Talbot." Yet there is nothing Christmassy about the secrets of the heart of our Laura.

"Northanger Abbey" is all youth and spring-time. February, with no small share of rain on the almond blossoms of Bath, with Miss Tilney and Catherine intrepidly tripping about in the white muslin then demanded by fashion for winter morning wear! Yet it contains a momentous page, making us sigh to have spent the previous Christmas at Fullerton Parsonage, and to have heard Catherine's great-aunt give her immortal lecture on dress. Hoyden Catherine at sixteen had just learnt that to be thought pretty she must be smart, for even Janeites forget that Catherine's chief pleasure was cricket with her brothers, to complete her analogy with the best type of modern flapper. That lecture, which should have been quoted in full, led to immortal *obiter dicta*, worth all Carlyle's turgid clothes philosophy in "Sartor Resartus." Catherine did not, it is to be feared, profit by the mellow wisdom of great-aunt. "Dress is at all times a frivolous distinction, and excessive solicitude about it often destroys its own aim." For despite this impressive counsel of perfection, Catherine, in her eagerness to rivet the chains of that witty spark, the Reverend Henry Tilney, actually "lay awake ten minutes on Wednesday night debating between her spotted and her tamboured muslin, and nothing but the shortness of the time prevented her buying a new one for the evening. This would have been an error in judgment, great though not uncommon, from which one of the other sex rather than her own, a brother rather than a great-aunt, should have warned her; for *man only can be aware of the insensibility of man towards a new gown. . . . Woman is fine for her own satisfaction alone.* No man will admire her the more, no woman will like her the better for it. Neatness and fashion are enough for the former, and a something of shabbiness as impropriety will be most endearing to the latter." The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Perhaps we should never have guessed it, had not great-aunt spent that Christmas at Fullerton.

"Sense and Sensibility" is not destitute of allusions to Christmas, yet here it is obvious Jane Austen did not herself attach great importance to the matter. She describes with satire the social progress of those adroit flatterers, the two underbred Miss Steeles. They knew

how to manage easygoing Sir John Middleton and his insipidly elegant lady. Invited for a few days, they arrived with the post-chaise stuffed with toys for Lady Middleton's spoilt children, and soon became indispensable. "In spite of their numerous and long arranged engagements in Exeter, in spite of the absolute necessity of their returning to fulfil them immediately which was in full force every week, they were prevailed on to stay nearly two months at the Park, and to assist in the due celebration of that festival which requires a more than ordinary share of private balls and large dinners to proclaim its importance."

There seems an inference in this—that noisy pleasures were not Jane Austen's Christmas ideal, of which there is further evidence, though not in "Pride and Prejudice." No one except herself has ever found this book of books "too light and bright and sparkling," or shared the theory she happily never put into practice, that it needed one or two heavy chapters of the padding of which she was incapable. With "the" regiment in full force at Meryton, we might have expected Colonel Foster to be badgered into giving that ball the minx Lydia boasted she would make him give, yet early January is described as if bare of any diversion except walks to Meryton in quest of officers "sometimes dirty and sometimes cold." That engaging scamp Wickham had no chance of emulating the feats of another pleasant rascal, Willoughby, for Sir John Middleton tells us: "I remember last Christmas at a little hop at the Park, he danced from eight o'clock till four without once sitting down."

The house-party at Longbourn was a family party, with the welcome addition of those likeable people, Aunt and Uncle Gardiner. Mrs. Gardiner's business on her arrival was to distribute her presents and describe the newest fashions. After this she had a less active part to play. It became her turn to listen. Mrs. Bennet had many grievances to relate and much to complain of. They had all been very ill-used since she last saw her sister. Two of her girls had been on the point of marriage, and after all there was nothing in it. "I do not blame Jane," she continued, "for Jane would have got Mr. Bingley if she could. But Lizzy! Oh, sister! It is very hard to think she might have been Mr. Collins's wife by this time had it not been for her own perverseness."

It was no joke to be listener-in-chief to Mrs. Bennet. Mrs. Gardiner was possibly thankful there were dinner-parties galore, officers and all, though of dancing there is no word. With Elizabeth in such dire disgrace for having given us the best refusal to a proposal in the whole of fiction, those "poor nerves" of Mrs. Bennet's, of which her husband had heard her speak "with respect" for twenty years, must have cast a general gloom. Damp squibs for a merry Christmas, and gentle Jane had had her pang over the feline amenities of insufferable Miss Bingley's November letter—a premature Christmas card. It is surprising to find the fashionable Caroline writing of beaux with a touch of the vulgarity of the elder Miss Steele, in vain pursuit of the doctor in her pink ribands. We are however not allowed to forget the Bingley money was made in trade, and that Caroline very mistakenly believed she was writing to an inferior. "I sincerely hope your Christmas in Hertfordshire may abound in the gaieties that season usually brings, and that your beaux will be so numerous as to prevent your feeling the loss of the three of which we shall deprive you."

Before Christmas came round again, Miss Bingley not only had the winning Jane for a sister-in-law, but, worse still, had lost Darcy. The detestable Elizabeth, with the "mixture of sweetness and archness" destructive to masculine peace, had removed herself to "the comfort

and elegance of the family party at Pemberley"! We can picture her sly enjoyment when Caroline climbed down and actually paid a visit there.

It is to "Mansfield Park" we have to travel if we wish to attend the dance upon December 22nd, which with only "twelve or fourteen couples" we should scarcely dignify by the oft-reiterated word ball. Jane Austen loved dancing, not to speak of its usual concomitants, as she makes us aware in a captivating letter to her sister after she has "flirted her last with Tom Lefroy." "Picture to yourself everything that is profligate in the way of sitting down between the dances!" She was at her very best in describing the hopes and fears of what an Italian biographer has called that "shy white violet," Fanny Price, who had "not been brought up to the trade of coming out." Fanny had no notion she was the envied of all the young ladies as "Queen of the evening"! She was terrified when Sir Thomas commanded her to "open the ball"—an alarming ceremony for a debutante. "She could hardly believe it. To be placed above so many elegant young women! The distinction was too great. It was treating her like her cousins. So often as she had heard them wish for a ball at home as the greatest of all felicities, and to have them away when it was given, and for her to be opening the ball, and with Mr. Crawford too!" In spite of her hopeless love for heavy Cousin Edmund, and the pain of seeing him the slave of naughty, black-eyed Mary Crawford, who "looked all loveliness," Fanny was happy when sent to bed by her imperious Uncle, "creeping slowly up the principal staircase, pursued by the ceaseless country dance, feverish with hopes and fears, soup and negus (!), sore-footed and fatigued, restless and agitated, yet feeling in spite of everything a ball was very delightful."

Except poor Edmund, aghast at the news his Mary would dance with him no more when he had taken orders, everyone was pleased. Lady Bertram felt that her own kindness in sending her maid to dress Fanny after her toilet had been completed "with the help of the under-housemaid," had caused her amazing conquest of the eligible Crawford. Jolly midshipman William "working at his partner's fan as if his life depended on it," declared "the sport was but just begun when it was past three." Aunt Norris had certainly not been satisfied when her prophecy that had "dear Julia and dearest Mrs. Rushworth" been at home to grace the ball, a ball Sir Thomas would have had this very Christmas, was met by the cool rejoinder that "this dance is for their cousins"; yet she too had her moment, when she departed next morning with "all the supernumary jellies to nurse a sick maid." It takes three vivid chapters to tell the story of Fanny's Christmas debut, and they are not half long enough. There is not one word of Christmas Day with that blank for her, of Edmund's absence for his Ordination.

In "Emma" we have a dinner-party on Christmas Eve, and the sedatest of quiet family parties upon the day itself. "One complete dinner engagement, and out of the house too, there was no avoiding though at Christmas." Emma's legal brother-in-law grumbled loudly. "Here are we setting forward to spend five dull hours in another man's house, going in dismal weather to return probably in worse. Four horses and four servants taken out for nothing but to convey five idle, shivering creatures into colder rooms and worse company than they might have had at home." Even Captain Weston, the genial host, did not make the dinner more lively. It is rather a surprise to hear he was "busy with the saddle of mutton" instead of the orthodox roast beef or turkey. He was apparently just the man to have set to speech-making, yet apparently not a health was drunk. There was clearly no idea that it was necessary to be "seasonable." We know exactly how Christmas was spent at Hartfield. Poor Emma had had to face the Vicar's proposal in all the awkwardness of being shut up in a carriage alone with him. She had settled he was to marry stupid little Harriet, and he was angry enough to be rude. When "the hair was curled and the maid sent away," Emma felt she had been a fool to make the unlucky

Harriet believe herself the chosen of the local hero, adored as if he were a Gilbertian "pale-faced curate." The notion of facing both was detestable; however "the weather was most favourable for her, though Christmas Day she could not go to church. Mr. Woodhouse would have been miserable had his daughter attempted it!" James and the horses would have been outraged; it was only for dinner-parties all weathers had to be braved. Except for her private anxieties, "these days of confinement would have been remarkably comfortable." John Knightley "had so thoroughly cleared off his ill-humour at Randalls, his amiableness never failed him throughout his stay." There were children and a good cook—two Christmas essentials. It is a nice question whether rushing about to restaurants gives more placid satisfaction, and another whether "amiableness" is an Austen word.

To re-read that lovely autumn crocus, "Persuasion," is to sigh that its creator never saw it in print; never knew that, despite its Trafalgar hero, it was at once welcomed in Paris in translation. How dear Anne spent a surely sedate Christmas at Bath we are not informed. The ever discontented Mrs. Charles Musgrove, writing to her on February the first from Uppercross, describes her Christmas here with her customary relish for her own grievances:

"MY DEAR ANNE,

"I make no apology for my silence because I know how little people think of letters in such a place as Bath. You must be a great deal too happy to care about Uppercross, which, as you well know, affords little to write about. We have had a very dull Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrove have not had one dinner-party all the holidays. I do not reckon the Hayter's as anybody. The holidays however are over at last; I believe no children ever had such long ones. I am sure I had not."

Anne had seen those holidays begin, before she went away so sadly to Bath, which was to give her happiness for a New Year's gift. Her picture is vivid: "Immediately surrounding Mrs. Musgrove were the little Harvilles, whom she was sedulously guarding from the tyranny of the two children from the Cottage especially arrived to amuse them. On one side was a table, occupied by some chattering girls, cutting up silk and gold paper; and on the other were tressels and trays, bending under the weight of brawn and cold pies, where riotous boys were holding high revel, the whole completed by a roaring Christmas fire, which seemed determined to be heard in spite of all the noise of the others. Charles and Mary also came in of course during their visit, and Mr. Musgrove made a point of paying his respects to Lady Russell, and sat close to her for ten minutes talking with a very raised voice, but, from the clamour of the children on his knees, generally in vain. It was a fine family piece."

Lady Russell "hoped she should remember not to call at Uppercross in the Christmas holidays." She did not share Mrs. Musgrove's idea of "a little quiet cheerfulness." Her own notion of it was Bath for Christmas, and "the dash of the other carriages, the heavy rumble of carts and drays, the bawling of newsmen, muffinmen and milkmen, and the ceaseless clink of pattens," did not disturb her in the least.

A Christmas lecture, a Christmas dinner-party, a Christmas ball, a Christmas house-party, among quite ordinary people. Never a mention of carol, holly or mistletoe.

And behind it all stands Jane Austen, her hazel eyes sparkling, and a half-smile as of detached amusement with us for being amused thus easily.

No wonder Disraeli when laid up with gout at Christmas comforted himself with "Pride and Prejudice." No wonder the "first gentleman in Europe" commanded a complete set of the immortal works to be placed in each of his palaces.

THE CHILDHOOD OF MARY WEBB

By I. Shipton

The future field-marshal does not always spend his childhood arranging mimic battles on the nursery floor, or the famous author in scribbling in odd corners. If you had come across Mary Webb, or Gladys Meredith as she was known in her childhood, at the age of eleven unless you were very perceptive it is unlikely that you would



Gladys Mary Meredith (Mary Webb)

c. 15 years.

Reproduced from "Mary Webb," by Hilda Addison.

(By courtesy of Messrs. Cecil Palmer.)

have noted the seeds of genius, or have found her very much different from other children of her age and station. She was a pretty child, though not distinctively so, with grey eyes, and straight brown hair brushed back from her forehead and worn loose. Even at that age she despised pinafores.

The Merediths were a large family, as was to be expected in those days. Their father, an Oxford man, was tall and good-looking, and has been described by one who knew him well as a "fine old English gentleman," studious and with a strong sense of humour. Mary was devoted to him. He began every day for his children with a Bible lesson.

They lived in a picturesque house at Much Wenlock, the district which Mary Webb was to make her own in her books in later years. The entrance to the house was past a lodge and up a long drive, and the house itself was a two-storied gabled red-brick building. There was an old-fashioned garden and a pond where the children used to play. The trees around the pond were a haunt for owls, as many as three at a time being sometimes seen there. Mary was very fond of gardening, and spent many happy hours tending her own little square of ground.

The children had their nursery upstairs, but they did their lessons in the schoolroom, a big light airy room on the ground floor, looking out on to the tennis lawn. It was simply furnished. The walls were lined with bookcases, and the centre of the room was filled by a solid oak table round which the children sat for their lessons. The table

was old and worn, and cut with the initials and the names of the many boys whom their father coached there. Mary liked her lessons, and was very attentive to them, but she would never be kept a minute after time was up.

She was a sensitive and imaginative child, rather over-conscientious as sensitive children are sometimes apt to be, very fond of reading, particularly poetry, and of painting. "Alice in Wonderland," fairy tales and Shakespeare were her favourites: she was, too, very fond of dressing-up and theatricals as are most children, but although she was the leading spirit in such pastimes, she was not at all a "managing" child, but quite ready to take subordinate parts. Here, as elsewhere, she showed that thoughtfulness for others which was a mark of her character. She was fond of making up verses and dances, and of arranging tableaux, and she had a passion for flowers, both drawing them and writing about them, as well as growing them in her garden.

Though a rather reserved child she was friendly to those she knew, and was fond of visiting all the cottages round, going there of her own accord, and talking to the old people and making friends with the children. No doubt it was in this way she laid the foundation of her love for and knowledge of the Shropshire country-side and people, and gathered the folk-lore of the district. It will be seen that Gladys Meredith the child already showed many of the qualities apparent in Mary Webb the novelist.

A few chance words by a prime minister gave Mary Webb a posthumous popularity which was lacking in her life-time, and the resultant over-praise of her and her works has been followed by the inevitable reaction. We shall doubtless have to wait a little while longer before we are able to assess Mary Webb's work at its true worth. But if it does not reach a place among the immortals, her gifts of imaginative prose-writing, and her power of revealing Shropshire landscape and the Shropshire people, will assuredly gain her a secure niche among posterity.

ARNOLD BENNETT AND HIS STAMMER

Arnold Bennett was pathological. This remark is made with the fullest respect. It may be stoutly denied, but it is true. All his life he was a stammerer; and all real stammerers are *ipso facto* pathological. What differentiated Arnold Bennett from many of his fellow-sufferers was the intensity of his case, and his exceptional determination. Even this determination could not overcome it, but it assured him most of the advantages which belong by nature to the normal man.

Bennett's stammer not only affected his whole life most profoundly, directing it and modifying it continuously, but it has heretofore prevented him from being adequately interpreted by his devoted friends, and by the many who have written about him since his death. These, with few exceptions (notably Mr. Swinnerton) have dealt faithfully with the *superficialities* of his life, but have missed some of the essence of Bennett, which can only be understood by an intelligent person who is equally pathological.

To those who wish to understand the true nature of stammering, one book can be recommended. It is one which Bennett probably never saw, and it has not yet been published in England. This is "Stammering: a Psychoanalytic Interpretation," by Isador Coriat, and it was published in America in 1928. Despite its technicalities, it is infinitely the best treatise on the subject ever written; it makes all superficial examinations of the subject laughable, and it recognises that a stammer is one of the most difficult neuroses to overcome which exists, because it is deeply rooted in the character, and represents a protraction of a (consciously unrecognised) form of oral pleasure which is so strong as to be virtually ineradicable. To read that book, without prejudice—

and it is difficult for many people to read anything psychoanalytical without prejudice—is to understand the nature of Arnold Bennett, and, incidentally, of all stammerers.

Some salient points in the character of Bennett which even his most superficial critics have noted become readily understandable from reading *Coriat*. To begin with, Bennett was eminently social, as fundamentally are all stammerers. Their difficulty, the principal difficulty in their lives, is to reconcile this inherent sociability with the fact that their stammer precludes them from full normal intercourse with their fellows. Compensation is therefore needed. Bennett found this in writing.

Writing, to Bennett, served several purposes.

(1) It was a gratification in itself. This is seen not only in his vast output, but in his determined and successful calligraphy. If he could not speak perfectly, he would write perfectly. The desire for perfection is inherent in most stammerers. What made Bennett remarkable was his ability to reach so nearly to the object of his quest.

(2) Writing was a means of making money. Most stammerers are deeply and peculiarly interested in money. By nature they are parsimonious. Bennett, once he had reached what he considered affluence, deliberately cured

himself of this trait, and generosity no doubt gave him even higher pleasure.

(3) Mr. E. M. Forster, in that acute book "*Aspects of the Novel*," remarks that "time" is the real hero of Bennett's admitted masterpiece "*The Old Wives' Tale*." It is less fantastic than it may seem to emphasise the connection between "time" and "money."

(4) Writing, and money, were the means of enabling Bennett to fulfil the ambition of which all stammerers are possessed; and to gratify his sociable instincts.

(5) Many have noted Bennett's "cocksureness." The explanation is simple. It is easier to speak a short, sharp, dogmatic sentence than a long and qualified one.

These notes on Bennett will have served their purpose if they indicate to any biographer the importance of his stammer in his life. Although he was unable to conquer it, he provides a most remarkable instance of a man who, having a permanent obstacle in his way, did the one sensible thing—went round it, and made use of it as an island. It spared him, for instance, the necessity of public speaking. It gave him opportunities of silent observation and of listening rather than talking, and, as anyone who knew him will admit, it detracted nothing from his charm, his humour and his kindliness.

OLIVER WARNER.

What Have They Done Since Proust?

THE FRENCH NOVEL OF TO-DAY

III—Pierre MacOrlan, a Master

By
Charlotte Haldane

IN this street something horrible is going to happen. You can tell by the smell of it, by the slinking of the cats along its muddy gutters, by the leer of the street lamps, pinky-grey in the damp fog. It is a back street in Limehouse or in Antwerp, no matter precisely where; the sea is either at the end of it or just round the corner, prisoned in a dock. A little bit of sea, black, oily, with a swell ready to close silently round whatever may presently drop into it, be it a sweat-rag or a corpse.

Although it is a real street, it has obviously been built for the stage or a cinema screen. Soon, quite soon now, someone will come along it. The tale will unfold itself. Thieves, slatterns, pedlars, sailors, little girls will come along it and disappear round its self-effacing corners. Somewhere among them will be our murderer, filling us, who recognise him instantly, with horror and compassion. There but for the grace of God . . .

The setting must always have a Whistlerian ambiguity; the hour preferably is dawn or dusk. The figures are by Poe, out of "*Waxworks*" or "*The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*." Life, especially night-life, is of the seaport town, even when the geographical point is a farm in the country, or the Russian steppe. There is all Europe to be played with; such good toys to be handled: towns, trains, trams, steamers, uniforms, policemen, women, musical instruments, criminals, sailors, artists.

Pierre MacOrlan wanted to be a painter. To that end he starved during several years of exuberant youth in Montmartre. (He is getting on now of course, and that was before the days of Montparnasse.) When he no longer felt quite so young and buoyant, when drink ceased to be an adequate substitute for food, he began to write. Money would be a good thing to have in middle age.

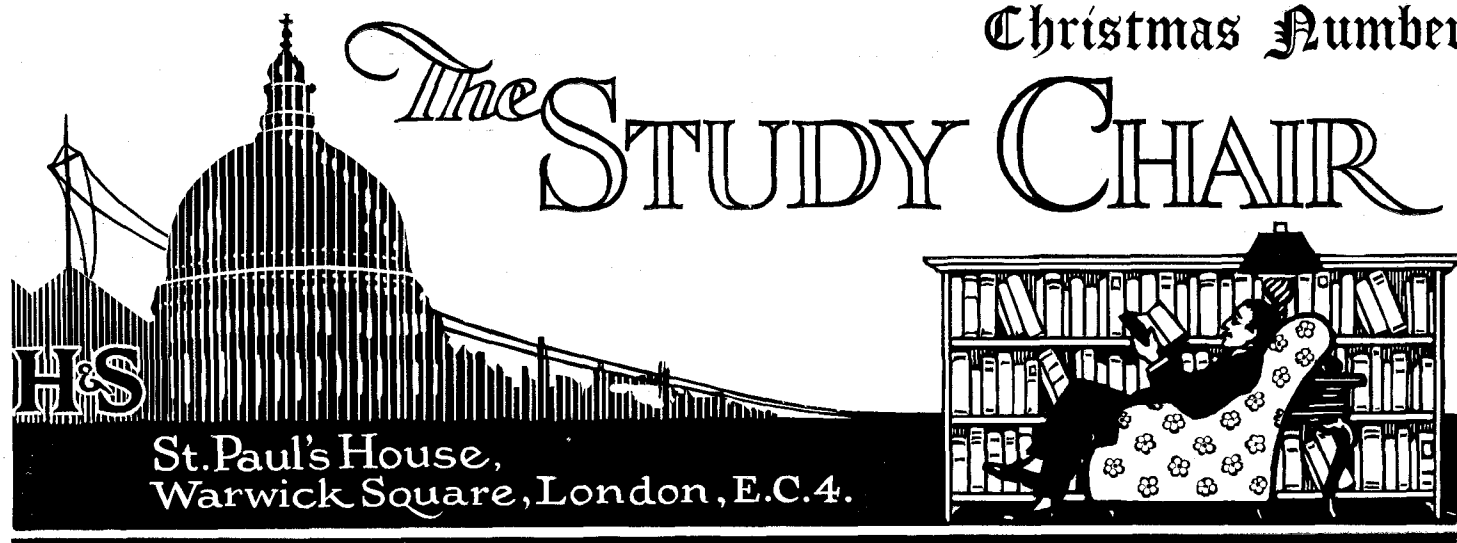
Breton, romantic, but after all a French romantic. I assume he now has lots of money. He has deserved it.

Provided a painter can express himself in words at all, he often makes a brilliant writer. The manifestoes of French painters are invariably entertaining. Their words set light to the reader's imagination; they are matches. There was for example the autobiography of Vlaminck, "*Tournants Dangereux*." It is a good thing for French literature that MacOrlan had no luck as a painter. He has the eye, the trick of the wrist, which so many "literary" writers lack. He paints and paints and paints with his pen, even perhaps with a typewriter. The point is that he paints.

Before he had found himself, in the days when he considered that a writer should write and not paint with words, he produced a thoroughly literary book, "*La Maison du Retour Ecœurant*." A spot of Rabelais, of Balzac's "*Contes drolatiques*," of Goldoni, all sorts of bits and pieces of absurdity. It is good fun, slapstick, and puerile. From this to his recent work, "*Filles d'Amour et Ports d'Europe*," is a long jump.

Personally I prefer his autobiographical essays, "*Villes*," to all the fiction. For his impressionistic technique is in some ways independent of plot, and better without it. He is a novelist whose heroes and heroines more often than not are in the way. They are never in any case more than puppets, resembling faintly the characters in modern Russian plays and stories. Objectivity is impossible to him; he needs the full centre of the stage to reveal his treasure, a mind crowded with exquisite phantoms, fantasies which change as you watch them, like fog-shapes or clouds, or the flame creations of the fire.

I can think of no contemporary writer who so plays on the reader's senses as MacOrlan. At will he evokes



No. 33

DECEMBER

1932

THE EDITOR'S LOG

THIS DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER will find its way into the hands of many who have not seen "The Study Chair" before, and did not even know of its existence until now. To them we would say that it appears four or five times a year, and will be sent free to anyone who is interested in books. If you would like to receive copies regularly, will you send us your name and address? Hodder and Stoughton Ltd., St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A Happy Christmas

Meanwhile, a Happy Christmas to all new readers and old friends. Poor old Father Christmas is admittedly rather out of fashion. Modern fireplaces have shut him out. But never mind! His spirit walks abroad and is as strong as ever. It is a genial spirit of Sympathy, Goodwill and Giving which enters into the soul of the nation and makes cold economy a rattling skeleton beside its warm-hearted vigour.

A Happy Haven of Rest

Books come into their own now, for this is their spirit, too. The warmth and mellow comfort of a room lined with books is not due only to the binder's art. They are sympathetic to your every whim and fancy, their goodwill is unbounded, they never answer back, or quibble, or accuse, but just stay patiently ready to give you what you want, be it recreation, amusement, learning, or an ampler view of life. In a world full of hurry and bustle, noise and endless doing, they are a haven of rest which we need now more than ever before. So books will be welcome presents for millions of others besides you and me.

Your Christmas Shopping

Perhaps you are one of those who plan well ahead for Christmas. Perhaps, if you have a long list of friends and relations, you follow the good example set by the Queen and start collecting in January for the following Christmas. Perhaps you make most of your presents yourself. Or do you buy this and that article because it attracts you, and so leave yourself a jig-saw puzzle at home to decide which present goes to which person? Or are you, like me, one who leaves it all too

late for comfort, necessitating a round of the shops a day or two before Christmas, just when they are fullest? This last, as I know from experience, should be avoided for two very good reasons. In the first place, you do not know what there is to be had, and secondly, you cannot always get what you want.

The Right Book for the Right Person

There is no doubt that the more trouble you take to think out what each person will really like, the more acceptable your present will be. And that is why books make such extraordinarily good presents to give, as well as to receive. The right book given to the right person is not only a lasting present, but one which brings with it a message of friendship and sympathy, over continents and oceans, to the world's end, if need be.

Books of All Sorts

It is worth taking trouble to find the right book, and to help with that happy task is the one and only purpose of this paper. Here you will find books for the parson and the congregation, for boys and girls and youths, for serious-minded citizens, and light-hearted ladies; books of education and heroism, books of immediate political interest, of research and criticism; animal books, omnibus books, humorous books, children's books, famous books still in great demand; biographies, histories, novels of all sorts and descriptions, and the most wonderful selection of great Christian books to stir the blood and strengthen the Faith that it has ever been our happy lot to publish in one season. There is something here for every purse from 25/- to Ninepence.

And there is our own little bit of pride which lets us say that every book mentioned in these pages is good of its kind and could be given to anyone.

Here is the scheme of this Study Chair

General Books, Biography, Travel, etc.	on pages 2 & 3
Novels	on pages 4 & 5
Religious Books	on pages 6 & 7
Children's Books	on page 8

MAINLY BIOGRAPHICAL

FOR CHRISTMAS THIS YEAR all lovers of J. M. Barrie will welcome his latest work—"Farewell, Miss Julie Logan," a Wintry Tale. It is published at 3/6 net in the Uniform Cloth Edition and 5/- net in the Uniform Leather Edition.

The Steward of Pharaoh's House

If you are interested in biographies, you cannot have missed the reviews of "The Life of Lord Cromer," by the Marquess of Zetland (25/- net), which will have told you much more than we can in this limited space. But we would like to stress just two main points which combine to make this book such attractive and satisfying reading.

The first is the *subject*. Lord Cromer himself was such a fine *man*, so upright and straight; an intellectual thinker and strong man of action. But human too. His life was full of thrilling incidents and his comments on those with whom he came in contact show a keen appreciation of human nature.

The second is the *author*, who combines a lucid and concise style with a wide knowledge of administrative work (for he was Governor of Bengal from 1917-22) which enables him to appreciate alike the decisive acts and the wise inaction of Cromer. The result is "a speaking and intimate likeness"—"an admirable biography."

The Story of the Tanks

Sir Ernest Swinton has been preparing this book for many years. He has much to tell which has not been told before, and which indeed no one else could tell. He was

the true originator of the idea of the Tank, the organiser of the Tank Corps before it bore that name, and the author of the first outline of Tank tactics. He is in fact the one man who can tell the true story of the birth of the Tanks, and his book "Eyewitness" (25/- net) is mainly devoted to this task.

"It is an absorbing and frequently amusing account of his manoeuvring skill in negotiating the many difficulties," which carries with it the excitement of the gradual progress and final triumph of this new "arm," after much training and practising in dead secret on the waste spaces of East Anglia. We can endorse what the *Daily Mail* reviewer said—that "it makes the strongest possible appeal to the general reader from its picturesqueness, its wit and its vision."

The Prophet of Modern Europe

There are fashions in books as much as fashions in clothes. Just now biographies are popular. Looking at things from a different angle, we see new aspects of the lives of great men in past generations. Of no one is this more true than of Mazzini, the Italian patriot who spent so much of his life in exile in England. He believed in "nationality, in democracy, and in an international order whose basis would be

purely spiritual." He looked forward from the middle of last century, through nationalism to a League of Nations, united in a spiritual unity. "The Prophet of Modern Europe" Gwilym O. Griffith calls him in his book "Mazzini" (10/6 net), and so he is. It is a book "worthy of its subject in the nobility of its intention and the enthusiasm of its execution."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

A Very Charming Lady

Lady Louisa Stuart was the granddaughter of the vivacious Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu, the daughter of Lord Bute, Prime Minister under George III, and the great-great-aunt of Mrs. Buchan, who has brought to our notice again this fine old gentlewoman (whom we had no right to forget) in "Lady Louisa Stuart: Her

Memories and Portraits" (15/- net).

"This is a delightful book... Lady Louisa moved in a distinguished environment, but—as was characteristic of great ladies of her type and generation, her friends included the humble as well as the frank... Well-read, shrewd and independent, she studied them all with a keen and penetrating eye, and her verses, letters and character-sketches make excellent reading.... Much more might be said to commend a book so full of good things, but we shall add only two words—read it."—*Glasgow Herald*.

The Exciting Life of a Popular Man

Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C., D.S.O., M.P., has had a most exciting life. He was a schoolboy at Dulwich; a cadet on the last full-rigged sea-going training ship; a midshipman in the Channel Fleet and in the Mediterranean; later wrecked on Vancouver Island when serving in the Pacific; from 1907 to 1910 in the China Squadron; during the War in the Mystery Ships; after the War in new and varied naval service; then an ordinary employee of the Ford Motor Company at Detroit; and now, still in active service but on the Home Front, Member of Parliament for Burnley. What more is wanted to make a thrilling autobiography? An ability to write? Well, "My Mystery Ships" has gone into ten editions so far, so there can

be no doubt that the last requirement is fulfilled, and that "Number Thirteen" (20/- net), his autobiography, will go into as many.

Have you read "THE POETRY OF T. S. ELIOT" (5/- net,) by HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON? who, Robert Lynd says, is "sensitive to fine things in literature."

Have you read "FROM THE BENCH" (8/6 net), by CECIL CHAPMAN? A book for every serious-minded citizen. "A very English book; in many ways the best English."—*News-Chronicle*.

TRAVEL, HISTORY AND HEROISM

General the Right Hon. J. E. B. Seely, P.C.

"For Ever England" (12/6 net) is the title of General Seely's new book. No one has greater faith in the English character than General Seely. Whether the Englishman be a farmer, or a soldier, or a sailor, or a blacksmith, or a fisherman, or a miner, or a docker, or a city man, or a pilot, or a carpenter, or a man of any other calling, General Seely has implicit faith in the fundamental soundness of his character. And he has stories of personal experience to prove his case. The Englishman is always a good fellow, but best in difficult and dangerous times. "Let the faint-hearted take note of this and rejoice that England can still find men of every class and rank who will not fail in time of trouble." The General speaks from personal experience.

A Recommendation from H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

And so he does in his other book, written for the Lifeboat Institution,—*"Launch: A Lifeboat Book"* (1/- net and 2/6 net), which tells of deeds of valour by Lifeboat Crews around these islands. He himself has for many years been a member of the Brooke (Isle of Wight) Lifeboat Crew, and is now Deputy Coxswain, so few men can speak with such authority. Every story he tells is authentic and thrilling. The Prince of Wales in his Foreword says:

"In these days it is a heartening thing to remember such achievements, and I recommend this book to all. I recommend it specially to those who are inclined to lose confidence in our future. It will put courage into them."

Edward P.

Mr. Guedalla the Traveller

In Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," when Elizabeth Bennet was invited to spend a holiday travelling in the Lake District, she exclaimed to her aunt, with whom she was going, "Oh, what hours of transport we shall spend! And when we do return it shall not be like other travellers, without being able to give one accurate idea of anything. We will know where we have gone—we will recollect what we have seen. Lakes, mountains and rivers shall not be jumbled together in our imaginations."

Even in those expressive days a good traveller was a *rara avis*. To-day it is even worse. If he is observant, he has no memory and cannot write. If he can write, he is not observant. If he has a good memory, he is not sympathetic and so remembers the wrong things. Mr. Philip Guedalla is the exception that proves the rule—particularly when he is travelling in Spain or her "gigantic daughter of the West," the Argentine Republic. He combines all the essential qualities. He has knowledge and sympathy, and is observant and a vivid writer. So we are indebted to him in that when he had the opportunity of visiting the Argentine last year he did not let his talents lie idle, but gathered his material for "Argentine Tango" (8/6 net)—as bright and lively a study of that intriguing land as you will ever read.

Mr. Guedalla the Historian

(21/- net), uniform with "The Duke" (25/- net).

A Point on which All Agree

Daily Herald. "A book in a million.... Read it."
Evening Standard. "Vivid.... touching.... valuable."
News-Chronicle. "Through these pages drifts the breath of the brave and steadfast human spirit."
The Times Literary Supplement. "Passionately sincere, free from all bitterness... vivid in the bare simplicity of its language."
Observer. "The book of an artist."
Christian World. "The best thrill I have had this year."
Yorkshire Post. "This is the best, because the most simply told, Autobiography of a Labour Leader that has yet been published."
Church Times. "The simple sincerity of his record needs no criticism.... Full of pictures that remain in the mind."

If you had tried to think of a subject on which all these papers would agree, you would have had some difficulty. The subject which has provoked their unanimous approval is "A Man's Life" by Jack Lawson, M.P. (5/- net).

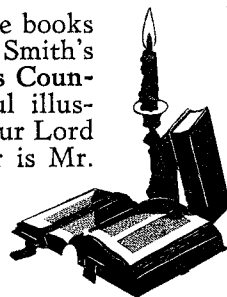
Christmas Booklets

Many people would like to give to their friends something in between a Christmas Card and a Christmas Present. For these we have published a series of beautiful little books, which will be welcomed for their happy message as well as your kind thoughts that go with them.

They are Ninepence net each, or One Shilling net attached to a Christmas Card.

COURAGE	J. M. Barrie
THE GREATEST THING in the WORLD	Henry Drummond
LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY	May Byron
THE QUIET QUEST	Hugh Redwood
WHY WORSHIP?	Muriel Lester
HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS	Stanley Baldwin
THE GENTLE ART of MAKING HAPPY	George H. Morrison
THE UNEXTINGUISHABLE LIGHT	Richard King
THE THREE GODFATHERS	Peter B. Kyne
GOD AND THE LISTENER	Hugh Redwood

There are two other special little books for Christmas. One is Dr. David Smith's last message, "The Fashion of His Countenance" (1/6 net), with beautiful illustrations of the many portraits of our Lord through the ages. And the other is Mr. Hugh Redwood's "To-Day's Parable" (1/- net and 2/6 net), which gives a thought for each day of the year—not a text, but a modern parable in four lines at most.



THERE IS A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of our Autumn Fiction, and here is a little more detail about some of the novels that have been particularly well received.

¹ *Sticky Fingers*—("a clever story")

"He has a real, economical method, a good sense of character, whether in men or women, and writes lively, natural dialogue. A good novelist, and a very useful discovery—this Mr. Dyke Acland."—J. B. Priestley in the *Evening Standard*.

⁵ *Secret Lives*—("exhilarating comedy")

"All comes to a happy end with Mr. Benson's reputation for joyous comedy enhanced. The whole book is sheer light-hearted and harmless satire in the author's happiest vein."—*Manchester Guardian*.

Here you have an intriguing glimpse behind the surface sophistication of a London Square.

⁸ *The Gap in the Curtain*—

("most cleverly contrived")

"In a most enthralling first chapter Mr. Buchan shows us some people at a house party making an experiment under the direction of a mathematical genius. These people are enabled to catch a glimpse of a tiny bit of *The Times* a year ahead.... And the result, in every instance, is not what the person imagined it would be. Here Mr. Buchan is very ingenious."—J. B. Priestley in the *Evening Standard*.

"Success depends on seeing just a little more into the future than other people." Does it? And how much is a little?

¹⁰ *Snow in Harvest*—("an original and experimenting novelist")

"Joanna Cannan defends the romantic, even melodramatic way of life, and satirises the self-conscious, pseudo-scientific way of living. It is a poor reader who will not gallop through *Snow in Harvest* and find something to enjoy on every page."—J. B. Priestley in the *Evening Standard*.

¹³ *The Castleford Conundrum*

("thank you, Mr. Connington")

"The story proceeds through a thicket of clues to the final elucidation of that unerring Chief Constable, Sir Clinton Driffeld.... Mr. Connington has never written better, or drawn characters more full of life."—E. C. Bentley in the *Daily Telegraph*.

The trouble is that there are six people who might well have committed the murder.

¹⁴ *Priorsford*—("a cheerful novel")

"If you already have enjoyed 'Penny Plain' you must hasten to acquire 'Priorsford,' for you will revel in meeting once more dear little Jean Jardine, now Lady Bidborough, in playing with her babies, in going back with her to Priorsford and knitting all the severed friendships up."—*Punch*.

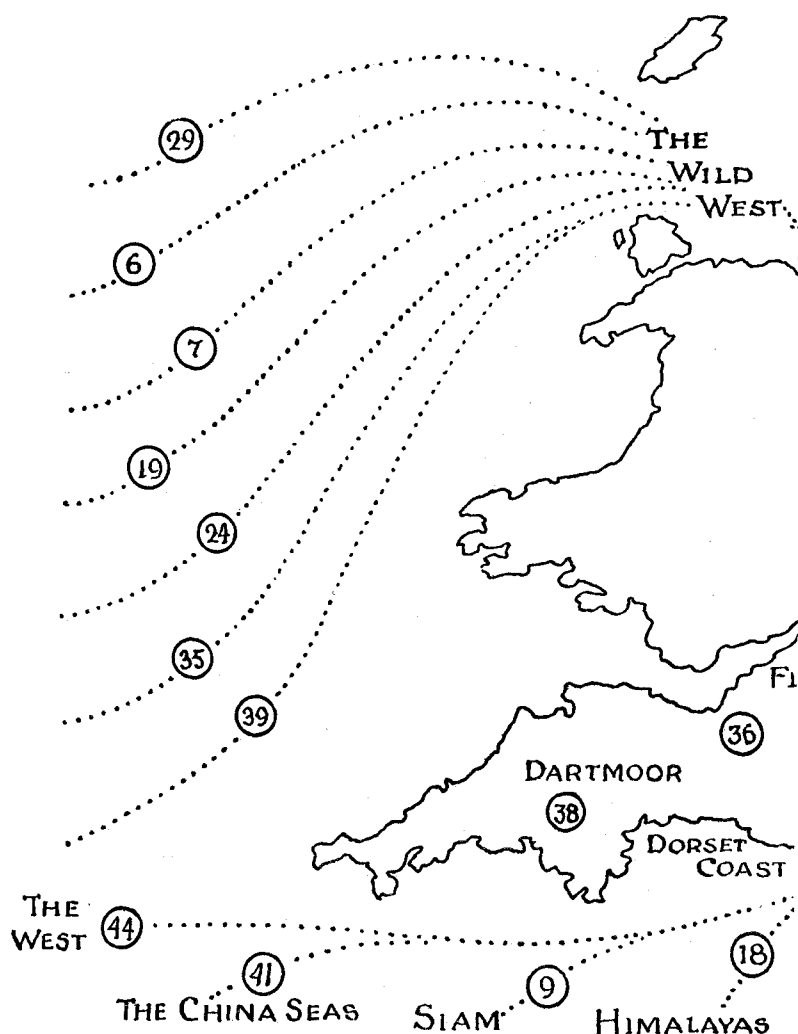
Visits and tea parties, fireside evenings and Christmas gatherings, love affairs and many happy events as well as a few sad ones.

²⁶ *Ian and Felicity*—("here's home indeed")

"Ways and means have still to be considered and, although Ian is a competent breadwinner, the burden of smoothing out the creases in their family life is mainly borne by delightful Felicity. Mr. Mackail has taken just one week in which to show us the Fosters as they are at present. It is an exhibition which I invite all who admire unobtrusive art to attend."—*Punch*.

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 | Sticky Fingers | Dyke Acland |
| 2 | Uphill | Almeý St. John Adcock |
| 3 | By the World Forgot | Ruby M. Ayres |
| 4 | Murder Intended | Francis Beeding |
| 5 | Secret Lives | E. F. Benson |
| 6 | Rocking Arrow | B. M. Bower |
| 7 | Twenty Notches | Max Brand |
| 8 | The Gap in the Curtain | John Buchan |
| 9 | Fear in the Forest | Reginald Campbell |
| 10 | Snow in Harvest | Joanna Cannan |
| 11 | Getaway | Leslie Charteris |
| 12 | Loyal Lady | Sophia Cleugh |
| 13 | The Castleford Conundrum | J. J. Connington |
| 14 | Priorsford | O. Douglas |
| 15 | Stephen Sherrin | Katharine Dunning |
| 16 | Mr. Malcolm Presents | Gerard Fairlie |
| 17 | When Rogues Fall Out | R. Austin Freeman |
| 18 | Fairy Silver | Ganpat |
| 19 | Riders Across the Border | Jackson Gregory |
| | The First Case of Mr. Paul Savoy | Jackson Gregory |
| 20 | Valse Caprice | Gavin Holt |
| 21 | Big Business | A. S. M. Hutchinson |
| 22 | Rabbit's Paw | Selwyn Jepson |
| 23 | Rainbow at Night | Nora Kent |

All 7/6 net each

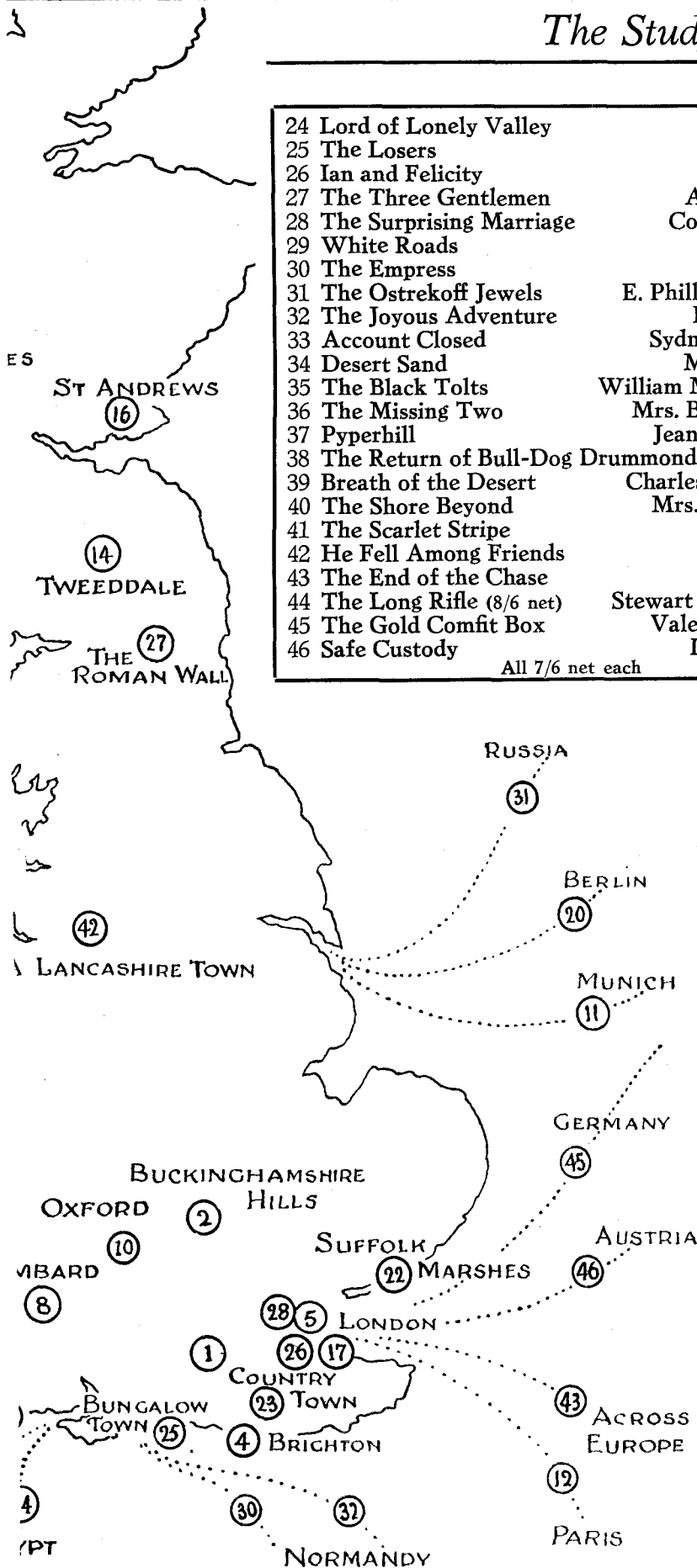


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Just Published **THE NIGHT WATCHMAN** and Other Longshoremen
By W. W. JACOBS. "It has captured my heart." J. B. Priestley

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THE BEST OF O. HENRY All over 1,000 pages, 7/6 net each



- 24 Lord of Lonely Valley
- 25 The Losers
- 26 Ian and Felicity
- 27 The Three Gentlemen
- 28 The Surprising Marriage
- 29 White Roads
- 30 The Empress
- 31 The Ostrekoff Jewels
- 32 The Joyous Adventure
- 33 Account Closed
- 34 Desert Sand
- 35 The Black Tolls
- 36 The Missing Two
- 37 Pyperhill
- 38 The Return of Bull-Dog Drummond
- 39 Breath of the Desert
- 40 The Shore Beyond
- 41 The Scarlet Stripe
- 42 He Fell Among Friends
- 43 The End of the Chase
- 44 The Long Rifle (8/6 net)
- 45 The Gold Comfit Box
- 46 Safe Custody

All 7/6 net each

- Peter B. Kyne
Bridget Lowry
Denis Mackail
A. E. W. Mason
Concordia Merrel
G. W. Ogden
Carola Oman
E. Phillips Oppenheim
Baroness Orczy
Sydney M. Parkman
Margaret Pedler
William MacLeod Raine
Mrs. Baillie Reynolds
Jean Oliver Riddell
Sapper
Charles Alden Seltzer
Mrs. Burnett-Smith
Taffrail
Wardle Taylor
Cecil Waye
Stewart Edward White
Valentine Williams
Dornford Yates

27 *The Three Gentlemen—*

("yes, they are gentlemen, these three")

"Mr. Mason can invest the romantic with reality and even hint a doctrine—of self-abnegation and service—without sacrifice of artistry. He holds us, in fact, and satisfies us at all points of the literary compass, humour and a vivid sense of history included."—*Punch*.

You will never read a story which brings more vividly before you the life of other times. When Mr. Mason writes of Roman Britain or Elizabethan England it seems as easy to understand the people of those days as it is to understand the characters in a modern novel.

30 *The Empress—*

("the stirring story of Matt'ida")

"The author does not give way to sentiment; she makes the past as vivid as the present, and her plot is as dashing and gleaming as the gems of details with which she embroiders it."—*News-Chronicle*.

"The Empress is always the centre of the picture, but all who come in contact with her are brought to life with equal success."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.

32 *The Joyous Adventure—*

(there is a fine title for a Christmas Holiday novel
"Full blooded Balzacian historical romance")

"The Baroness Orczy's plots are always close-knit—no untidy loose ends; in fact, she does what the great mass of adventure writers attempt without her conscientiousness and her gift."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"£5,000 reward for anyone who can present me with a sure remedy for my boredom!" (The money was earned.)

38 *The Return of Bull-Dog Drummond—*

("the fun waxes fast and furious")

"Hundreds of people will welcome 'The Return of Bull-Dog Drummond,' and I know they will agree with me that his creator has lost nothing of his engrossing powers of invention, or his uncanny mastery of the mysterious.... a book not to be missed."—*Bystander*.

45 *The Gold Comfit Box—*

("Dr. Grundt—formidable and sinister")

"Let me remind you that Valentine Williams has produced another Clubfoot story. This is 'The Gold Comfit Box,' and in it you will find Mr. Williams, the Secret Service, a beautiful spy, and 'Clubfoot' himself, all at the top of their form."—Howard Marshall in the *Daily Telegraph*.

46 *Safe Custody—*("entirely delicious")

"Mr. Dornford Yates has surpassed even his own previous efforts in the way of thrillers by writing 'Safe Custody'.... Not content with providing a masterly tale of adventure, the author weaves into it a gracious and gentle love story which makes it all the more pleasant."—*John o' London's Weekly*.

Treasure hidden in an ancient Austrian castle by a Borgia Pope; left lying, "in safe custody," for over four hundred years, and then heard of in a cryptic fashion, is by no means to be lightly got at.

And here is a dramatic and moving novel for the times by Joseph Hocking entitled *The Eternal Choice*. The discussions in it will set the reader thinking. The price is 3/6 net

OMNIBUS BOOKS

Just Published THE SECRET SERVICE OMNIBUS
By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Others always in demand are:

All over 1,000 pages 7/6 net each	THE FIRST OPPENHEIM OMNIBUS	41 Stories
	SAPPER	The Four Rounds of Bull-dog Drummond
	BARONESS ORCZY	The Scarlet Pimpernel Omnibus
	AUSTIN FREEMAN	The Dr. Thorndyke Omnibus

FOR CLERGYMEN IN PARTICULAR

A Library at Home

No longer is it a matter of course for every man to build up a library of his own in his own home, as it was in the last century. The people who best carry on this excellent tradition now are the parsons, and—if for this reason only—they deserve our special attention.

But this is not the only reason. We expect from the minister at least one erudite and up-to-date sermon each Sunday. Very often our excuse for not going to church is that he never says anything really worth saying. But no one can keep on indefinitely giving out without taking in. A parson cannot preach week after week without reading. But he quite honestly has not got the money to buy the books he wants. They are expensive, and always must be, because they are lengthy and specialised. Give him a few this Christmas. You do not know how really grateful he will be.

A Present for the Parson

In the hope that some of you who read this may wish to try it for yourselves, here are some books which, though on the whole too specialised for the lay reader, are just what will help the parson to keep abreast of the times with new ideas, new interpretations, and the very latest discoveries in modern Biblical criticism.

Our Theological Department will always be pleased to select a Christmas parcel of books for the parson to any given value, if you do not feel that you know enough about the books to make a satisfactory selection yourself. We are ready and anxious to give you our advice and assistance in any way you ask.

Commentaries

Most valuable to all clergymen is some commentary that embodies the most recent scholarship with a sympathetic appreciation of the Bible. Something more than an academic treatise is essential, and it is this extra quality of sympathy which made Dr. David Smith so admirably suited to such a task. "The Disciple's Commentary on the New Testament," published in five volumes at 21/- net each, is "a noble and ennobling book." "Whoever reads it will find his faith confirmed and his soul refreshed." It is expensive because there is much in it. Few parsons can afford it. But they would love to have it on their shelves, all the same.

Then there is our other Commentary based on Dr. Moffatt's New Translation of the Bible, and under his editorship. Each volume is treated by an expert in that subject, so that the whole work, when it is completed,

will represent the last word in New Testament scholarship. Up to the present eight volumes have been published: Matthew; Luke; John; Acts; Philippians; The General Epistles; Colossians, Philemon and Ephesians; and Romans, by Professor C. H. Dodd, D.D.—the newest volume, which has received special praise. They are 8/6 each, and the other volumes are in preparation.

Is our New Testament in a Reliable Form?

One of the questions which everyone must answer to his own satisfaction as soon as he begins to study the New Testament seriously is "Have these writings come down to us in the words of their first writers?" The parson has to have his answer ready. In "The New Testament and Its Transmission" (7/6 net), by Professor George Milligan, he will find the facts he wants, including the very latest conclusions reached through recent advances in textual criticism.

The Human Interest of the Old Testament

Then there is the question of the Old Testament. It is only when this is taken for what it is—great literature of absorbing human interest, telling of the search for God—that we appreciate either its religious message or its full beauty. Dr. McFadyen has brought right up to date his "Introduction to the Old Testament," a book which has always met a very real need. And this revised and enlarged edition is now published at 7/6 net.

Modern Problems

And then there is all the new thought, which is taken so seriously to-day. It is the relation of this new thought to the ideals of Christianity that is the main theme of Dean Inge's "Christian Ethics and Modern Problems," which is now published at 5/- net.

And again it is the relation of the new thought to the old that has led Dr. D'Arcy, the Archbishop of Armagh, to clarify the Christian's view of Providence in "Providence and the World Order" (6/- net).

And Dr. Maclean, also, has taken account of the latest researches into the spiritual world in his most controversial book "Death Cannot Sever" (3/6 net).

Faith

Lastly, we return to the very corner-stone of religion. "The Rule of Faith," by Dr. W. P. Paterson, is "one of the most important theological books that have been produced for a generation or more." This year we are publishing a new and fully revised edition at 8/6 net.

In addition to the New Books and Revised Editions mentioned in detail on this page, we have of course many others on our lists which deserve special attention, and the following is a selection from these:

BODY, MIND & SPIRIT, by Elwood Worcester and Samuel McComb. 10/6 net.

THE CHRISTIAN OUTLOOK IN THE MODERN WORLD, by Dr. D'Arcy, Archbishop of Armagh. 6/- net.

PSYCHOLOGY & RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE, by Professor W. Fearon Halliday. 8/6 net.

JESUS AND THE GOSPEL OF LOVE, by Canon Charles E. Raven, Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. 15/- net.

ESSENTIALS, by the Rev. P. Carnegie Simpson. 5/- net.

THE WORKS OF THE
VERY REV. GEORGE ADAM SMITH
particularly

THE BOOK OF ISAIAH, Vols. I & II, 10/6 net each; and

THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND, fully revised and brought up to date, 1932. 25/- net.

THE DOCTRINES of the CHRISTIAN FAITH, by Principal Sydney Cave. 8/6 net.

JESUS IN THE FIRST GOSPEL, by Professor J. Alexander Findlay. First Cheap Edition. 3/6 net.

THE CONFLICT IN THE EARLY CHURCH, by Professor W. D. Niven. 6/- net.

FOR THE CONGREGATION IN GENERAL

The Possibilities of the Spirit of Christ

The days of materialistic and purely secular thought are over. Even the scientists are now finally convinced that reality is spiritual, and "Materialism" by Professor J. S. Haldane (3/6 net) is a very good explanation of why one great scientist accepts a spiritual interpretation of the universe. It is only a step from this stage to a general new awakening to the Spirit of Christ, and there seems now to be an intense, earnest desire to find and foster this Spirit throughout the land.

In the forefront of the search is the Oxford Group Movement. Whatever criticisms you may have, whether you like it or not, here is real bursting energy and a real power for good. "For Sinners Only" (5/- net), by A. J. Russell, is their book. It tells what they stand for, their aims and the wonderful results of their efforts in changing the lives of many simple people like you and me. (72,500 already printed)

Questions answered in Everyday English

The Group Movement is but one of the many signs of a renewed spiritual consciousness. There is now, as never since the War, a questing spirit, not searching the path away from religion, but finding the way back to the real spirit of Christianity. It is to help in this search that the Westminster Books have been planned. Each volume answers a question that is on the lips or in the hearts of thousands. The first four volumes are "Do Dead Men Live Again?" by Archdeacon Storr; "What Shall We Say of Christ?" by Principal Sydney Cave; "Is Sin Our Fault?" by S. A. McDowall, of Winchester College; and "What is Salvation?" by Professor Eric S. Waterhouse. The great thing is that you can understand these books. To quote R. Birch Hoyle in the *British Weekly*: "The writers are picked men, each gifted with consummate knowledge of his question, and able to state his answers in everyday English." Each book is beautifully bound and boxed, and costs 3/- net. Seven other volumes are already in preparation.

The Relevance of the Life of Christ

And more and more we are going back to the fountain head—to the actual Life of Christ—to find the solution to modern problems. Each age finds a new interpretation which seems to make the old story particularly relevant. In 1918 we first published "By An Unknown Disciple," which has helped thousands to appreciate more vividly the human emotions that underlie the old story and the unfailing magnetism of

the central Character. Now, for the first time, this glorious book is being produced in a cheaper edition at 2/6 net.

And then there is Leslie D. Weatherhead's new book, "His Life and Ours" (5/- net). This links up the main features of the Life of Christ with the question, How does each incident in that Life light up and give meaning and significance to the life we have to live? The result is a beautiful Life of Christ and a vivid picture of its immediate relevance; and the questionnaires relative to each chapter give an opportunity of extending personal thinking or starting Group discussion.

The Test of Action

"The test of action is a very simple one, but it goes deep.—That silent witness to Christ is easily understood." This quotation is taken from the Introduction to "What I Owe to Christ" (5/- net), C. F. Andrews' spiritual autobiography, in the opinion of many the greatest book of its kind since Newman's "Apologia." (5th Edition)

The Mary Slessor of Our Generation

It might also form the theme of "A Saint in Kenya" (5/- net), by Mrs. H. E. Scott, the story of Marion Scott Stevenson, who worked as a missionary among the Natives of Africa from 1907 until her death in June, 1930. When you have read this book you will agree with us that here is the Mary Slessor of our generation.

The following books which are all produced in a Uniform Series at ONE SHILLING have sold to the extent of well

over **1,000,000** copies

GOD IN THE SLUMS	Hugh Redwood
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WHAT CHRIST MEANS TO ME	Sir Wilfred Grenfell
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RHYMES	G. A. Studdert Kennedy
LIES	G. A. Studdert Kennedy
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THE WAY TO PENTECOST	Samuel Chadwick
THE HAPPIEST MAN	Reginald Kennedy-Cox
WHEN WE PRAY: A Method of Prayer taught by G. A. Studdert Kennedy	Ronald Sinclair
LAUNCH: A Lifeboat Book	General Seely

Four Great Preachers

The test of action is no less easily understood in this country than in India or Africa. That is why the preachers who really touch the hearts of the people are those who practise what they preach. What they say is full of sympathy and sincerity. Of no one was this more true than of G. A. Studdert Kennedy, whose last book, "The New Man in Christ," was published this year at 2/6 net. He will long be remembered and his words valued, just as are Morrison of Wellington's. "The Footsteps of the Flock" and "Floodtide" are the two latest volumes to be added to the uniform series of Dr. Morrison's books at 3/6 net, which still continues the good work of spreading the sunshine of his sympathy, though he has left us. In the same way, "Richmond Hill Sermons" (5/- net), by Dr. J. D. Jones, of Bournemouth, and "A Voice for God" (6/- net), by Dr. J. Stuart Holden, of St. Paul's Church, Portman Square, will spread the word far beyond one town or city or country.

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Rudyard Kipling

We have published this Autumn a new edition of Rudyard Kipling's "Songs of Youth" with eight beautiful illustrations at 5/- net.

So Many Good Things



ERNEST

Then there is "Good Afternoon, Children" (5/- net), unlike anything you have ever seen before. Here are fourteen of the most popular stories that were told over the Wireless when Uncle Columbus was Organiser of the Children's Hour. He has specially chosen the ones that created most interest and Mr. Morton Sale has illustrated them with over a hundred drawings and four whole-page coloured pictures. Excellent stories that will thrill any child from five to fifteen, excellent pictures, excellent production, but only five shillings—and I will tell you why.

We want to show that if a book has good stories and good pictures, it will appeal to children more if it is beautifully produced than if it is not. It is because we can anticipate a great demand for this book that we can print a large first edition and publish at 5/- net. You should make a point of seeing this book at your booksellers.

And, of course, if you really like beautiful Children's Books, you can see at any bookseller's editions of "Peter Pan," from 1/- net to 25/- net, and make your choice according to your purse.

Animal Stories

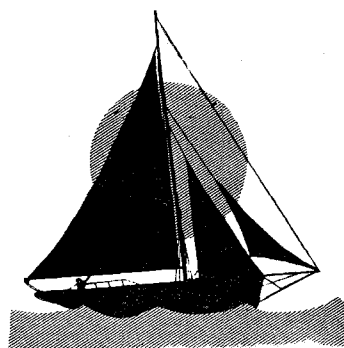


If you have been reading the papers regularly during the last week or two, you will have noticed that when anyone is reported as having given some definite opinion as to the tastes in literature of modern children they always mention the growing interest in Animal Stories. The greatest of all Animal Story writers is Ernest Thompson Seton. In the first place, he always writes the story of an animal he knows. He never generalises. His stories are nearer thrilling Animal Biographies than Fiction. After spending days, weeks, and months studying one particular animal and getting to know the working of his mind, his habits and his fads, he tells the story in his own inimitable way. And the hero stands out as living and real as if he were indeed human. But that is not all. He illustrated each story profusely with his own sketches which are so just right that his books are irresistible to grown-ups as well as children. Every story is true and every animal hero really lived, and was the hero he is made out to be. Here are some of them:

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WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN	7/6 net
THE TRAIL OF THE SANDHILL STAG	2/6 net
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RAGGYLUG	2/6 net
OLD SILVER GRIZZLE	2/6 net
JOHNNY BEAR	2/6 net
THE BIOGRAPHY OF A GRIZZLY	2/6 net
BILLY: THE DOG THAT MADE GOOD	2/6 net

Then there are the Arthur Mee books which always make good Christmas presents, because they are so full of all sort of information which children not only ought but also want to know. Perhaps the two most popular are "The Children's Bible" and "One Thousand Beautiful Things" (7/6 net each).

Adventure



Real adventure is always thrilling. Books of adventure are always popular, so it is no wonder that our "Adventure Stories" have met with such success.

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- 3—FEAR AND BE SLAIN
General the Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely, P.C., C.M.G.
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not only visual impressions, but also those of sound and smell. Even from his worst novels this capacity is never absent.

Three books ago he tried to banish himself from the picture. He had no doubt been reading Edgar Wallace, with whom he can be compared, as champagne can be compared with *vin ordinaire*. Both consist largely of grape-juice. In "La Tradition de Minuit" MacOrlan produced a shocker which shocked his admirers in a way he may not have intended. Next he had a shot at P.C. Wrennishness. He published "La Bandera," which was original in so far as it dealt with the *Spanish* Foreign Legion. But at least it contained a policeman, or rather a detective, who presaged a return to form. With "Filles d'Amour" this optimistic impression was confirmed: MacOrlan has come back.

The form of this last work is interesting. The narrator picks up in Hamburg a retired German sea captain, Captain Hartmann. Together they wander the streets at night.

"Don't blame the night. Or rather, don't blame the night in that way. We are dominated by the night, you and I. There are two sorts of men: some recuperate their forces during sleep; others in action. Night is rich in mysteries and in revelations, at least that is true of the nights of certain cities I have known."

In this fashion Captain Hartmann starts reminiscing of Naples, Barcelona, London docks, night, women, criminals, and the police. The story is the slenderest thread on which to hang impressionistic pictures. They reflect life, or bits of it, as a soap-bubble will. Its own film, its own rainbow colours, through or in which we suddenly, with a twinge of uneasiness, see a shape we recognise.

Here HE comes:

"In my opinion there have existed in our time four great creators of horror, four great producers of prodigiously ghastly films. I saw them chronologically as follows: Jack the Ripper, Landru, Haarmann and X, the strangler of Flehe, and his procession of girls and little girls drained of their blood. The little Lentzen girl and the little Harmacher, dead and livid, a finger on their pale lips, beckoned to me to follow them. The frail little victims whispered to me: 'Come, we will show you the 'gentleman' who killed us.'"

The essay continues, or rather the film, harrowing the emotions less than it delights the intellect. Prodigiously intellectual, MacOrlan in this vein. He transforms the hangman's rope into a tight-rope on which he dances for the delight of the mind, though the imagination may well recoil from his macabre pirouettes.

The policeman:

"I think of the modern policeman rather as one of

those strange creations of the laboratory, whose physical appearance is stripped of the details which give its charm to the human form. A machine with joints of steel, of a mathematical sensibility. Electrical current flows through the multiple wires which end in his brain. . . . This person, equipped with every mechanical device for seeing and hearing, stands of course at every dubious crossing, where sinister thoughts whirl about like dead leaves."

This stuff has a quality far more virile than that of most contemporary literature. MacOrlan gives me an impression rather like that, like one waiting at the cross-roads of life, where sinister thoughts whirl about like dead leaves. But who waits? I have said he is a painter, but I am not sure that he is not, like Captain Hartmann, a spy. He has also been a newspaper re-

porter and possesses to the full the journalist's sense of the present, the topical. He is one of the few products of modern civilisation who, far from finding it depressing, draw from it a kind of exaltation. He writes with relish, as a man of great vitality, who has always enjoyed superb health.

The French romantic is an exceedingly difficult figure to sum up. Like Cézanne, MacOrlan is a French romantic who expresses himself only by means of formal, classical gestures. His appreciation of Germany or Russia, of a romantic scene or landscape in which at any moment anything from a fairy-tale to the murderer of Düsseldorf may spring to life, is neat, precise as the construction of Racine. No alexandrine could be more



Pierre MacOrlan.

exact than MacOrlan's apparently impressionistic style, in which every word is made to play its ordained part. Like Humpty-Dumpty, he obviously believes in paying them well.

A protean figure and one, it is amusing to realise, produced by France and by no other country. He has characteristics of all the romantic nations. He is as "fey" as a Scotsman, as gay and melancholy as a Russian, as thrilled with mechanical invention as an American, as devoted to the sea and all to do with it as an English skipper, as pleased with puppets and puppet shows as a Bavarian.

But he is a master because he possesses, more than any living writer, the quality which can only be summed up by a French word which is untranslatable: *Ambiance*. . . .

That is his secret and the clue to it.

Principal works: "Le Nègre Leonard et Maître Jean Mullin," "La Cavalière Elsa," "La Venus Internationale," "Le Quai des Brumes," "Le Chant de l'Equipage," "A Bord de l'Etoile Matutine," "Nuits aux Bouges," "Villes," "Filles d'Amour et Ports d'Europe."

Themes: Witchcraft, communism, art and crime, pirates, ports, and especially his own reactions to these.

The Collector

RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND TRANSLATIONS By E. A. Osborne

VI—IVAN SERGEEVICH TURGENEV (1818-1883)

Although the fourth in the line of great Russian authors, Turgenev was the first to gain fame abroad and thus to attract attention to a thriving national literature. Towards the end of his life he was far more popular abroad than in his own country, as witness the fact that French and English versions of *Virgin Soil* appeared in book form before the novel was published as a book in Russia. Turgenev's popularity has waned considerably since the writings of his two great contemporaries, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, have been translated; but nevertheless to Turgenev must be given the credit of creating the interest in Russian literature; for all of his novels and many of his best short stories had appeared in translation before anything of consequence of Pushkin, Tolstoy or Dostoevsky had appeared in English.

Turgenev was born in 1818 at Orel in Central Russia, where he lived and received his education from tutors till he entered the University of Moscow in 1833. His parents moved to St. Petersburg in 1834 and he entered the university there. At the university he became acquainted with Professor Pletnev, the friend of Pushkin and Gogol, and to him he showed his first attempts at writing poetry. The title and nothing else of one verse drama, *Steno*, has survived. It was a slavish imitation of Byron's *Manfred*, but Pletnev saw sufficient promise in it to encourage him to go on writing. Pushkin, Lermontov and Byron were his idols and his poems were close imitations of their works. Two poems, written at the end of his university career, were published anonymously in a magazine in 1838.

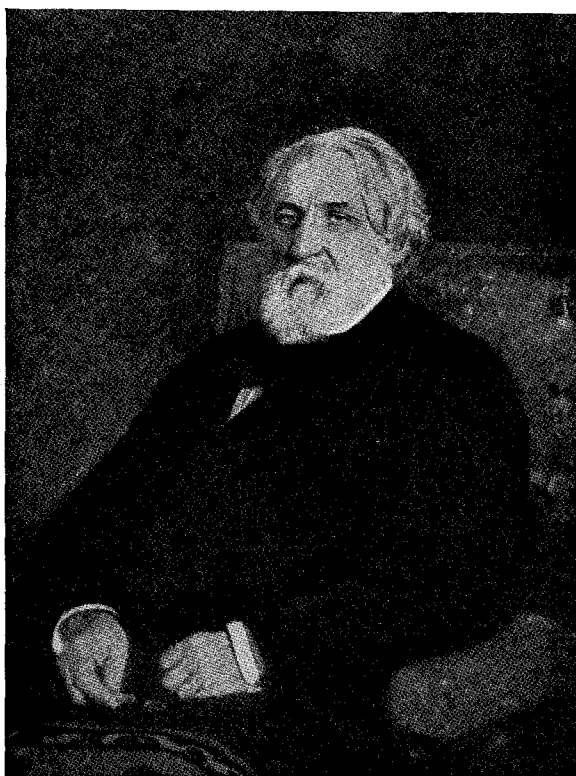
Feeling that the education he was getting at St. Petersburg was inadequate, he went in 1838 to the University of Berlin to take Hegel's philosophic course. There he met many other young Russians, including Alexander Herzen the revolutionary, Stankevich the short-lived idealist, and Bakunin, destined to become a notorious anarchist, with whom he shared rooms for a year. About 1860, when Herzen was in exile in London, Turgenev assisted him in the production of the revolutionary periodical *The Bell*. Turgenev was attracted by the aesthetic culture and idealism of these "Men of the Forties," the group which contained all the best and most promising young men of the age led by Belinsky, and identified himself with them.

He returned to Russia in 1841 and, with the intention of making scholarship his career, he entered the University of Moscow, took his degree and passed the preliminary examinations for his professorship. Then to his mother's dismay he abandoned the idea and, following the conventional path of a young Russian of birth and education, decided to enter the Civil Service. But after two years, in which he seems to have spent most of his time in composing verses, he gave up his post in the Ministry of the Interior. His decision to devote himself to poetry was extremely distasteful to his mother and partly on account of this, and partly because of the obvious infatuation he

had conceived for the famous *prima donna* Pauline Garcia, whom he saw at the opera in 1843, she stopped his allowance. So that from 1843 till 1850, when she died, he lived in, for him, something like poverty.

In 1843 he published over the initials T. L. a narrative poem *Parasha*, reminiscent of Pushkin's *Evgeni Onegin*, from the heroine of which Turgenev's poem was named. The book was reviewed appreciatively by the great critic Belinsky, to whom on the strength of the review Turgenev introduced himself. The friendship thus begun lasted till

Belinsky's death in 1848. The period (1836-1846) was almost wholly devoted to poetry, but one prose story *Andrei Kolosov* appeared in the periodical *Annals of the Fatherland* (1844). The narrative poems *Andrei*, *A Conversation* and *The Squire* were published (1845-46) in the same magazine; but after these, on the advice of Belinsky, he gave up poetry. Indeed, if we may trust his own words in his memoirs, he decided to give up writing altogether. He says in *Literary Reminiscences* (1868): "... I made a firm resolve to give up literature. But in response to the wish of T. T. Panaev, who wanted some copy to make up the first number of *Sovremennik*, I sent him on leaving St. Petersburg at the end of 1846, *Khor and Kalinych* [the words "From a Sportsman's Notebook" were added out of his own head to favourably impress the reader]. The success of that sketch induced me to write others and I returned to literature." The sketch



Ivan Turgenev.
After Elia Répin.

was tucked away among the miscellaneous items at the end of the magazine, but attracted so much attention that *Sovremennik* (The Contemporary) published them fairly regularly from 1847 to 1851. During this period, too, he wrote his plays, several of which were performed with considerable success. He tried later in life to let them lie neglected with his poetry, but on the insistence of his publisher he allowed them to be included in the collected edition of 1880, admitting that they might have some interest as cabinet-pieces. Nevertheless a revival of the best of them, *A Month in the Country*, at St. Petersburg in 1878 was a great success. Turgenev refused to take a curtain-call, saying that he did not wish to be thought of as a dramatic writer. The plays were overlooked by translators till 1924, when Mr. M. S. Mandell's translation was issued by the Macmillan Company of New York.

Some of the fine fervour of the idealism of the university period at Berlin had waned, and the reason he gave for leaving Russia at the end of 1846, "that he could not breathe the air of oppression," was probably less cogent than his desire to be in the company of Mme. Viardot (Pauline Garcia). All his life he was devoted to her, and Abram Yarmolinsky in the fullest biography of Turgenev in English, heads the chapter on his association with the Viardots "An Unofficial Marriage." The implication is too strong, for though Turgenev on his side had a passionate admiration and love for her, she was warmly attached to her handsome husband and impresario Louis Viardot, with

whom Turgenev too was on the very best of terms. Mme. Viardot gave him sympathy, comfort and warm friendship during an acquaintance that lasted from 1843 till his death in 1883. Turgenev was hard put to it to define their relationship. In one of his letters to her he says: "I assure you that my feeling for you is something the world has never known before, something that never before existed and that will never repeat itself."

When Turgenev left Russia in 1846 he accompanied Belinsky to Salzbrunn, whither the invalid critic had been sent in search of a cure. In the summer he visited the Viardots at their country place, Courtavenel in Rosay-en-Brie, and when they left for the winter opera season, they allowed the impoverished Turgenev to stay on. Writing to his friend Fet, the distinguished poet, he says: "Here, having no means of existence in Paris, I spent the winter all alone, living on soup, chickens, and omelettes, which were cooked for me by an old servant. Here it was that in order to make money I wrote the greater part of my *Sportsman's Sketches*. . . ." In 1847 he helped Louis Viardot with a translation of the works of Gogol, published at Paris, and warmly praised for its accuracy by Belinsky. Through the Viardots he met George Sand, the only foreign writer whose influence he would acknowledge; Prosper Mérimée, who had already made a reputation as a translator of Russian literature; and Charles Edmond who later on introduced him to all the most important French writers of the time—Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Flaubert, the Goncourts, Renan, Zola and a host of others. He became one of the guests at the famous Magny restaurant dinners.

Until 1850, when the news of his mother's serious illness compelled him to return to Russia, he enjoyed the hospitality of the Viardots while they were in France, and cultivated his acquaintances in Paris while they were away on tour. On his return to Russia he found conditions created by the revolutionary year (1848) extremely unfavourable to writers with liberal ideas. While in Salzbrunn, Belinsky had written Gogol that letter of passionate invective against the infamy of serfdom, which, spread throughout Russia in manuscript copies, became the manifesto of Russian liberalism. Through it Dostoevsky nearly lost his life, and was sent to Siberia. Turgenev's known association with Belinsky brought him under suspicion. There was little enough in the *Sportsman's Sketches* to seize upon as anti-serfdom propaganda; but in 1852, on the death of Gogol, Turgenev wrote an enthusiastic obituary notice which was vetoed by the St. Petersburg censor but passed by the Moscow authority. It was published in the *Moscow News* and, ostensibly because of his disregard of the St. Petersburg prohibition, but actually on account of the *Sportsman's Sketches*, he was arrested and imprisoned for a month. From prison he was ordered to his estate at Spasskoe, where he remained under supervision for two years. Soon after his departure to Spasskoe, his *Sportsman's Sketches* were published in two volumes at Moscow. They were immediately successful and Turgenev was at one bound in the front rank of contemporary Russian writers. While in durance at Spasskoe, like Pushkin and Lermontov in similar circumstances, he had ample leisure to write and some of his best short stories were composed at this time.

He was allowed to return to St. Petersburg in 1854 and he soon became one of the leading *littérateurs*. The verses of such eminent poets as Fet and Tyutchev were submitted to him for advice and emendation before publication. He became intimate with the Aksakovs, Goncharov and Tolstoy, and it was through him that later Tolstoy was introduced to, and achieved such a wide popularity in, France. In 1856 he published a collection of *Novels and Tales* in three volumes which included almost all the stories he had written since the publication of *Andrei Kolosov* in 1844. This collection, which included his first novel *Rudin*, written in 1856, and *Faust*, *Mumu*, *The Jew* and *The Diary of a Superfluous Man*, consolidated the success of the *Sportsman's Sketches*.

From 1856 Turgenev began his constant journeys to and

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from Russia and from this time till his death in 1883 he may be said to have lived in Western Europe and made frequent visits to Russia; for he made no really lengthy stay on his estate at Spasskoe. In 1859 he further enhanced his established reputation with *A House of Gentilefolk*. At this time his fame was at its zenith in Russia; for from then on, partly because of his preference for Western Europe and partly because of his refusal to subordinate his literary ideals to social propaganda in his novels, his popularity declined in his own country while it grew in Western Europe and America. On *The Eve* (1860) with its Bulgarian revolutionary hero, was taken as an implication that Russia could not produce men of action, and *Fathers and Children* (1862), conceived at Ventnor in the Isle of Wight in 1860, offended both radicals and reactionaries alike, the former taking offence at the caricature of themselves in the hero Bazarov and the latter condemning his glorification of nihilism. Disgusted with the attitude of his fellow countrymen, Turgenev turned to his friends abroad who had nothing but praise for his work. He settled at Baden in 1864 with the Viardots and there wrote *Smoke* (1868), a novel of Russian life abroad, in which he satirises the reactionary noblesse and the radical émigrés, a bitter and rather unsuccessful book. Some of his best long short stories, such as *Spring Floods* and *A Lear of the Steppe*, were written about this time; but these attracted comparatively little attention in Russia. In 1876 he settled at Bougival near Paris on a property which he and Louis Viardot bought jointly. Here he wrote his last novel, *Virgin Soil* (1877). He continued writing short stories and the beautifully finished *Poems in Prose* until his death in 1883. He was buried at St. Petersburg and Renan read his funeral oration in Paris.

Deputations from all parts of Russia and Europe attended the ceremony, but the Russian government sent no representative.

His fame reached its high-water mark abroad with Melchior de Vogüé's famous eulogy in *Le Roman Russe* (1885). One of the best and most sympathetic accounts of Turgenev the man is the essay by Henry James, included in the book *Partial Portraits*. The letters to his French friends, the Viardots, George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Gautier, Flaubert, Taine, Renan, Charles Edmond, Zola, Guy de Maupassant and others, reveal the true Turgenev and afford a great deal of interesting biographic material. They were collected and edited in French by E. Halperine-Kaminsky, and an excellent translation by Ethel M. Arnold, *Tourguenieff and his French Circle*, was published by Fisher Unwin in 1898. Mr. Edward Garnett's *Turgenev*, now published in the Collins's *Kings' Way Classics*, consists mainly of the prefaces to his wife's translations in the collected edition, and is excellent but not very detailed. The fullest biography, Abram Yarmolinsky's *Turgenev, The Man, His Art and His Age* (Century Co., New York, 1926), issued by Messrs Hodder & Stoughton in England,

is based on researches conducted in the libraries of New York, Paris, London, Berlin, Leningrad and Moscow, and it is scarcely possible that this fascinating work will be superseded.

TRANSLATIONS OF IVAN SERGEEVICH TURGENEV (1818-1883).

1855. "Russian Life in the Interior" or "The Experiences of a Sportsman." Edited by James D. Meiklejohn. (Adam and Charles Black.) Edinburgh. Translation from an imperfect French version (by M. Charriere, the perpetrator of the extremely bad version of Gogol's *Dead Souls*) of *Zapiski Okhoznika* (*A Sportsman's Sketches*), Moscow, 1852. Prepared to satisfy contemporary curiosity about the life of the Russians, it carries faked headings such as Popular Superstitions in Russia for Byezhin Prairie (one of Turgenev's most perfect pieces of writing). Turgenev protested strongly against the translation. Another

translation from the French was prepared by F. P. Abbot and published by Holt (New York), 1885; the first adequate translation was that of Mrs. Garnett in Vols. 8, 9 (1895) of the Heinemann collected edition (1894-99).

1862. "The Two Primas Donnas (and 'The Dumb Door-Porter')." Sala, G. A. (Tinsley Bros.) London. *The Dumb Door-Porter* is an adaptation from a French version of *Mumu*, first published in *Sovremennik* (*The Contemporary*, March, 1853) and included in *Povesti i Razskazi* (*Novels and Tales*, 1856).

1867. "Fathers and Sons." Translated from the Russian with the approval of the author by Eugene Schuyler. (Leypolt & Holt.) New York. Translation of *Otsy i Dyeti* (*Fathers and Children*) first published in the *Russian Messenger*, February, 1862, and in the same year in book form. Eugene Schuyler was the translator who introduced Tolstoy to America with *The Cossacks* (1878). Schuyler's translation was reissued by Ward,

Lock (1883) in England in a yellow-back edition. A translation by C. J. Hogarth is available in the *Everyman Library*.

1868. "Smoke: or Life at Baden." 2 vols. (Bentley.) London. An extremely bad anonymous translation of *Dym* (*Smoke*), first published in the *Russian Messenger* (1867) and in book form at Moscow in 1868. Ralston says of it in the preface to *Liza*: "Still more vigorously had M. Turgenev to protest against an English translation of *Smoke* which appeared a few months ago."

1869. "Liza." Translated from the Russian by W. R. S. Ralston. 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.) London. Translation of *Dvoryanskoe Gnyezdo* (lit. *A Nest of Nobles*), first published in *The Contemporary* (January, 1859) and in book form in the same year. A thoroughly competent translation by the well-known Russian scholar of the British Museum and friend of Turgenev. Translated as *A House of Gentilefolk* by Mrs. Constance Garnett (1894) and I. F. Hapgood (1903) and as *A Nest of Hereditary Gentlemen* by F. M. Davis (1914). Ralston's translation is in print in the *Everyman Library*.

1871. "On the Eve." Translated from the Russian by C. E. Turner. (Hodder & Stoughton.) London. A competent translation of *Nakanunye* (*On the Eve*), first published in the *Russian Messenger* (January,



1860). Turner was at this time English Lector in the University of St. Petersburg. This translation was reissued in Holt's *Leisure Hour Series* in 1873.

1873. "Dimitri Roudine." Translated from the French and German versions. The *Leisure Hour Series*. (Holt & Williams.) New York. Issued in cream cloth, lettered and decorated in black. End-papers printed in red and dated July 12, 1873. I have a copy with the imprint *Henry Holt and Company* 1873, lettered from the same dies and blocked from the same brasses, but with gilt decorations on the spine and printed end-papers dated June 22, 1878. Four volumes of the *Leisure Hour Series* in my possession have three varieties of cloth, two types of cover design, and four variants of the publishers' owl device. It is dangerous, indeed impossible, to dogmatise on observation of so few copies, but from examination of my own, those in the British Museum, and, vicariously through the kindness of Mr. Norman A. Hall, of Newton Centre, of those in the Library of Congress, I have at least decided the first issues of the translations in this famous series. Translation of *Rudin* first published in *The Contemporary* (January-February, 1856) and in book form in *Novels and Tales*, 1856. Reissued by Ward, Lock in a yellow-back edition in 1883.

1874. "Spring Floods," translated from the Russian by Mrs. Sophie M. Butts, and "A Lear of the Steppe," translated from the French by W. H. Browne. The *Leisure Hour Series*. (Henry Holt & Company.) New York. Issued in uniform binding with *Dimitri Roudine*. End-papers of first issue dated April 15, 1874 (Library of Congress copy). British Museum copy identical in all other respects has end-papers dated July 10, 1874. Copies occur in a (presumably) much later binding, based on the original, with plain end-papers and with a series number, thus: *Leisure Hour Series*, No. 33 at the head of the title, which is however still dated 1874. Only in the 1878 volume of *Dimitri Roudine* is there any other suggestion of numbering in the series. The cloth of this numbered *Spring Floods* is similar in colour and texture to the 1878 *Roudine*. Translations of *Veshniya Vody* (*Spring Floods*) first published in *The European Messenger* (1872) and *Stepnoi Korol* (*A Lear of the Steppe*) in *The European Messenger* (1870).

1877. "Virgin Soil." Translated with the author's sanction from the French version by T. S. Perry. The *Leisure Hour Series*. (Henry Holt & Company.) New York. Issued in the white binding, blocked in black, and with red printed end-papers dated July 12, 1877. No series number. Evidently the yellowish cloth was adopted about 1878. Translation of *Nov* (*Virgin Soil*) first published in *The European Messenger* (January-February, 1877). First published in book form 1878. The curious case thus arises of the translations into French and English appearing in book form before the original. Another and better translation, from the Russian, by Ashton W. Dilke, was published at London by Macmillan in 1878. The Perry translation was reissued by Ward, Lock in a yellow-back edition in 1883. A version, from the Russian, by R. S. Townsend, is in print in the *Everyman Library*.

- 188-? "The Ruffian." (No. 13). The "Overland Library." (Schick.) Chicago. I have not been able to examine this book. It would seem to be a translation of *Bretter* (*The Duellist*) first published in *Annals of the Fatherland* in 1847, and one of Turgenev's earliest stories, subsequently published in the *Novels and Tales* (1856). The *Overland Library* published in America in the 1880's was a series of translations of German translations published as the Collection Schick. One of these was *Der Raufbold* by Turgenev, and *The Ruffian* is a translation of this. Turgenev's *Bretter* had been translated before this as *Der Raufbold*, so I have thought it fairly safe to assume that *The Ruffian* is a translation of *Bretter*.

1882. "A Daughter of Russia." Translated by Professor G. W. Scott. The "Seaside Library." (Geo. Munro.) New York. Translation of *Neschastnaya* (*An Unhappy Girl*) first published in *The Russian Messenger* (January, 1869). Another of the curious American series in which original work frequently appeared. The *Seaside Library* was issued daily and *A Daughter of Russia* appeared on March 7th. This series was published in the form of news-sheets at 15 cents for an ordinary, and 25 cents for a double number. Complete with their outside wrappers these are extremely scarce. A pocket edition was subsequently issued.

"Punin and Babwin." Translated by Professor G. W. Scott. The "Seaside Library." (Geo. Munro.)

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- New York. Translation of *Punin i Baburin* first published in *The European Messenger* (April, 1874). *Punin and Babwin* was first published February, 1882.
1883. "Poems in Prose. Translated anonymously. (Cupples, Upham & Co.) Boston. Translation of *Stichotvoreniiya b Proze* (*Poems in Prose*). Written between February, 1878, and June 1882, and first published in *The European Messenger* (December, 1882); book form 1883. The version by S. J. MacMullan, published at Bristol by Arrowsmith in 1890 as *Senilia: Poems in Prose*, is prepared from the German and Danish versions. Neither translation is to be recommended. The difficult task of translating these prose-poems was best attempted by Mrs. Garnett in 1897 with *Dream Tales and Prose Poems* (Vol. 10 of the Collected edition).
1883. "The Song of Triumphant Love. The "Seaside Library." (Geo. Munro.) New York. Translation of *Pyesn Torzhestvuyushchei Lyubvi* (*The Song of Triumphant Love*), one of Turgenev's last stories, published in *The European Messenger* (November, 1881).
- 1884 (Jan.) "Mumu" and "The Diary of a Superfluous Man." Translated from the Russian by Henry Gersoni. "Standard Library," No. 107. (Funk & Wagnalls.) New York. Translations of *Mumu* (*The Contemporary*, March, 1854, and *Novels and Tales*, 1856) and *Dnevnik Lishnyago Chelovyeka* (*Annals of the Fatherland*, April, 1850, and *Novels and Tales*, 1856). *The Standard Library* was issued fortnightly in "postal card manilla wrappers" designed and printed in red and black. The books were issued thus, at 15 and 25 cents. *Mumu* is dated January 28, 1884. The series was also issued in "cheap cloth" and "standard cloth." A copy in my possession in green bevelled cloth, decorated in black and gold, printed on better quality paper than the wrapped edition, may be the "standard cloth" edition. There is a copy in the British Museum in green bevelled cloth with an 1884 cancel London title. It is identical in all other respects with the New York cloth edition.
- 1884 (Feb.) "First Love" and "Punin and Baburin." Translated from the Russian by permission of the author, with a biographical introduction by Sidney Jerrold. (W. H. Allen & Co.) London. Translations of *Pervaya Lyubov* (*First Love*) (first published 1860) and *Punin and Baburin*.
1884. "Annouchka." Translated from the French of the author's own translation by Franklin Abbott. (Cupples Upham & Co.) Boston. Translation of *Asya* (*The Contemporary*, January, 1858). The statement on the title page is erroneous. Though Turgenev carefully overlooked the translations of his works he never actually translated any of them. Nor, despite the excellence of some of the translations such as those by Louis Viardot and Delaveau, are the translations through the French of much value.
1886. "An Unfortunate Woman" and "Ass'ya." Translated from the Russian by Henry Gersoni. "Standard Library," No. 142. (Funk & Wagnalls.) New York. Translations of *Neschastnaya* (*An Unfortunate Woman*) and *Asya*. Although the American Catalogue gives the book as No. 142 in the *Standard Library*, the only copy I have examined, that in the British Museum, carries no mention in it of its participation in the series. The British Museum copy has a New York and London imprint and is in light brown cloth overlaid with marbled paper in imitation of a half-binding. It may be that this was an edition bound up for England only, where certainly not all of the series were issued. Both the stories in this volume had been previously translated, *An Unfortunate Woman* as *The Daughter of Russia* and *Ass'ya* as *Annouchka*. Another translation of *Neschastnaya* entitled *The Unfortunate One*, translated from the Russian by A. R. Thompson, was published by Trübner & Co (1888).
- 1894-99. "The Novels and Tales of Ivan Turgenev." Translated by Constance Garnett. 15 vols. (Heinemann.) The best translations of Turgenev. Several of the volumes have prefaces by Edward Garnett. In 1921 two further volumes were issued, while the library edition of 1919-23, in 17 volumes, was in preparation.
1898. "Touguénieff and His French Circle." Edited and arranged by E. Halperine-Kaminsky. Translated from the French by Ethel M. Arnold. (T. Fisher Unwin.) London. Though not a translation from the Russian, this collection of the letters written to his French friends and translators is extremely interesting and important. And since they are translations of original works (for Turgenev wrote French excellently) I have begged my own question and included a book which is not a translation from the Russian.
- 1903-4 "The Novels and Tales of Ivan S. Turgenev." Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. 13 vols. (Scribners.) New York. An extremely handsome and well-translated edition, second only to the Garnett translations in excellence.
1924. "The Plays of Ivan S. Turgenev." Translated by M. S. Mandell. (Macmillan Company.) New York. Contains *Carelessness*, *Broke*, *Where it is Thin, there it Breaks*, *The Family Charge*, *The Bachelor*, *An Amicable Settlement*, *A Month in the Country*, *The Country Woman*, *A Conversation on the Highway*, *An Evening in Sorrento*. The book was issued in London in the same year by Messrs. Heinemann.
1930. "Hamlet and Don Quixote." Translated by Robert Nichols. (Hendersons.) London. The first appearance in English book form of Turgenev's famous lecture, considered by many one of his most significant writings.

ALL ABOUT THE BRONTËS

The Brontës : Their Lives, Friendships and Correspondence. The Shakespeare Head Brontë.

Edited by T. J. Wise and J. A. Symington. 4 vols. 3 guineas. (Blackwell.)

The four volumes here offered us are a monument of piety, of industry, of careful annotation; but it would be idle to pretend that they are volumes with which the ordinary reader can cope. The editors tell us: "In the present work an attempt has been made to amalgamate all the information contained in the various biographies, from Mrs. Gaskell's Life and Mr. Shorter's compilations down to the present day, together with many hitherto unpublished letters and records which have come to light, into one complete history of the Brontë family, with the letters of Charlotte, arranged in chronological order, making the main structure of the work." It is obvious that Mr. Wise and Mr. Symington could not possibly have included all the extant letters of the Brontë family in a book possessing the characteristics of a biography: completeness in the matter of correspondence meant the reduction of biography to a mere record of facts, a compilation in which future biographers will be glad to delve, but which is totally without shape.

Faced with such a work, the reviewer finds himself in a position of great difficulty. Undoubtedly it is desirable that there should exist somewhere a complete collection

of the surviving and so far discovered Brontë correspondence; and much of that correspondence would be unintelligible to all but a very few experts if it were not accompanied by the kind of biographical matter which Mr. Wise and Mr. Symington have provided out of Mrs. Gaskell and the late Clement Shorter and their own researches. But contour is lost to an extent much exceeding even the melancholy anticipations of a reader apprised of this scheme, for the proportion of letters by Charlotte is overwhelming, and she unfortunately often wrote at considerable length and with some pomposity to Miss Nussey when she had nothing to say. Great wedges of correspondence driven in between biographical information have this effect among others on the reader that he is quite unable to ascertain where, if anywhere, the emphasis is being laid. These volumes contain a considerable quantity of new material and of material which, though printed elsewhere, has not hitherto been brought into close relationship with the general mass of the Brontë correspondence. It is to be presumed, therefore, that a prolonged and minute study of the four volumes would in some degree affect the view hitherto taken by most of us of this or that episode in those tragic lives. But a first reading, which probably nobody except a reviewer with an ungovernable conscience would carry to an end in less than a month, creates a dazed mind.

By T. Earle Welby

Mr. Wise and Mr. Symington, the former uniquely learned in the text of the Brontës, no doubt have altered the conventional emphasis on certain portions of the Brontë story, but it is extremely difficult to discover where and to what extent this has been done: the correspondence swamps all. However, the volumes may be taken in another spirit, with some advantage or at least some relief from puzzling over precisely what they have done to the Brontë story and legend. The reader may dismiss from his mind the questions of what is new and what is old, what in itself or under editorial comment modifies the story and what does not, and may simply dip into the volumes.

Such procedure will necessarily shock the experts, but skipping and dipping have excuses with a correspondence so voluminous, so unbalanced by reason of Charlotte's prominence, and sometimes so uninteresting. Here are specimens of what dipping may bring to the reader. Charlotte Brontë is writing about her meeting with Thackeray and says, "the incident was truly dream-like. I was only certain it was true because I became miserably destitute of self-possession." The letter is to her publisher, who is elsewhere found recording that Charlotte's social embarrassments arose almost entirely from acute consciousness of her lack of feminine charm. Charlotte's trouble on an historic literary occasion in London was much less due to meeting great lions than to the fact that the fashion of the moment was a plait of hair brought round and arranged on the brow and that her own hair not being long enough she had covered a portion of her brow with brown silk. She is herself, though sometimes warm-hearted, apt to write in an unpleasing fashion about women friends. We hardly find ourselves loving Charlotte the more when she writes to a recent masculine acquaintance a detailed and only contemptuously kind estimate of her friend of friends, Miss Nussey:

"When I first saw Ellen I did not care for her—we were schoolfellows—in the course of time we learnt each other's faults and good points—we were contrasts—still we suited—affection was first a germ, then a sapling—then a strong tree: now—no new friend, however lofty or profound in intellect—not even Miss Martineau herself—could be to me what Ellen is, yet she is no more than a conscientious, observant, calm, well-bred Yorkshire girl. She is without romance—if she attempts to read poetry—or poetic prose aloud—I am irritated and deprive her of her book—if she talks of it I stop my ears—but she is good—she is true—she is faithful and I love her."

Three or four more dips as unlucky, and some revival in memory of things about Charlotte long known to the reader, and he will be doing her an injustice. For example, since it is not easy to tear oneself from this damaging stuff, everyone who reads the testimony of those who knew her during the short time she was employed as a governess at Stonegappe will feel that a certain accusation is the kind of thing that does not get invented: the petty charge is that if asked to go to church with the family, she resented being ordered about as a hireling, and if not asked felt that she was being neglected. But only a small mind will ultimately be unjust to so great a woman as Charlotte. She is to be regarded as showing her greatness the moment we step back from her, and as revealing certain pettinesses and irritabilities only when we persist in getting to close quarters.

Judgment of Emily can never be affected: the heroism of that noble creature is established beyond possibility of criticism. But something, even much, of the credit of "Wuthering Heights" can be wrenched from her by those who rely on dubious external evidence and misunderstand the internal evidence. All that we can have of or about the putative part author, Branwell, is in the four volumes now given us, but we seem to be left to make up our own minds. The most moderate and carefully reasoned case for Branwell's part authorship was that put forward not long ago by Mr. E. F. Benson in his biography of Charlotte Brontë; here we have brought together all his surviving correspondence and all relevant letters from others. Leyland,

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that close friend of his, is no doubt the strongest outside witness on his behalf; but as Leyland is found in one of these letters describing the Brontë sisters as all possessing red hair and as all having been engaged in literary ventures a year or two before they actually were, he hardly strikes one as the most observant and accurate of witnesses. But

it is idle to mention at random three or four questions raised for the dipper into these volumes, since they are absolutely exhaustive—a fit part no doubt of the very handsomely produced “Shakespeare Head Brontë,” if a good deal of a burden and something of a bewilderment to the average reader.

MR. WELLS'S WORLD

After Democracy: Addresses and Papers on the Present World Situation.

By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Watts.)

My friend Norman Angell is occupied during a large part of his busy life in contradicting the statement that in “The Great Illusion” he said there would be no more wars. What he did say was that, if there were more wars, they would injure victors and vanquished alike; and never was a warning more immediately or more amply proved to have been wise. My friend Wells has equal reason to complain of the people who say that in his books about world-order which have been appearing since 1900 he has continually been changing his mind. He has always stuck at any rate to one belief—the belief in what he calls here “the dictatorship of informed and educated common sense.” And whether he has infected with this belief most intelligent students of public affairs, or whether they have come to it independently of him, they now share it.

For at least a quarter of a century it has been proved over and over again that what Wells thinks to-day those who have intellects and keep themselves in touch with events will be thinking to-morrow. Can anybody doubt now that democracy under its present forms has been ruined by the ill-informed and uneducated? Politicians who, instead of leading, keep their ears to the ground; a Press which is as purely commercial as a grocer's shop or a cinema; a public that is too bewildered, as well as too ignorant, to resist these influences—how can democracy triumph over conditions like these? Thus the view has been forcing itself upon close watchers of the world drama that a new system must be evolved by every country which is to escape collapse. In Italy and in Russia something of the kind that Mr. Wells indicates is at work already. What is common sense for those countries would certainly not be common sense for us; but it would be difficult, I think, to find any clear-minded person with a knowledge of what is happening who would dissent from the opinion that we shall have to make changes of many kinds—or perish.

That is Mr. Wells's view now, as it has been ever since he published “Anticipations” and “A Modern Utopia.” For “the old junk of nineteenth century political thought”

he has no use at all. “The world,” he says, “is sick of parliamentary politics.” Can we deny that? No more than we can overlook the cause of this sickness, which is—politicians! For Mr. Wells democracy does not mean that he should be expected to submit his intelligence and his will “to the greatest happiness of the greatest number or to the will of the majority or any such nonsense.” He wants his will and intelligence to be used for the benefit of all, not merely for his own benefit. All decent people endowed with mind and energy feel like that. But the mass, he knows, have neither intelligence nor will. They must be firmly but kindly shepherded. They must be told where to get off. “The world and its future is not for feeble folk any more than it is for selfish folk. It is not for the multitude but for the best. . . . I want to make opportunity universal and not miss out one single being who is worth while.”

He would abolish “wasteful spenders” with their “lazy, pretentious traditions.” He wants to get rid of nationalism and war because they sustain

“a cant of blind discipline and loyalty and a paraphernalia of flags, uniforms and parades that shelter a host of particularly mischievous, unintelligent bullies and wasters.”

He is against militarism because it is “tiresome, wasteful, evil.” Well, aren't we all?

His world-state may be a long way ahead of us yet, but he is dealing with actuality when he urges that the great need of the immediate future is for “competent receivers” to take over systems and industries as they become bankrupt and to transform them into institutions that will square with the altered conditions of our lives. The chief weakness of the Labour Party lies in this—that, when it adopted Socialism, it took no thought as to how it would socialise, which is at once the most difficult and the most important problem of all. A body of men and women who have trained themselves for this task is the first necessity of such a transformation as Mr. Wells sketches. Whether they will come together in groups of “from six to two or three hundred,” whether they will work from the basis which he suggests, seems doubtful. Whether, if they did, they could prepare themselves in time is more doubtful still. Let us hope they are preparing themselves now.

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By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde

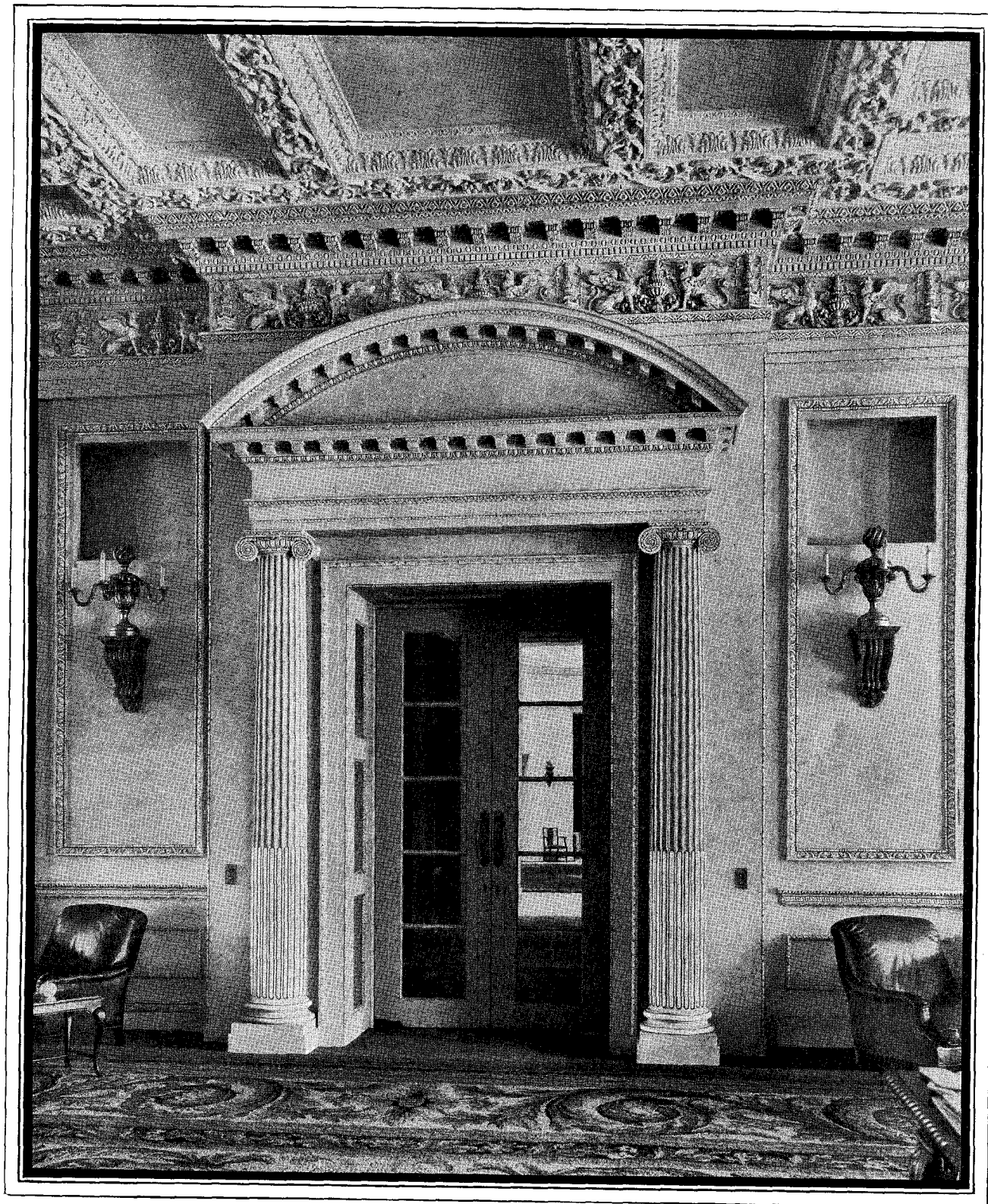
It is a striking fact that during the period when gardening was at its lowest ebb in this country the most magnificent books of garden interest were produced. Those which have increased most in value are those two outstandingly important rose books, Miss Lawrence's “Roses” (1799) and H. C. Andrews's “Roses” (1827). A complete copy of the latter (published in two volumes) contains 129 coloured plates and a coloured frontispiece, and is worth at least £100. A copy of Miss Lawrence's vast book is worth even more. (The illustration facing page 204 is reproduced from the wreath on the title page of Miss Lawrence's book.) I think these books, together with Redouté's, may be accurately described as the most beautiful books of garden interest extant.

Certainly no modern flower paintings can be compared with these collections of masterpieces. In these volumes blooms from the rose gardens of the late eighteenth

and early nineteenth centuries look as though they had been freshly gathered and placed on the pages. Here are the roses immortalised by the greatest poets from Homer's time: the roses of which Shakespeare wrote are depicted in all their radiant beauty. How different they are, both in colour and form, from the modern hybrid teas. The modern favourites have their own loveliness and many of them are deliciously scented, but they cannot equal the rare beauty of the old aristocrats, nor does the scent of any modern rose equal the scents of the old provence or cabbage roses, the moss roses (generally believed to be a sport from the provence), the damasks, the musks, the white rose of England and the red, to mention but a few. How fortunate that all these glorious roses should have been painted by such gifted artists, for few of these roses, alas, are obtainable now!

Other outstandingly important books were William

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From title page of Miss Lawrence's "Roses," 1799.

ROSE WREATH
(one-fourth original size).

Curtis's superb "Flora Londinensis," published 1777-1799, and in 1787 he began the famous "Botanical Magazine." After his death it was carried on by his son Samuel Curtis and then by Sir W. J. Hooker to 1858. James Sowerby's "English Botany," the standard work on this subject throughout the nineteenth century, was published in thirty-six numbers between 1780 and 1820. It would take up too much space to enumerate all John Lindley's important works—the titles fill two columns in small type in the "Bibliographer's Manual." John Lindley and his brother George were amongst the greatest authorities on horticulture and botany and their books are still standard works. Robert Kaye Greville's "Scottish Cryptogamic Flora," the earliest work on this subject, was published in six volumes between 1822 and 1828.

Throughout the eighteenth century the standard gardening manual was Philip Miller's weighty "Gardener's Dictionary." The enlarged edition published by the Rev. Thomas Martyn in 1803-7, in four massive folio volumes, is probably the largest gardening manual ever penned. It was the standard authority not only in this country and Europe generally (it was translated into French, German, etc.), but also in America. Miller's book, however, was gradually superseded by Thomas Abercrombie's numerous handbooks. Abercrombie, like many other distinguished gardeners, was a Scotsman of humble origin.

It is interesting to remember that as a lad he witnessed Bonnie Prince Charlie's victory at Prestonpans, for the battle (which the Highlanders claimed lasted only five minutes) was fought near his father's house. Thomas Abercrombie became gardener to Sir James Douglas, married a relation of his employer, and subsequently came to Hackney, where he started a nursery garden. He wrote many books—"Every Man his own Gardener," "The Universal Gardener," "The British Fruit Garden," "The Gardener's Pocket Dictionary," "The Universal Gardener's Kalendar," "The Hot-house Gardener," etc. The most popular (judging from the number of editions through which it went) was "Every Man his own Gardener." The illustration reproduced on page 202 is the frontispiece of the 1784 edition and shows a gardener, in the costume of the period, digging. Abercrombie was so afraid that this, his first book, would be a failure, that he paid Thomas Mawe (gardener to the Duke of Leeds) £20 to put his name above his own on the title page, although Mawe had had no hand in the work.

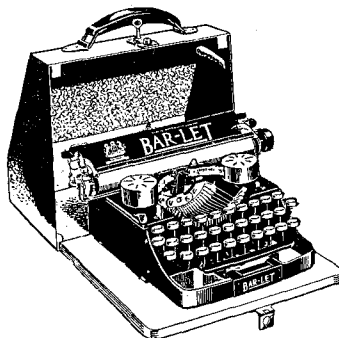
Charles McIntosh was also a Scotsman and he had the unique distinction of writing the only gardening book dedicated "by special permission" to Queen Victoria—"The Book of the Garden." The book was published by Messrs. Blackwood. McIntosh was gardener to the King of the Belgians and was the author of several other works, "The Practical Gardener," "Flora and Pomona," "The Flower Garden," "The Orchard and Fruit Garden," etc. "The Book of the Garden," his most important book, contains numerous illustrations, amongst the most interesting being "Part of the Flower Garden at Holland House called the Box Garden."

The early nineteenth century saw the publication of three gardening books by women writers. The fact is noteworthy, for in spite of the fact that the garden had always been considered the province of the housewife, no book by a woman had yet been published on the subject of gardening. (Elizabeth Blackwell's stately book, entitled "A Curious Herbal" (1737) is purely a herbal.) During the earlier centuries only two volumes had been written for women gardeners, William Lawson's "Countrie Housewife's Garden" (1617) and Charles Evelyn's "Lady's Recreation" (1707). The first book by a woman was Lady Charlotte Murray's "British Garden" (1799). In spite of its title it is purely a botanical treatise on the plants grown in British gardens. Mrs. Henrietta M. Moriarty's "Viridarium or Green House Plants" (1806) is a collection of coloured illustrations of greenhouse plants with the briefest of instructions for growing of them.

Literary and Personal Requirements

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Frontispiece

From Mrs. Loudon's "Gardening for Ladies" (1840).

The earliest gardening manual by a woman is the quaint little volume entitled "The Florist's Manual," by Maria E. Jackson, and is dedicated to the authoress's "highly esteemed friend, Lady Broughton, as a tribute to the taste and ingenuity which she had displayed in the formation and arrangement of her peculiarly beautiful flower garden." The only illustrations are coloured plans of tadpole-shaped beds surrounded by grass. The authoress observes in regard to insect pests—"the simple and laborious mode of picking away the animal is the only one to which recourse can be had with permanent advantage," and most modern practical gardeners will agree, though we should probably not use such elegant language.

There are many treasures amongst the lesser known books of this period. Isaac Emmerton's "Treatise on the Auricula," published in 1816 and dedicated to the Marchioness of Salisbury, is now amongst the rarities of garden literature. The author was a nurseryman of Barnet (Herts). It is interesting to note his statement that a hundred years earlier British growers supplied the Dutch florists "with an endless variety of new sorts of auriculas," but the process had been reversed, and the Dutch were supplying us. Auriculas had been popularised in this country by the Huguenot refugees in the early years of the seventeenth century. In the late seventeenth century they were a fashionable cult and Samuel Gilbert in his "Florist's Vade-Mecum" (1683) states that sometimes twenty pounds was paid for a single root. Later auriculus became very popular amongst the Lancashire weavers, who called them "baziers." They are called "baziers" in the old Lancashire song:

"Come listen awhile to what we shall say
Concerning the season, the month we call May;
For the flowers they are springing, the little birds are
singing,
And the baziers are sweet in the mornings of May."

Another curious little book is N. Swinden's "Beauties of Flora" (1778). This book is almost entirely devoted to instructions for arranging beds in a fashionable method of that time, i.e. in tiers rising like a cone to a great height in the centre. Loudon, writing about thirty years later, observes witheringly that this sort of gardening is very suitable "for females and infants and dwellers in remote parts." Swinden gives also one or two pictorial plans

for arranging shrubs, one plan showing "a light gay seat fixt in its center (when the air is soft and the sun serene) which will afford an agreeable retreat. *A lady, gracing it, may by spectators from the distant hills be taken for the goddess Flora amidst her gayest glories and odoriferous sweets.*" (The italics are the author's, not mine!)

Another rarity of the period is McPhail's "Treatise on the Cucumber" (1794). McPhail was gardener to Lord Hawkesbury and the interest of his book lies in the fact that it contains a detailed account of the weather east of London for every day of 1793.

The most important gardening writer of Victorian days was George Loudon and Mrs. Loudon. The illustration reproduced on this page shows a lady in early Victorian costume gardening, accompanied by a small child. George Loudon's industry was colossal. His most popular work—"An Encyclopædia of Gardening"—is 1,278 pages long, the print so minute that it is scarcely possible to read it without a magnifying glass. All the quaint features of Victorian gardens figure in this book—the geometrical beds, the ribbon borders, the rustic baskets filled with growing plants, the absurd efforts at landscape gardening on a small scale, etc. In one illustration he gravely sets forth the mistakes it is possible to make by carelessly placing the leading features in the "landscape." The illustration in question shows a garden so arranged that to the spectator at a distance it looks as though a lady were balancing on her head a rustic basket surmounted by a huge tree, another seated on a bench looks as though a cow and a donkey were perched above her, the distant church looks as though it were on top of the fountain and a macaw on a perch appears to be fixed on top of a lady's elaborately dressed hair.

It is easy enough to laugh at the absurdities of early Victorian gardening, but what of the other side of the picture? What of those well stocked kitchen gardens where, as the books of the period show, they grew far more varieties of vegetables than we do now? Moreover, they insisted on good flavour, the modern craze for size being unknown. What of the charming old plants so seldom seen in modern gardens—dittany, lovage, sweet rocket, sweet Cicely, elecampane, etc.? We have advanced far, but we have also lost many delightful old treasures from our gardens.

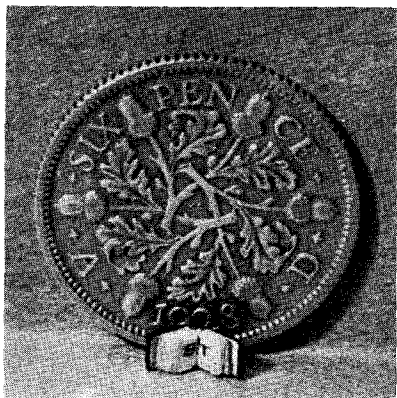


Frontispiece

From "Every Man His Own Gardener" (1784).

THE SMALLEST BOOK IN THE WORLD

It has frequently been stated that the largest book in the world is "The German Prince Atlas." Considering that this volume measures twelve feet seven inches in length, has a width of some four feet and weighs no less than two and a half tons, its claims are not likely to be seriously disputed. Conversely the smallest book has always been thought to be a tiny fellow in the British Museum, whose body is compressed within the limits of a square half-inch. News now comes to hand however that makes this dwarf appear almost a giant; as a heavy folio compared to the book that has just been printed and bound by an English craftsman.



Mr. Howman, a native of Norwich, but following his art in Dartford, Kent, has recently produced a microscopic volume that, incredible as it seems, is no larger than an ordinary pill and weighs but one and a half grains! Yet the book is well and carefully bound, and is to all intents and purposes an exact replica of its larger brothers.

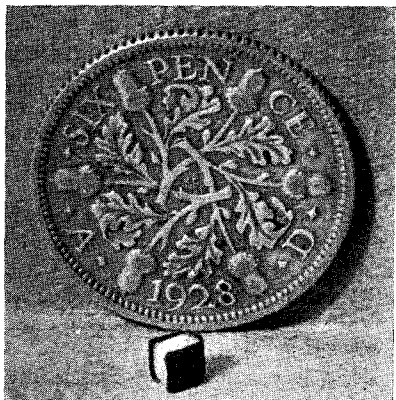
Bound in leather, over boards of unbleached cartridge paper, it may be imagined that the Persian calf (the skin selected) had to be shaved to the thinness of tissue paper to suit the special requirements of the case. For sewing, a single strand was pulled from very fine silk (ordinary cotton appeared like thick rope!), and the stitches are separated by the space of but a hair's-breadth.

Some idea of the skill and care required can be imagined when Mr. Howman relates that the book could not be handled by the fingers direct—which were much too clumsy—but had to be held between two large needles. Such craftsmanship too was not acquired immediately, but was only achieved by the making of other small books by way of practice. By progressively reducing the size of these preliminary volumes, this tiny infant at last emerged.

In the illustration the book appears standing beside an ordinary sixpence. The coin had to be considerably enlarged for the book to be visible, and its actual size can be understood by comparison with the figures on the sixpence. It will be seen that it roughly approximates these in stature. End-papers are used, and the pages number twenty-six. These are too small for text in the ordinary sense, but a single letter of the alphabet has been impressed on each. The type is Spartan six-point (fourth size), and the printing was of course done by hand.

Bridewell Museum, Norwich, has recently had the book on exhibition, and thus Mr. Howman's fellow citizens have had an opportunity of admiring his skill. The book took about a month to complete, and these four weeks must have meant patience and care almost beyond belief. Bibliophiles hope that the book will in due course find its way to a permanent home in the British Museum.

"BIBLIO."



Literary and Personal Requirements (continued)

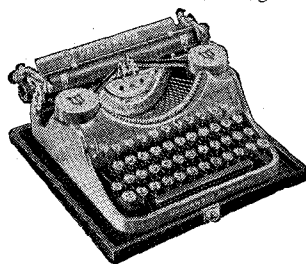
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Correspondence

Bibliography of T. S. Eliot

SIR,

Your contributor, Norah Nicholls, asks for corrections and emendations to her check-list of T. S. Eliot in the current number. Here are a few which I hope you will pass on to her:

- (1) 1917. "Ezra Pound, his Metric and Poetry." New York: Knopf. (1917.) (Published anonymously, but invariably attributed to Eliot.)
- (2) 1919. "Poems." Hogarth Press. (1919.) (? Contents identical with Knopf's edition of 1920.)
- (3) 1922. "Waste Land." New York: Boni & Liveright. Edition of 1,000 numbered copies. Precedes English edition of 1923.
- (4) 1928. "Song for Simeon." Publisher was Faber & Gwyer.
- (5) 1929. "Dante." Also 125 signed and numbered copies.
- (6) 1930. "Anabasis." Also 350 signed and numbered copies.

Yours, etc.,

P. H. MUIR.

33, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

Mrs. NICHOLLS writes:

With regard to "the emendations and corrections," for which I am grateful, I should like to add the following comments:

1. This is included in "A Bibliography of the Writings of Thomas Stearns Eliot," by Varian Fry (*The Hound and Horn*, Spring and Summer Nos., 1928), which I was unable to consult before my article appeared. It was, however, not mentioned by Mr. Eliot in our various interviews. I have written asking him if he owns the child.
2. Mr. Eliot strenuously denied the existence of this volume, and strangely enough there does not appear to be a copy at the British Museum. It is included in the *Hound and Horn* Bibliography, which Mr. Muir—more fortunate than I—may have seen. It is not identical as to contents with the Knopf "Poems," 1920, the third item in my list. It contains six poems which are printed again in the English "Ara Vus Prec" and in the Knopf "Poems," these two latter being almost identical (the English edition contains "Le Spectateur"—not to be found in the American edition, which contains two poems, "Le Directeur" and "Hysteria" in its stead. The order in which the poems are printed is not the same.)
3. This is a necessary addition to my list. As stated in my introductory remarks, I had no opportunity of examining American editions. A Spanish version was published in the *Contemporaneos* of July-August, 1930, with an introduction by the translator, Enrique Munguia junior. I have not yet succeeded in discovering the date of the Madrid edition by Angel Flores.
4. This was an accidental omission in correcting proofs. I am aware that all the "Ariel Poems" are published by Faber & Gwyer (later Faber & Faber)—see the description of "The Journey of the Magi" (1927).
- 5 and 6. These special limited editions should be included in addition to the ordinary editions.

I must also draw attention to the four special copies of "Ara Vus Prec," on Japan vellum, and to Mr. Eliot's contributions to the "Catholic Anthology, 1914-15," (London: Elkin Mathews, Cork Street, 1915): "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," "Portrait of a Lady," "The Boston Evening Transcript," "Hysteria" and "Miss Helen Slingsby."

Ruskin's Marriage Tragedy

SIR,

In his book of Memoirs, which Sir Henry Newbolt has just published, he relates an anecdote concerning Ruskin's marriage which Sir Henry states was told to him by Holman Hunt, who had been present at the wedding.

The anecdote is to the effect that after the marriage ceremony in Scotland Ruskin and his wife drove away in two carriages, the first containing the bride and bridegroom,

and the second a valet and maid. At a certain distance from the house where the marriage had taken place the carriages were stopped. Ruskin informed his wife that having performed his promise to marry her, he intended to recognise no further duties towards her as his wife and, sending her maid to accompany her, he travelled in the second carriage with his own servant.

There is not one word of truth in this story. No one who loves Ruskin, or indeed has read his books with care, or is familiar with his life, would for a moment be troubled by it, but it is due to the memory of one who in his private life observed the standards of a modern St. Francis that it should be repudiated.

What are the facts relating to Ruskin's marriage? Miss Effie Gray was a young lady of great beauty and charm. Her parents and Ruskin's parents were friends, and both sets of relations were friendly to the union, but it would be incorrect to speak of Ruskin as being forced into the marriage by his parents. They attempted no such pressure.

I have before me as I write one of his autograph letters written to his friend William Macdonald Macdonald nearly a year before he married Miss Gray. Ruskin writes to his friend, telling him that he loves Miss Gray very much and that they are old friends. He goes on to state that he had every reason to think that he could make her more than a friend, and he hoped to ask her to come to Switzerland with him next year. If she will not do so he is sadly afraid that he will enjoy his tour much less than usual.

Ruskin had known Miss Gray since she was a child. It was for her that he wrote "The King of the Golden River." He also composed in her honour a singularly charming poem which may well be taken as a love poem. He married her in April, 1848. After the marriage Ruskin and his wife went immediately to Keswick, where the honeymoon was passed, and almost as soon as he had reached Keswick he wrote to his friend, Miss Mitford, apologising for not writing 'until now that I am resting with my kind wife among these quiet hills.' He added, "I hope to bring my young wife to be rejoiced by your kind comforting. But pray keep her out of your garden, or she will certainly lose her wits with pure delight, or perhaps insist on staying with you and letting me find my way through the world by myself, a task which I should not now like to undertake."

In another part of the letter he spoke of the pleasure with which his wife looked forward to meeting Miss Mitford, for she remembered "what I told her among some of my first pleadings with her that whatever faults she might discover in her husband, he could at least promise her friends whom she would have every cause to love and honour. She needs them, but I think also deserves them."

Ruskin and his wife lived together for six years. Unhappily the marriage was a failure. Ruskin always observed the greatest chivalry towards her. They travelled together to many places. He tried to interest her in art. His letters are full of kind references to her. They went through much of Italy together. In 1851, for instance, Ruskin writes home an intimate account of the adventures which are befalling his wife and himself in Italy, and describes his wife's interests.

But the incompatibility became more and more obvious. The rest of the tragedy may be told in a few words. In 1854 Mrs. Ruskin left her husband without notice or farewell and went to her father's home. A nullity suit was successfully instituted, and a year later she became the wife of Millais, the painter.

But there is more to be said. As I have said, Sir Henry Newbolt quotes as his authority Holman Hunt, and states that he was at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin. Not only was Mr. Holman Hunt not at the wedding, but he did not make the acquaintance of Ruskin until three years later, in 1851.

In this year the Pre-Raphaelite painters were being subjected to violent criticism and abuse. At this date

Millais and Holman Hunt, two of the chief members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, had never met Ruskin, nor had they corresponded with him, but they now sought his help, through a mutual friend, against the attacks on their work.

Ruskin examined the pictures which were being criticised and wrote a letter to *The Times* in their defence in May, 1851. Millais and Holman Hunt sent Ruskin a joint letter of gratitude. Ruskin immediately called at the address given on this letter, and made the acquaintance of both men.

Holman Hunt wrote his autobiography at great length, and in this book he relates the story of his first meeting with Ruskin, to which I have referred above. He also pays testimony to the courtesy with which Ruskin always treated his wife, and himself places on record his view that there was no blame attaching to anyone in connection with the marriage and its failure.

Ruskin stands out as one of the great prophets of the modern world. But we venerate not only the eloquent reformer who inspired so many noble and constructive movements. We honour not less his magnetic personality which revealed the spiritual leader.

The accusation in Sir Henry Newbolt's book is one which I am sure he will wish unreservedly to withdraw.

J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE

(President of the Ruskin Society).

Bembridge.

The Scarborough Essay Society

SIR,

This Society, which has been in existence since 1885 (except for a break during the War), is a society of amateur writers. The members write essays, which are collected by me and sent round to them by post, every two months (according to a transmission list) for reading, criticism and votes.

Three subjects, chosen by votes at the beginning of the year, are assigned for every round, and three times a year an "optional" subject may be used. The membership is limited to fifteen, and the annual subscription is one shilling and sixpence—to cover postage, etc. Vacancies have mostly been filled through the recommendations of members, but I am asking the hospitality of your correspondence columns to make the Society known to a larger circle. There is a vacancy at the moment, though they do not often occur.

The case travels to many parts of England, to Wales, Scotland and Ireland. Further particulars will be sent (on the receipt of a stamped envelope) by Mrs. H. R. Hall (Hon. Sec., S.E.S.), 107, Palewell Park, S.W.14.

Yours, etc.,

MARIE G. HALL.

Mr. Walpole and Victor Hugo

SIR,

May I utter a word of protest against so popular a man of letters as Mr. Walpole using your interesting questionnaire as an excuse for casting insults at writers greater even than he?

Nothing that Mr. Walpole can say or do will prevent Goethe from being the outstanding man of letters of the eighteenth century, or Victor Hugo of the nineteenth. Hugo is a very easy man to decry; he has many joints in his armour. Anyone who has read the three volumes of Edmond Biré will know the worst that can be said against him. It is undoubted that he, like Wordsworth, wrote a great deal too much; that at times he acted like a theatrical charlatan; that he was childishy obstinate

Literary and Personal Requirements—(continued)

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and distinctly mean in money matters; that in later life he became gigantically egotistic, which was partly due to his restricted intercourse with others during his exile.

But at the same time no man of his century touched life at so many points. He was a master of lyric poetry, drama, romance, political invective and satire, travels and memoirs. Think of the description of old Paris in "Notre Dame," of the struggles of Jean Valjean in "Les Misérables," of the glorious tirades of "Ruy Blas," or of some of his lyrics (the best of his work), such as "Booz Endormi." Anyone who denies genius to an author such as this must be deaf to all music, to all romance.

The French are known to be the most critical race on earth, and they would scarcely give such honour to a "screaming, pretentious old bore" whom Mr. Walpole confesses he has never read. The French are far more easily bored than we are; they have their faults, but they place a higher value on greatness in literature and art than any other nation.

49, Nevers Square,
London.

Yours, etc.,
DE V. PAYEN-PAYNE.

The Literary Racket

SIR,

Like I suppose every other author who has read them, I was very interested in your observations in THE BOOKMAN on the reviewing question, and the more interested no

doubt on account of my own experience (recorded in the *Author* Winter Number last year), when I was offered a good notice in a prominent London paper for my next book against payment. And I have some reason to fear that my having put this incident on record has earned me considerable dislike in at least one quarter (no prize is offered for guessing why). But this very crude method is I think comparatively rare. Generally it is set about in a more subtle manner.

But as an example of the lengths to which the literary "vendettas" you mention are sometimes pushed, I was told recently, by the editor of a certain well known literary weekly, that he knew of a case where a reviewer connected with a still better known literary weekly, deliberately suppressed the proposed review in that paper of a novel by an author against whom he had a grudge. It is only fair to add that the editor of the paper in question had apparently no knowledge of this proceeding.

My chief purpose in writing, however, is to ask if there are any known means by which those old and triumphant maxims, "Kissing goes by favour" and "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," can be prevented from continuing their triumphant career. I know of none myself.

Yours, etc.,

23, Nimrod Road,

E. R. PUNSHON.

Streatham Park, London, S.W.16.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANTHONY À WOOD. Edited by Llewelyn Powys. 15s. (Wishart.)

This diary is not only interesting for its revelation of the character of the author who wrote the famous *Antiquities of Oxford*, although the bad temper and spite against his contemporaries, which appear to have been his predominating traits, are amusing enough to observe in print, separated from the annoying reality by several centuries. His whole life was spent in Oxford, and he presents a remarkably complete picture of the University during one of its most stormy periods, when the King took refuge from the Parliamentarians, and when in succeeding years the dons had to be very clever at turning coats and preaching

suitable sermons to remain in favour with the Commonwealth and the restored Charles II.

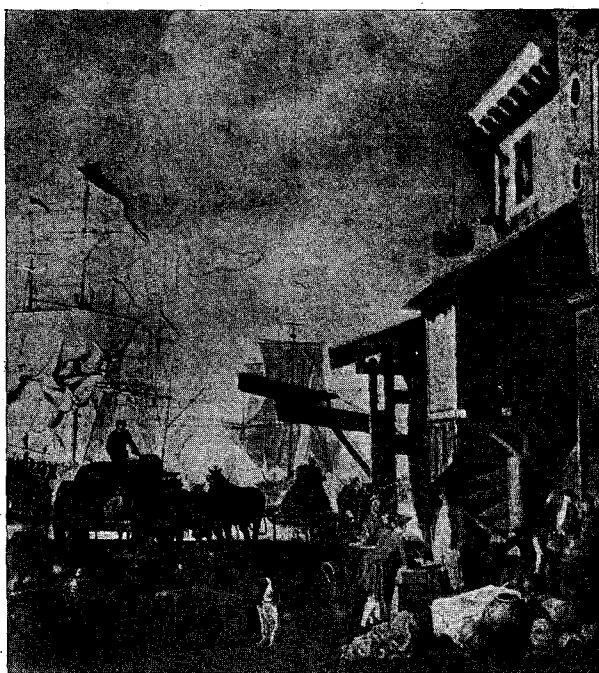
Wood himself was of too stubborn a nature to curry any favour himself, and his vivid, coarse language as he notes down the vanities and intrigues of more fashionable people than himself, makes good reading. During his life too there may be observed that change from dry and rather repulsive scholasticism, combined with heavy humour, to a lighter and more civilised tone in the University when the nobles sent their sons to be educated there. It was a change of which Wood strongly disapproved, and he looked back probably with longing to the time when he as a freshman had to "speake some pretty apothegms, or make a jest or bull, or speake some eloquent nonsense, to make the company laugh." His own speech began: "Most reverend seniors— May it please your Gravities to admit into your presence a kitten of the Muses, and a meer frog of Helicon to croak the cataracts of his plumbeous cerebosity before your sagacious ingenuities."

Nor is the outside world completely ignored. We catch glimpses of Wren, and hear that on December 16th, 1680, "John Dryden the poet being at Wills coffee-house in Covent Garden was about 8 at night soundly cudgell'd by 3 men. The reason, as 'tis supposed, because he had reflected on certaine persons in his 'Essay on the Satyr'— rather in 'Absalom and Achitophel.'"

Also—for in the year of the Restoration marvels were still not impossible—we read that "the devil appeared at Westminster at Whitehall and frighted the gards out of their wits."

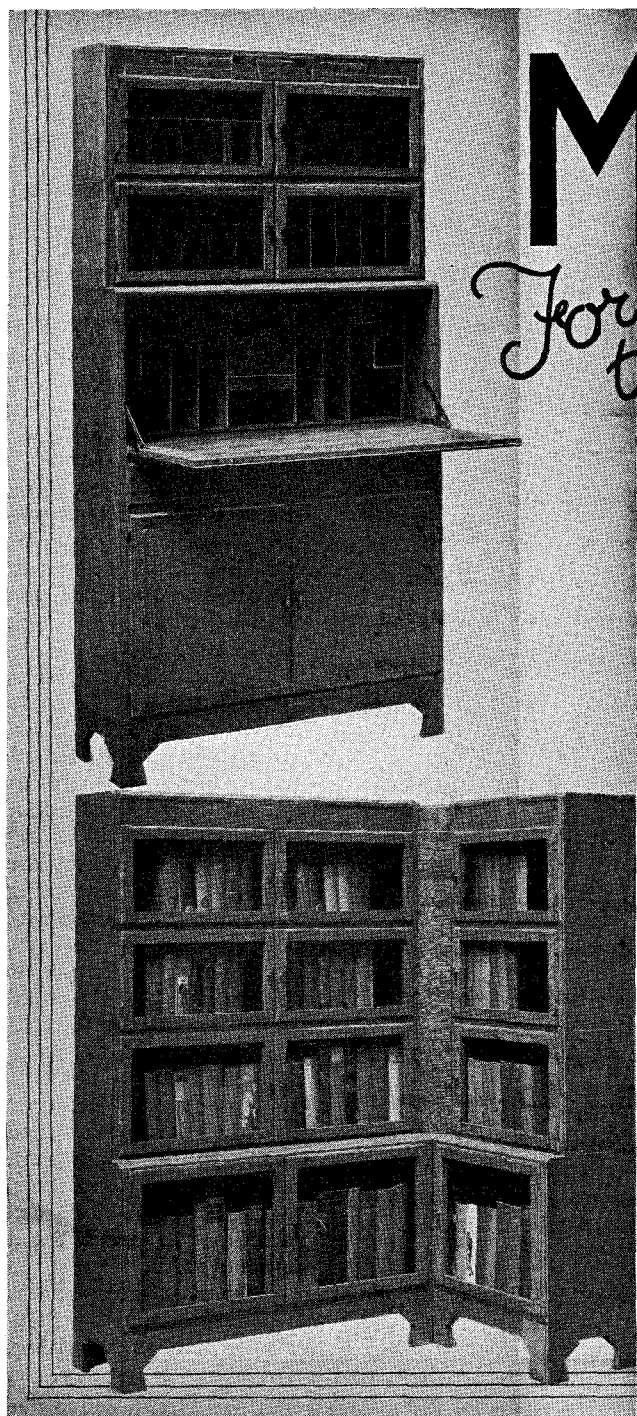
Always, in spite of the new spirit which introduced coffee-houses into Oxford and ran coaches from there to London, we yet find vigorous speech which was soon to die out of our language, and there one phrase which, for its vividness, will be our final quotation:

"I was told that Harry Marten died last summer, suddenly with meat in his mouth, at Chepstow in Monmouthshire."



Old East India Dock.

From "The Romance of Lloyd's," by Com. Frank Worsley and Captain R. G. Griffith (Hutchinson).



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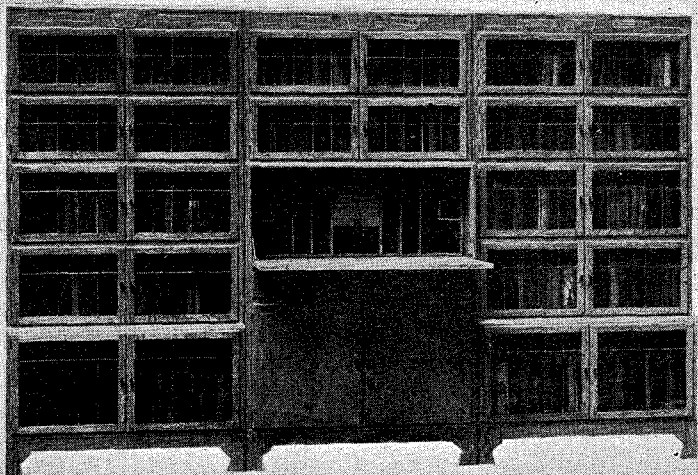
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Make it a Minty Present this Christmas

For the Writers of To-Morrow

"A PAUSE"

By Alfred Dunning

I am well aware that there are times in the careers of aspiring writers, when the most hackneyed forms of "practical advice" are to be preferred to observations on literature as an art. You may often find a tonic for editorial "regrets" by rereading some severely matter-of-fact book which treats of writing as a business—discussing the relative merits of typescript and manuscript, covering letters and discreet silence!

Nobody pretends that such matters are to be compared in importance with the study of the basic principles of writing, but none the less they have a real value—and are a means of reminding you, if it is necessary, that at least one form of modern literary work is subject to the same element of competition, market-study and business efficiency as are other commodities.

It may help you, therefore, if I make a few "practical" suggestions this month—suggestions which, if they do no more, may give you a fresh zest for the fight. For I know perfectly well that you have had manuscripts returned, and have wondered why, and have felt discouraged—if only for the moment during which you opened the envelope and shared the editor's sorrow.

Don't worry. Rejected addresses are part of your training. They are a part which indeed may never end, though you can feel reasonably certain that perseverance will render it smaller in proportion to your output. You will notice that I am using the words and phrases of commerce!

Well, then, let us see why our goods are returned. What is wrong with them? I will assume that you have sent them out looking their best—typewritten (and in modern type), folded once and no more, with pages numbered, and without a ribbon-bedecked cover. Now for the matter itself. First, have you written too much? Would that "literary" phrase there, or that piece of "fine writing" here destroy the theme if you cut them out ruthlessly? I ask because I know very well you thought them fine yourself when you wrote them. Therefore, suspect them as mere passenger-phrases.

Again, your paragraphs. Are they too long? The leading articles of certain papers carry lengthy blocks of print, it is true. Such blocks give the articles a kind of dignity. But your article is neither a leader nor intended to be particularly dignified. Or is it? Perhaps that is the cause of the trouble.

Are you using the wrong themes? Are you forgetting that so far as the ordinary newspaper article is concerned, what is wanted is the light touch and the homely subject—the subject and the treatment which calls for little or no previous knowledge on the part of your reader. Are you quoting authorities, or writing phrases which presuppose a literary, or scientific, or other specialised

training in your public? Or are you wisely taking the topical, ephemeral aspect of your subject?

And why, moreover, must you use these foreign phrases? Isn't there an English phrase which will express the same thing? If not, put your thoughts into some other form.

That reminds me, by the way, are your articles "thoughtful" or factual? Are you saying what you think, or describing what you have seen? If you are doing the former, stop and go out in search of something concrete to describe—something quaint or novel or ordinary, it doesn't matter much so long as you describe it in a new or bright way.

There is another possible "flaw"—not unallied to the one of too-dignified paragraphs. This is the too-dignified sentence. The split-infinitive is no doubt a thing to avoid fairly frequently; but there are occasions when the splitting is justified by preserving the rhythm—or perhaps, in a modern light article the word "lilt" would be better. Again there is the question of using colloquialisms, which in moderation often help you to attain vividness. And finally, to end this inquest, remember that for easiness' sake, a preposition can sometimes be used to end a sentence with.

Perhaps these points may give you some starting places for a rebuilding of your rejected manuscripts. Try them with the questions above. And all the time, go on writing. Make it a rigid rule to write something every day. It will not be necessary to aim at writing something for possible publication. Indeed it will not, at first, be advisable. Half a dozen sentences on any topic, if they are moulded, polished, written this way and that, with an eye on rhythm and cadence, on juxtaposition of word with word, may prove more valuable in the end than a drawerful of "market-output."

But all the same, when occasion arises, you can do worse than "paragraph." Most of the dailies, and some of the evening papers, run a column of short "gossip" articles which are supplied by outside and free-lance writers. Their writing does not call for a great deal of preparatory work. If they are accepted the almost nominal rates paid for them are none the less acceptable; while even if they are returned, they have provided useful practice for future and more ambitious attempts.

For Competition:

Write a short article (350 words) treating Christmas in a "novel" manner—such as you conceive would be suitable for publication in a popular daily paper. A book or books to the value of a guinea, to be chosen by the recipient, will be given for the best article. Competitors must be not less than sixteen and not more than eighteen years of age, and if at school, should give the name and address of the school, as well as their own name, address and age. Closing date, January 12th, 1933.

The Soldier.

*If I should die, think only this of me,
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed,
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, that big-souled of home.*

*And think
This heart, all evil, shed away
A pure pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Given somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights & sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In words at peace, under an English heaven.*

Facsimile of an autograph manuscript of "The Soldier."
From "The Complete Poems of Rupert Brooke" (Sidgwick & Jackson).



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"An excellent book, based on ample knowledge."—*Week End Review*. "An admirable survey of his period, essentially a history of social change. The book is very entertaining and provocative of thought."—*Manchester Guardian*. "We surrender at once to the fascination. This is a sound and clever book."—*Observer*.

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Recommended by the Book Society. "A richly individual book, full of humour and romance and colour."—*Sunday Times*. "The humour, originality, and verve, the broad human outlook and love of animals, remind one irresistibly of Munthe's *Story of San Michele*."—*Times Literary Supplement*

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PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than January 12th. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

- I.—ONE GUINEA for the best sonnet on London.
- II.—HALF A GUINEA for a list of the ten best novels of 1932.
- III.—HALF A GUINEA for the best four-lined epigram to serve as a sub-title for Thomas Derrick's cartoon.
- IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from English poetry in the seventeenth century applicable to any book advertised in this number.

The Proprietors and the Editor of THE BOOKMAN are offering

A First Prize of £10 10s.

A Second Prize of £5 5s.

A Third Prize of a Volume of Barrie's Collected Plays

for the best three Essays received from any competitor under 19 years of age on the following subject:

Give in not more than five hundred words the report that might have been sent to a modern newspaper by a special correspondent on the scene at either of the following incidents:

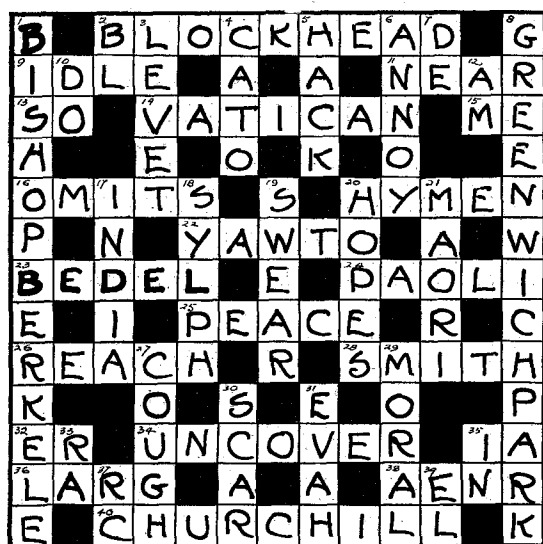
1. The entry of the Wooden Horse into Troy.
2. The removal of the Mace by Cromwell at the end of the Long Parliament.

All entries must be sent in before December 31st, 1932. Envelopes should be marked "Essay" and must be accompanied by the coupon on page 142 of the November BOOKMAN.

COUPON for DECEMBER, 1932

"THE BOOKMAN" CROSSWORD No. 26

Solution to Crossword XXIV



LONDON

By "PROCRUSTES"

A prize of one guinea will be sent to the sender of a correct solution who supplies the best clue to 35 across.

CLUES ACROSS:

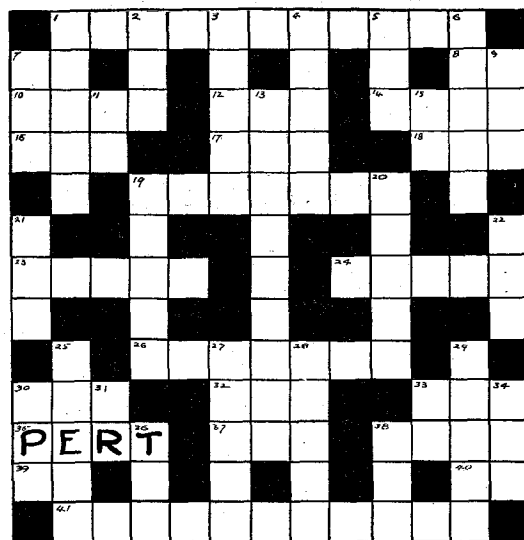
1. Street of ill-omen to many householders, but not to Wren.
7. Begin 1 down.
8. Behead 22.
10. "Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie . . . unto the fields, and to the sky" (Wordsworth).
12. Curtail the god restored.
14. One who lamented the decay of beggars in the Metropolis.
16. A so-called "king" buried in Westminster Abbey. He attacked 38 across.
17. Used in 25-Street.
18. With 31, a Bloomsbury adjective.
19. Have to go left round Trafalgar Square.
25. This of Nantes sent many to England, and Evelyn tells us they were warmly received in London.
24. Poets' Pub., now vanished.
26. The Monument long bore an inscription blaming them for the Fire. Reverse them.
30. London this is right 22, according to the Poet Laureate.
32. Begin 23.
33. Heard at Smithfield.
37. Of vice perhaps Limehouse way.
38. Bishop of London who ended on the scaffold.
39. Begin 36.
40. Negative.
41. A London citizen of credit and renown was captain of this.

CLUES DOWN:

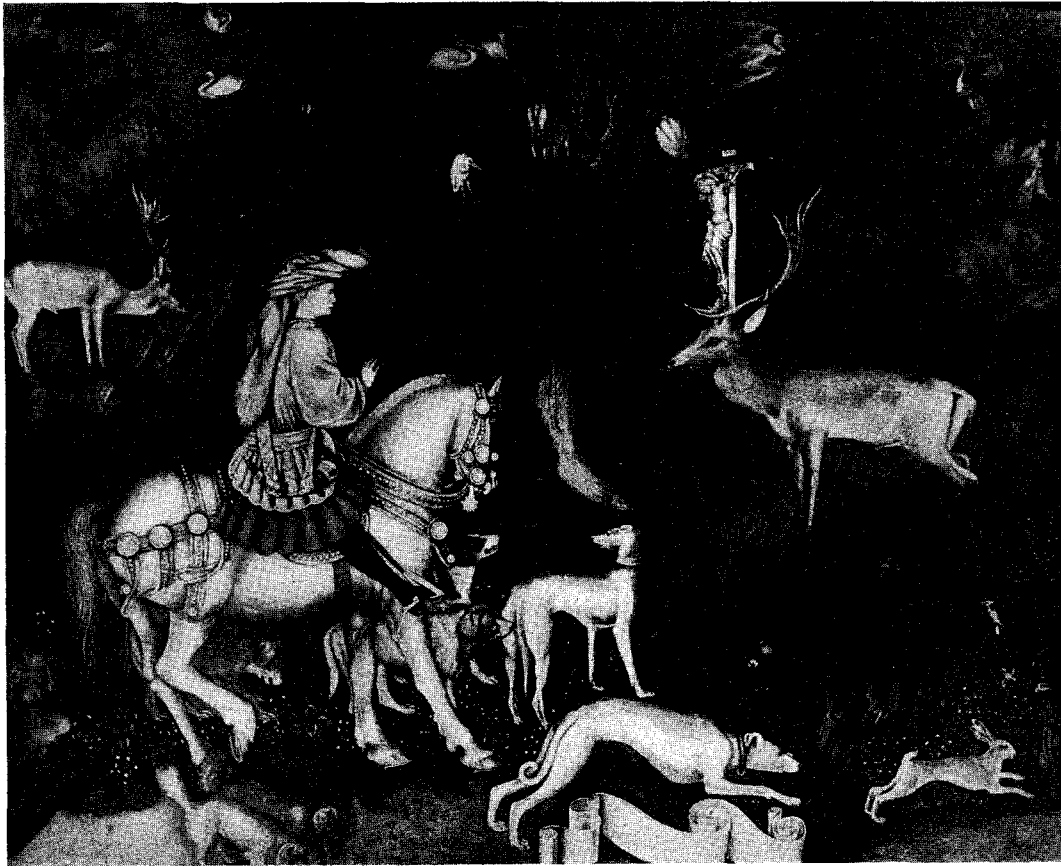
1. He wrote: "The design of building the City do go on apace, and by his description it will be mighty hand-

- some, and to the satisfaction of the people; but I pray God it come not too late."
2. Pneumatic drills make the worst of all.
3. Their queen looks over the river at Westminster.
4. "can we cram Within this wooden O the very casques That did affright the air at Agincourt?"
5. To judge by the name of a street, St. Mary must have had one.
6. Mayfair is their district.
7. Classical and held on a Monday. W. S. Gilbert made it a punishment to attend one.
9. Jumble 36 to find something one could do well at the 24.
11. The clue for 17 will serve for this.
13. A 30 down telephone exchange for Whistler, one would think.
15. Initials of an academic institution.
19. 1 down spent much of his professional time here.
20. Foreigners are astonished to find them in Hyde Park.
21. Big at Westminster, and more common about the taverns than his epitaph would suggest.
22. See 30 across.
25. Not exclusively a naval prison.
27. Not the sort of chair that was to be given to Dayrolles, though common at that time.
28. Many did in the Tower.
29. Now moved from his old Ditch to Wimbledon and elsewhere.
30. See 13.
31. Still seen on pillar-boxes.
33. Obtainable at 15.
34. Left in charge by William the Conqueror when he left London for the Continent.
36. 1 down first partook of it on September 25th, 1660.
38. Behead 14.

Crossword No. 26



ART, POETRY and CRITICISM



From The Horse in Art
By Lida L. Fleitmann
(*Medici Society*).

THE VISION OF ST. EUSTACE.
By Vittore Pisanello.
(National Gallery, London.)

CONTAINING REVIEWS BY
HESKETH HUBBARD, HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET,
GRAHAM SUTTON, GEOFFREY ROSSETTI, ETC.

SOME *STUDIO* PUBLICATIONS

Making an Etching.

By Levon West. 7s. 6d. net. (*Studio*.)

Wood Engraving and Woodcuts.

By Clare Leighton. 7s. 6d. net. (*Studio*.)

Masters of Etching : No. 33.

5s. net. (*Studio*.)

Artists' Country.

7s. 6d. net. (*Studio*.)

Peter Paul Rubens.

"Master Draughtsmen" series. 5s. net. (*Studio*.)

by D. S. Meldrum

Two *Studio* publications are to hand in a new "How To Do It" series, the first on "Making an Etching," by Levon West, and the second on "Wood Engraving and Woodcuts," by Clare Leighton. In each the method of the craft is presented in special photographs of the artist craftsman at work, each being at the same time a handbook to tools and processes, illustrated by the explanatory photograph opposite.

It is an excellent idea. Here for example Mr. West, an American etcher, briefly describes the materials used in his craft, for which, he says, the beginner must "cultivate a feeling." The student reader is advised in the first place to gain the mental viewpoint that goes with the art. A Rembrandt created actuality by the power of suggestion achieved in his "Six's Bridge" with the utmost economy of line, and again in his "Three Trees" with the maximum of means. The student is not likely to be a Rembrandt, but he can follow his own bent and gravitate to the mode of etching which is the natural expression of his temperament, leaning for example to the manner of Whistler if he has a nervous, incisive line, and to that of Meryon if his line is placid and deliberate. Then, the author having conveyed his hints in notes (which after all are very much like the notes of any teacher), we have the dozen or more photographs which show exactly the individual craftsman at work as could not be seen by any other means. In fact "How To Do It." A very useful addition is "Sixteen Well Known Etchings Analysed," the examples including the work of Rembrandt, Legros, Zorn, Whistler, Seymour-Haden, D. Y. Cameron, and each reproduced on the right hand of an opening of the book opposite which is Mr. Levon West's analysis.

Miss Clare Leighton's volume is built up on a similar plan. First the notes on materials and processes, then excellent photographs of the same showing Miss Leighton at work, and finally thirty-eight examples of the best-known

modern English wood engravers, each with its analytical note. For usefulness, both books could not easily be surpassed.

The volume on Sir D. Y. Cameron, No. 33 of "Masters of Etching," is the second on the artist in the series, the first having been No. 7. It comes very appropriately at the moment of publication of Mr. Frank Rinder's "The Etchings and Drypoints of Sir D. Y. Cameron, 1887-1932" (Glasgow: Jackson, Wylie), an extension of the Catalogue published in 1912, and bringing the total of etchings and drypoints up to five hundred, apart from "States." The text of the present book, like that of the others of the series, is by Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman, who has developed a perfectly uncanny facility in his notes. The twelve plates include "The Five Sisters," "Tewkesbury Abbey," "The

Old Museum, Beauvais," and, of the Highland scenes, the famous "Ben Ledi" etching. Truly "the call of Scotland"—Mr. Salaman does well to quote Mr. Rinder—"is in Cameron's blood."

"Artists' Country" is to be regarded as a supplement to "Artists' Sketching Grounds," the *Studio* Special Number of 1909. It contains eight full-page illustrations in colour, one of them being Sir Charles Holmes's "Watendlath Tarn" and another Sir D. Y. Cameron's "Sunset over Lorne," and for the rest there are reproductions in black-and-white of works by over seventy artists, representing fully a hundred places at home and on the Continent. To all intents and purposes this is a survey of contemporary landscape rather than a book of individual artists' preferences, although some of these are specifically mentioned. The absence, save in rare cases, of well-known old brushes is noticeable; the choice is that of youth, and it might prove a worthwhile study to compare the favourite subjects of to-day,

and those, say, of twenty-five years ago. The difference in style, needless to say, would be marked, although the most modern work is excluded here. Some of the contributing artists have gone as far afield as Corsica and Thessaly. Mr. G. S. Sandilands supplies the letterpress, a running commentary on the pictures.

"Peter Paul Rubens" in the "Master Draughtsmen" series has a brief and business-like introduction by Mr. Martin Freeman. It points out that the drawings of Rubens were mostly the first creative idea of the paintings. His interests lay in general effects, in composition and in movement, though when he liked he could finish details with the most consummate accuracy and precision. The twelve examples in the book are well chosen and representative. His broad manner is seen in his dashing, swiftly-drawn portrait of himself; his finer method in the portrait of Helene Fourment, his second wife.



From *The Loyal Clans*
By Audrey Cunningham
(Cambridge University Press).

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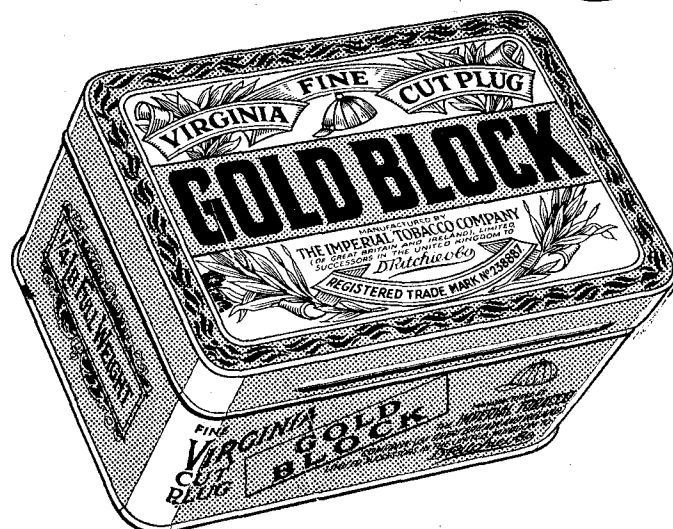
"True enough. And not only that, old son, the extr'ordinary thing is this GOLD BLOCK lasts so much longer in your pipe. D'you know I actually consume less 'baccy than I used to and another thing . . ."

"Here, I say . . . what does it cost roughly to join the elect?"

"Oh, a mere matter of two-and-nine for a couple of ounces."

"Right ho, I'm on!"

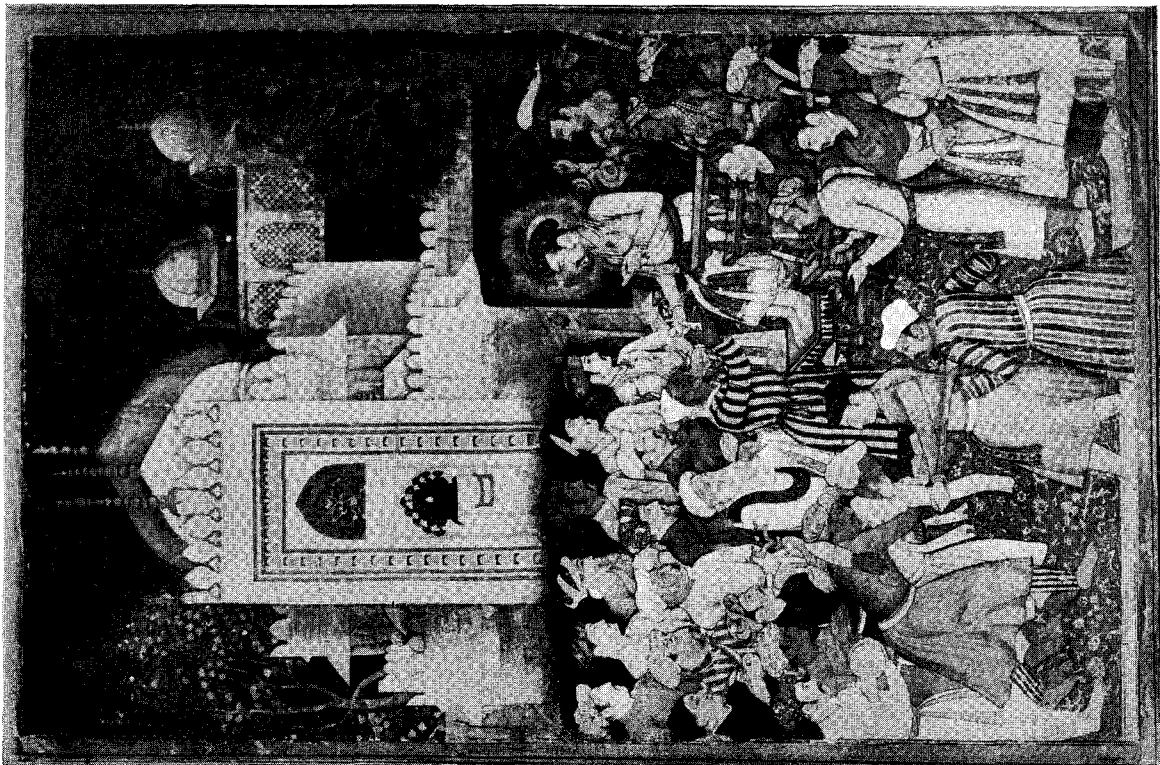
GOLD BLOCK



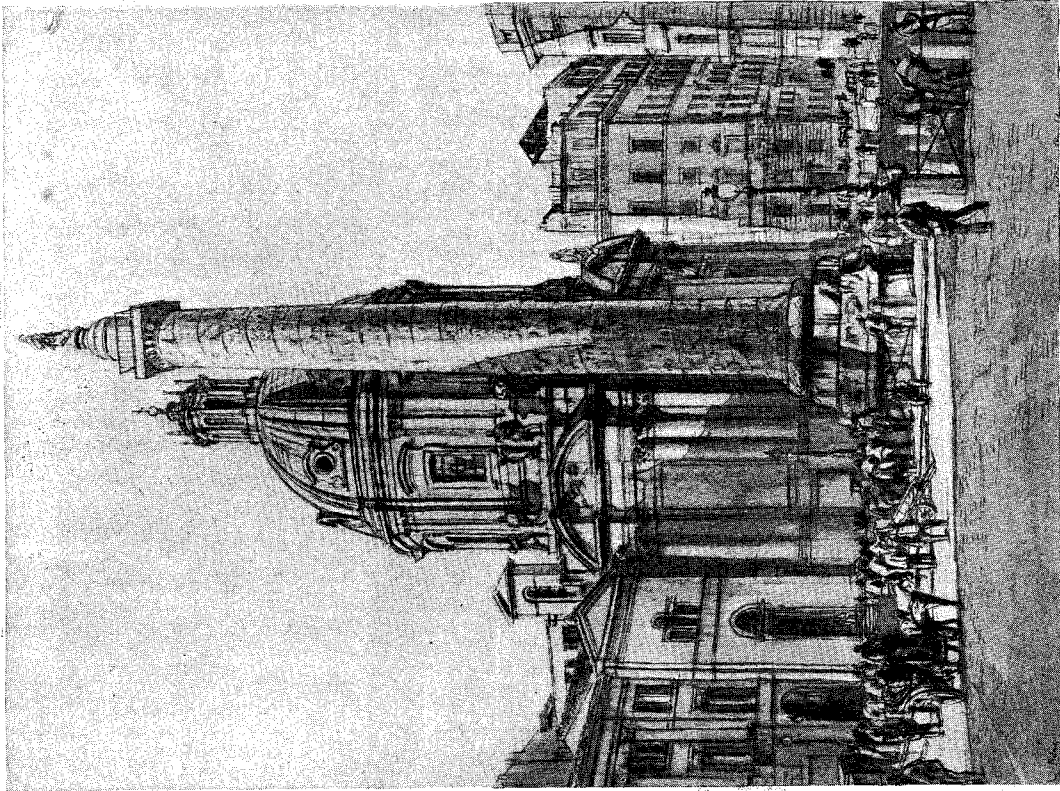
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From The Jesuits and the Great Mogul
By Sir Edward Macdagan
(Burns, Oates & Washbourne).
See page 246.



From Rome
By Sir Rennell Rodd
(Macmillan).
See page 248.

TRAJAN'S COLUMN.
By Henry Rushberry, A.R.A.

There is a delightful study in chalks of an "Infant with Arms Outstretched" from the Louvre. Rubens was very successful with children. There is also a very charming study at a very young age of his son Nikolaus, which was used later for the head of the Child in "The Virgin Adorated by Four Saints" at Cassel. Nikolaus is the youth at an older age who appears in the portrait group of Rubens' boys, of which there are two copies, one at Dresden and the other in the Liechtenstein Gallery.

COLOUR AND THE DIVINE PROPORTION

Colour in Interior Decoration.
By John M. Holmes. 25s.
(Architectural Press and Scribners.)

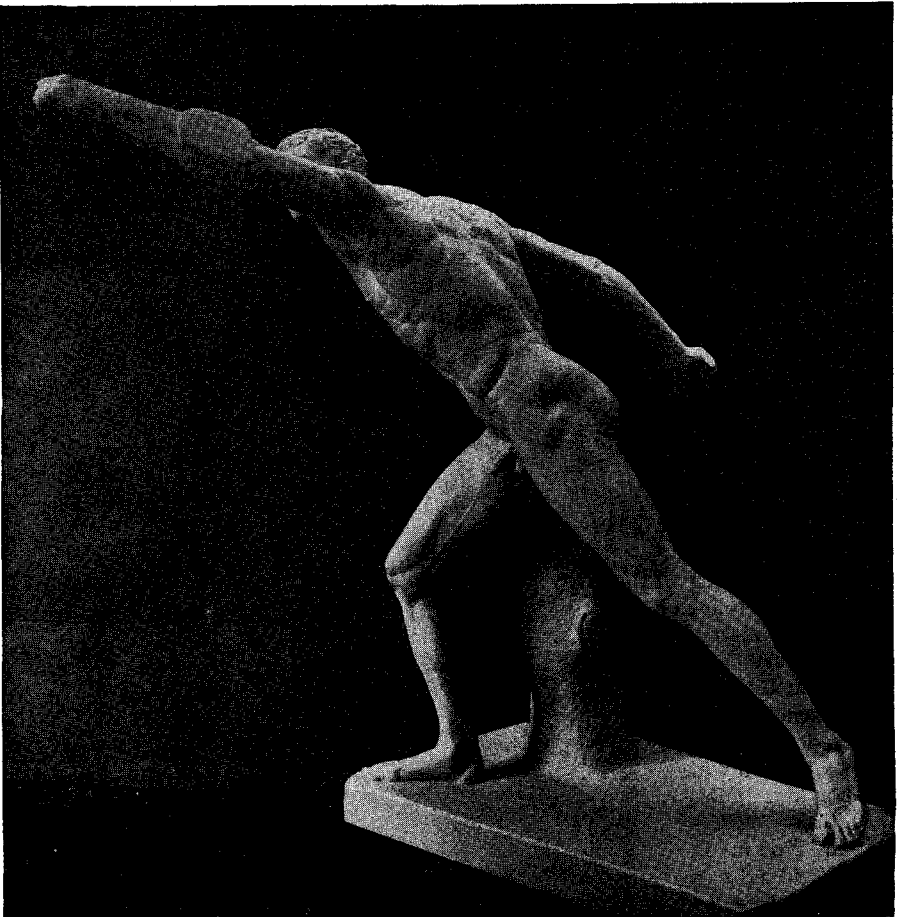
An Introduction to Colour.
By T. Elder Dickson, M.A., D.A.
3s. 6d. (Pitman.)

Rhythmic Form in Art.
By Irma A. Richter. 21s. (John Lane.)

by Hesketh Hubbard

Of the many recent books on colour, most merely repeat what Field and Church, Sargent and Carpenter have said already. Mr. John Holmes's book, whilst covering the well-trodden tracks, does lead us a little in new directions. He attempts for instance to tackle the complex subject of the relationship of shape to colour. It is true he does not go beyond the tentative formula that if shapes are harmonious they should be coloured harmoniously; if discordant their colour should be so also. I hope Mr. Holmes will pursue his inquiries further in this direction and give us the benefit of his research.

Another new and welcome feature in this book, which is



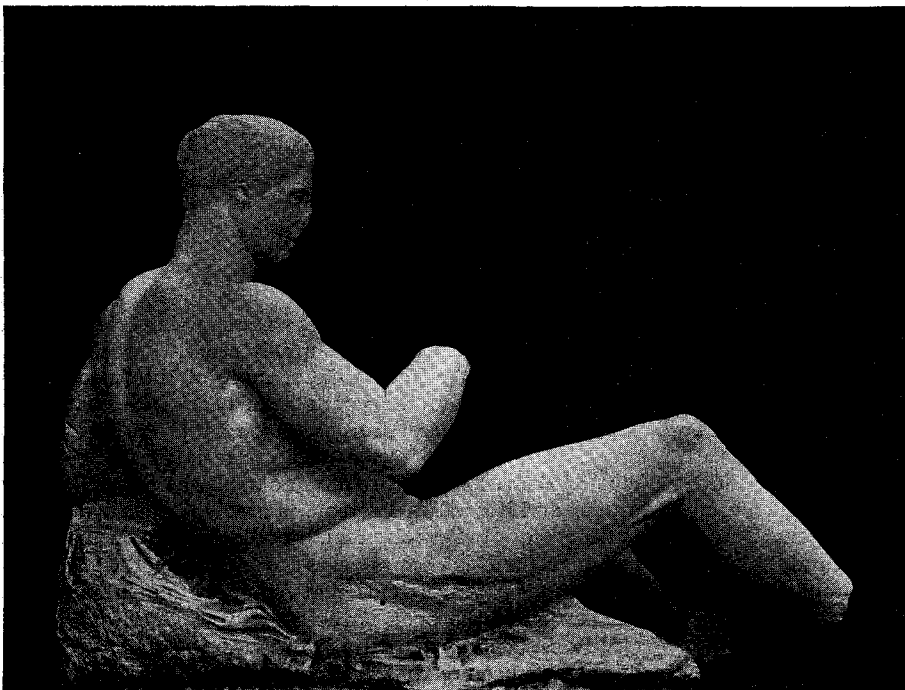
*From Greek Sculpture and
Painting*
By J. D. Beazley and Bernard Ashmole
(Cambridge University Press).

MARBLE WARRIOR IN THE LOUVRE.
(MISSING, SWORD AND SHIELD.)
Signed by Agasias of Ephesus, and of the
second century B.C.

primarily meant for the interior decorator, is the section devoted to the use of the natural colours of building materials, such as stone, brick, glass, woods, metals, etc., as the key-note of the colour scheme. Schemes of decoration in which no paint, stain or dye have been used, that rely only on the natural colours of materials, are most satisfying, though they demand perfect craftsmanship.

The author is a born teacher; he writes from the studio or workshop where his knowledge has been acquired. His explanations are always clear and admirably illustrated by good colour reproductions. I am glad to see he draws attention to the hopeless lack of system that the sample books put out by the colour manufacturers reveal. It surprises me that Mr. Holmes should omit any reference to triads, the most lovely but most difficult set of colours with which to achieve colour unity, and I see no point in confusing us with new terms, such as "primary tone order" in place of "natural order," or "contrasted" colours for the more universally used "complementary." But the book should do much to improve the standard of colour in interior decoration.

Mr. Elder Dickson's "An Introduction to Colour" is just what it sets out to be. It is a well



From Greek Sculpture and Painting
By J. D. Beazley and Bernard Ashmole
(Cambridge University Press).

served-up réchauffé—practical; a book that will be welcomed by the teacher and self-teacher. Various progressive experiments and exercises are suggested, and if anyone will take the trouble to work through these he will be equipped to study and appreciate the more subtle problems of colour dealt with by Mr. Holmes.

Anyone at all sensitive to such things feels that there is behind a work of art that is satisfying a perfection of proportion; that unity is due to the perfect relationship of every unit in a design. Herr Kelsch, in his "Canon Tibertius," explained the Law of Isocephaly, or the relationship of various canonical points in a picture, which for years had been a forgotten secret; Mr. Hambridge published over a decade ago his theories on Dynamic Symmetry, and Mössel and Ghika, in German and French, have gone deeply into the question of proportion. Miss Richter's "Rhythmic Form in Art" finds a natural place on the bookshelf beside such works. She explores fully the theory of "divine proportion," giving us a simple scheme which can be used conveniently for every kind of design. As she shows us, stage by stage, how the builders of the Parthenon set about their task, the methods they employed to insure that every detail in the building should bear a fixed relationship to every other part, large or small, anyone who is alive to the beauty of numbers and proportions will feel a thrill akin to the joy of appreciating metre in poetry.

A prearranged scale of proportions can, of course, be more readily applied to architecture than to painting, but the authoress proves that the divine proportion of Pythagoras was thoroughly understood and often used with incredible nicety by the great painters so long as painting was wed to architecture. Even Fragonard and Hogarth, whose work was not very "architectural," partly understood and sometimes imperfectly applied these principles.

I am glad to see the authoress thinks that the theory of divinely related concentric circles can be applied to the ground plane of a picture as well as to the picture plane. I wish she had attempted to illustrate this rather than devote so much space to the religious and symbolic

significance of the divine proportion in a book intended to deal with rhythmic form in art.

MEMOIRS OF AN ARCHITECT. By Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., M.A. 10s. (Macmillan.)

Very few architects have written their own biographies. Sir Gilbert Scott wrote his and the result was entertaining—more entertaining perhaps than he intended. Sir Reginald Blomfield's autobiography is not unlike Scott's; it has the same robust assurance, the same proud flourish of the laurels of achievement. But it is on the whole rather less entertaining.

The first part of the book is a miscellaneous bunch of childhood and school-day memories. We read of the author's narrow escape from his brother's catapult and how an ingenious tale about the pigs having eaten the apricots failed of acceptance. Then comes the deplorable school of Mrs. X—and an uncomfortable seven years at Haileybury. Then Oxford. Architecture begins with the author's entry into the office of his uncle, Sir Arthur Blomfield. Here he found, instead of the high enthusiasm and scholarship which he had anticipated, "a somewhat depressed managing clerk, two or three assistants and half a dozen cheerful young fellows, most of whom were much more

interested in the latest news, whether sporting or otherwise, than the latest experiment in architecture."

One would have liked to hear more of the famous Victorians with whom the young man came into contact in these years. William Burges (given as J. W. Burgess) is mentioned and there is a just appreciation of Pearson. But Street (who died in 1881, not 1883 as stated), surely a finer architect than Pearson, is unfairly chastised for his intolerance of the classical. Bodley is given his due, although Sir Reginald appears to think a good deal less of him for not paying attention at Academy Council meetings.

The rest of the book is the story of an active life spent chiefly in building, writing and arguing. Sir Reginald has always been ready to champion a cause which intrigued him. Academy reform, architectural education and historical monuments have claimed his attention in turn. His hard-fought battle with the authorities saved the city



From *Gypsy Dorelia*
By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe
(John Lane).

THE ANGER DANCE.

churches and more than once he has propped up Waterloo Bridge with a column in *The Times*.

It is interesting to read about Piccadilly Circus and the rebuilding of the Quadrant. Sir Reginald quite rightly pricks the bubble of Nash's present-day reputation. Nash was an able town-planner but a poor architect and, in any case, the better buildings in Regent Street were not by him. The admired urbanity of the old street was a quality of the age rather than the man.

"If I am ever remembered," says Sir Reginald, "I hope it may be by the Menin Gate, my design for the completion of the Quadrant and Lambeth Bridge." By these brave, vigorous designs he will be remembered with respect for they are the works of a man who knew his own mind and had the courage of his conviction.

JOHN SUMMERSON.

PEPYS AND SCOTT

Letters and the
Second Diary of
Samuel Pepys.

Edited, with
an Introduction,
by R. G.
Howarth,
B.Litt. With
16 contemporary
portraits
and views.
7s. 6d. (Dent.)

The Letters of Sir
Walter Scott:
1808-1811.

Edited by H.
J. C. Grierson.
18s. (Con-
stable.)

by Hugh
I'Anson
Fausset

Mr. Howarth has done a valuable service to all lovers and students of Pepys by collecting in this compact and handsomely illustrated volume a mass of Pepysiana not easily accessible before. "Our Mr. Pepys," as he frankly admits, must always remain "the Pepys of the Diary." And it may even surprise some readers to hear that there was and is a Second Diary, written in shorthand fourteen years after the completion of the first and recording a voyage to Tangier and back. This Diary has not been reprinted since its first publication in 1841 and those who hoped that it would be as highly savoured and as full of tasty morsels as its predecessor must have been sadly disappointed. For Pepys wrote it in shorthand, not because he had anything to conceal, but because he had little time to spare. And although it displays the old industriously observant qualities and occasional glimpses of the old indulgent tastes and interests, it is for the most part little more than a conscientious record of local and transitory events. Mr. Howarth however, while admitting this,

considers it to be a priceless document of Pepys's mental progression, "showing us, in agreement with the letters, and in spite of its limitations, the sort of man Pepys grew into, after the 'indiscretion of his youth.'"

And since it did offer Pepys an opportunity of revealing himself, if he had still had something vital and intimate to reveal, his claim is perhaps justified. For in his letters Pepys never gave himself away. Nor of course did he mean to do so in the famous Diary. But since the letters which he wrote before and during its secret composition

are generally as blandly impersonal and dignified as those which he continued to write for the rest of his life, it would be still possible to believe, in the absence of the Second Diary, that beneath the suave and reticent official of the Admiralty the "merry and roguish" Pepys of the sixties continued to exist in full possession of his lively and unregenerate powers. But this the Second Diary disproves. Both it and the letters show that, like other men, Pepys outgrew the lively, if veiled, indiscretions of his youth, and although the Mary Skinner, who after his wife's death entered his service and was supposed to have been his house-keeper from about 1689 to his death, is now proved to have been his mistress from 1670 onwards, the tie would seem to have been as con-



From *Gypsy Dorelia*
By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe
(John Lane).

SILVESTER.

stant as it was respectable. More and more in fact Pepys assumed the gravity suitable to one who held an important public position and associated with grave and worthy men of affairs. And before long such gravity became second nature to him and of the "very worthy, industrious and curious person" whose death Evelyn was to lament in his Diary, little of the fascinatingly curious person remained.

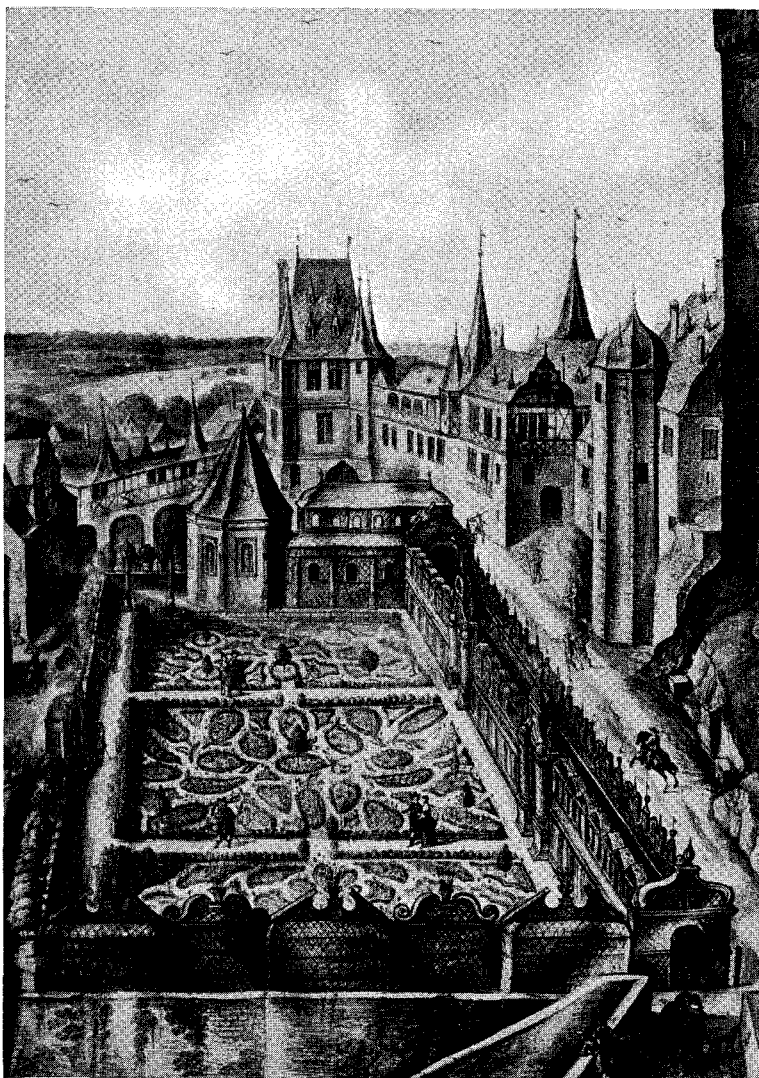
At least he left few traces of his survival. Pepys's letters therefore have neither a personal nor a literary quality which gives them intrinsic value, even if in those of the later period we get, as Mr. Howarth suggests, "the real Pepys, only as he is when older and soberer, with a real charm of manner imposed upon his sturdy qualities." But even these please rather by their mellow formality than by any distinctive self-expression. And although those who know and love the Diary will catch occasional glimpses, particularly in the earlier letters, of its sly and playful author, some of the very qualities which enhance

its interest, and in particular Pepys's love of minute details, make for dullness when they are merely devoted to a painstaking inventory of facts. Nevertheless no devotee of Pepys or student of the period of which he was so privileged and careful a witness should be without this book. For Mr. Howarth is an admirable editor and his selection, which includes many letters which Pepys received, notably those from Evelyn, is as choice and as comprehensive as could be desired.

The second volume of the Centenary Edition of Scott's letters is full of biographical interest. In 1808 Scott was just finishing "Marmion," in 1810 "The Lady of the Lake" appeared, and in 1811 the Peninsular War provoked "a sort of rhapsody," entitled the "Vision of Don Roderick." Throughout these years too he was working on his proposed edition of Swift and gathering material for his "English Minstrelsy." He was also involved in the launching of *The Quarterly* in opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*, a venture which led to his quarrel with Constable and his partnership with the Ballantynes. In May, 1811, too, the

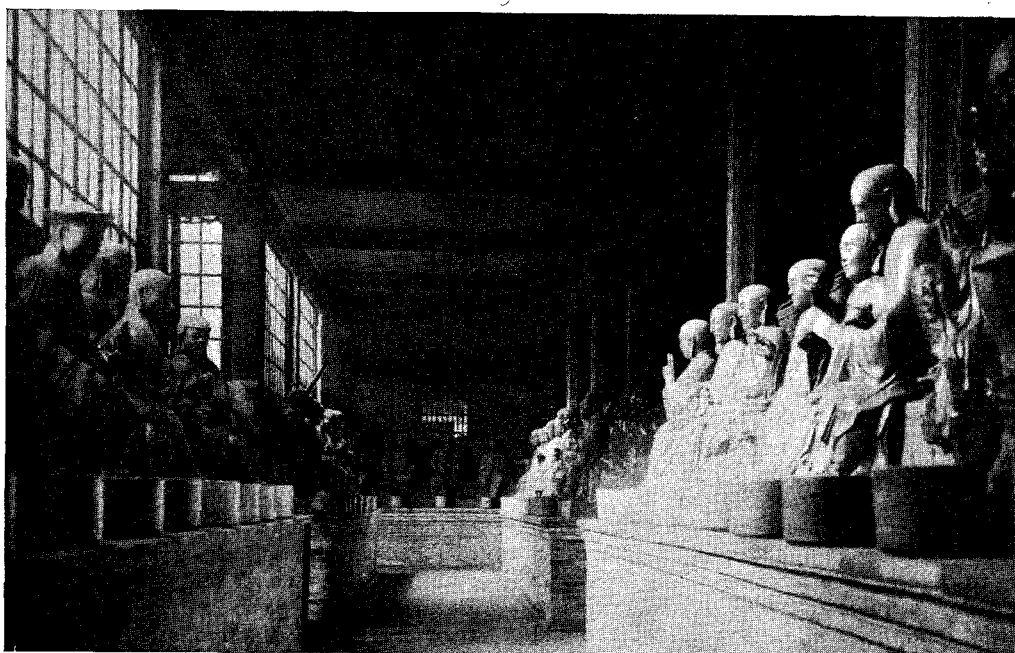
lease of Ashiestiel is out and he is planning to purchase a piece of ground which "would make a very desirable property." Abbotsford has been conceived. They are therefore important years, and the letters reflect the gusto of a man who is making his way, is full of projects, feels that he can "work like a horse," and expands in the sun of a growing prosperity. The Clerk of Sessions is receding rapidly before the writer engrossed in the craft, the politics, the economics and the fellowship of literature. Some of the best of the letters are to such fellow-writers as Southey, Joanna Baillie, Anna Seward, Rogers and Hayley. But every side of his energetic and various life is reflected, including his "little nursery," while the letters to Lady Abercorn show the manly ease of his attitude to members of the nobility. Eager to help others, he is not ashamed to confess frankly that he expects literature to pay him well. And yet

his temper is always too generous and impulsive to be really worldly. There is little subtlety in his letters and no introspection, but they are cordial, cogent, and have the grace of a spontaneous courtesy.



From The Shakespeare Garden
By Esther Singleton
(Cecil Palmer).

FIFTEENTH CENTURY GARDEN
WITHIN CASTLE WALLS (FRENCH).



From Vampires of the China Coast
By Bok
(Herbert Jenkins).

THE TEMPLE OF A THOUSAND
GENII, CANTON.

VISION OF ASIA

The Vision of Asia : An Interpretation of Chinese Art and Culture.

By L. Cranmer-Byng. (Murray.)

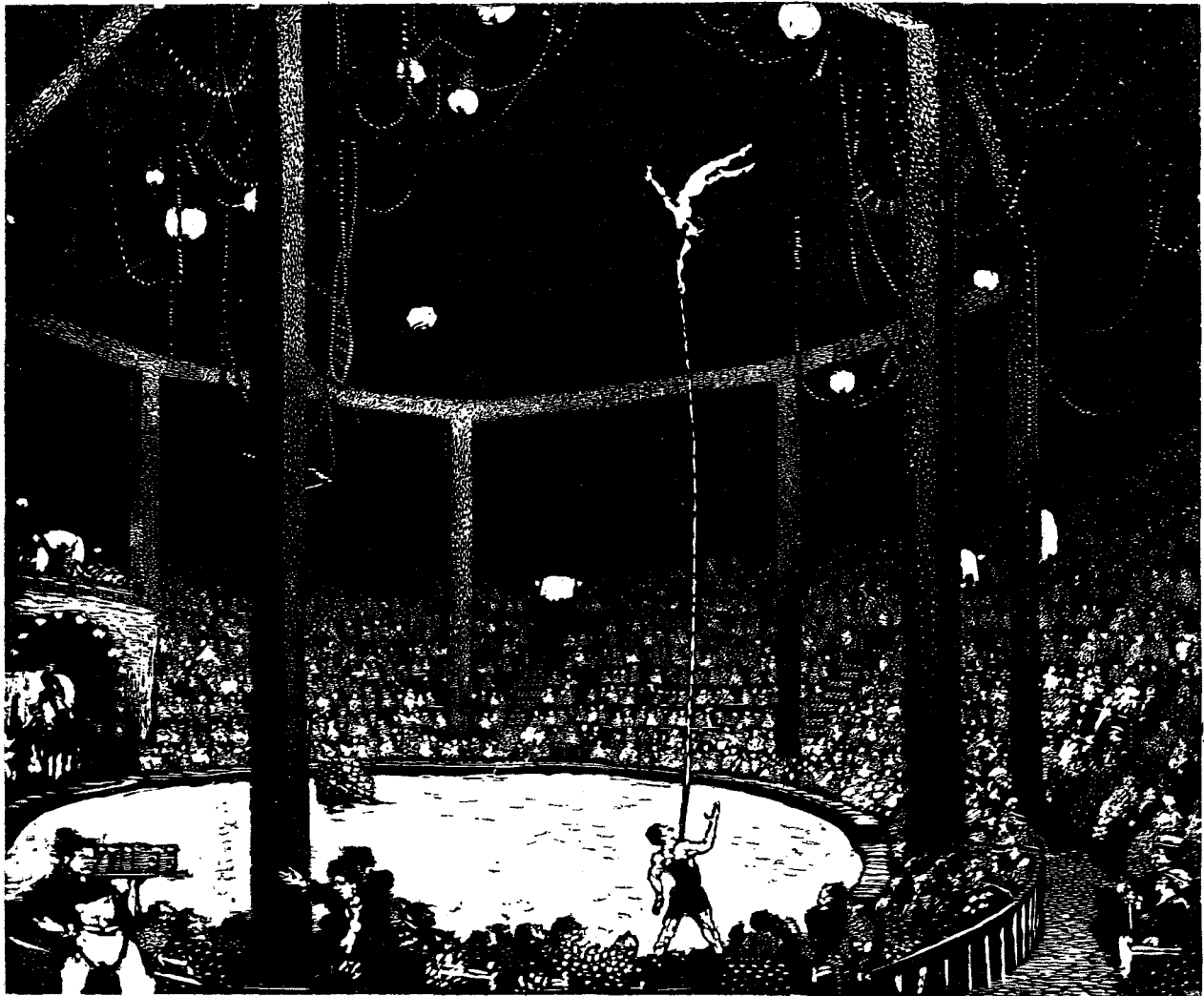
by Mary Butts

This is a very wise book, wise and good and of extraordinary interest. It is an account—with references and comparisons drawn from European classics, modern poetry and developments in physics—of the teachings of Lao Tzū, the contemporary of Confucius, of the history of the mystical secret of China.

The teachings of these two men, sometimes working in

down the creative fire that burns in every form of creation. . . . A purely ethical system is like flesh and bones without the blood. . . .” It was what Confucius left unsaid, that Lao Tzū supplied; and considering the two together, it becomes possible to understand more about China than one had ever hoped to before.

There were the Three Vinegar Tasters. They stood before a jar. Their names were the Lord Buddha, the Lord Confucius and the Lord Lao Tzū. Each tasted what was in the jar. The Lord Buddha called it bitter; the Lord Confucius, sour. Only Lao Tzū called it sweet. The jar held the brew of life, and the third taster came to call men, not to the ultimate despair which, when all is explained away, must be the final interpretation of



From Wood Engravings and Woodcuts

By Claire Leighton
(Studio).

THE CIRCUS.
(Emma Borman.)

most fruitful accord, sometimes with fatal division, have shared or divided the allegiance of the Chinese mind. Out of their influences her artists or her statesmen—names which in the great epochs have often meant the same thing—her scholars or farmers, her hermits—or the Son of Heaven himself, have shaped her civilisation.

In the West we have heard more about Confucius. It is easy to understand what he was about. The figure of him rises up as an almost physical summary of what we have been taught to think of as “Chinese.” The self-control, the restraint, the moral ceremoniousness, the humour, the devastating common sense: one has wondered how a philosophy which seemed to be no more than a quintessence of the matter-of-fact and a shrewd knowledge of human infirmities, could have become the final satisfaction of a deeply-imaginative race. But Mr. Cranmer-Byng says: “Confucius failed . . . because he became afraid . . . in his desire to escape from elementals, to shut

Buddhism; not to the hard sense of Confucius, but to the way which is called Tao, whose understanding is the joy that is in Dionysus and the joy that is in Christ—perhaps the most satisfying statement of ultimate values man has yet made.

It is a system dependent on philosophy, and on the sharpest attention to common reality, a restatement and an explanation of that saying of Christ’s which men have found hardest to understand: that he who would save his life must first lose it. But what Lao Tzū made clear was that life really *is* saved, saved in its richness and beauty and adventure, saved for action and enjoyment and above all for creation; and for a final conscious participation, outside the universe as we conceive it, in the whole being of God.

Buddha is essentially an Indian. So is Confucius a Chinaman. But Lao Tzū—though the Tao, his “Way” has been little known outside China; though, as Confucius

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

saw, it could and did become corrupted by primitive superstition; is a figure who belongs everywhere, east or west, wherever there is a civilisation to influence, or an imaginative person in need of the purest understanding and love. A shadow more substantial than a mountain, at once friendly and exquisite and all-powerful.

Mr. Cranmer-Byng's book is to make the West aware of this. He has seen how the spiritual teaching of the East is usually presented to the West in ultimate terms with which, intuitively and sensibly, the West will have nothing to do. For Buddhism offers no more in the long run than an escape. Its last word is blissful extinction; its intermediate paradises no more than the harps and gold of our own New Jerusalem. It is here he tells the story, unfortunately too long to quote, of the man who found his way into one of the Buddhist paradises, whose inhabitants, all once great men of the world, were seeking to escape by an undiscoverable suicide.

With all the hard-headedness of the mystic—"the man who is all altruism from dawn to sunset is either a bore or a bogey"—the writer has looked at the schemes of salvation men have devised for themselves, to find failure after failure. Only in the farthest East he has found what he is looking for, which our world is dying for want of, a *re-statement* of final realities, serviceable both to the heart and head of every man of good-will. In China, in a nation renowned for its common sense and its commerce, for speculation and art, in her greatest epochs, the Taoist, the follower of the Way of Lao Tzū, was the artist, and the artist the administrator, the ruler of provinces, and more than the entertainer, the companion of kings.

It is necessary to ask how, supplemented by the *terre à terre* discipline of Confucius, so flawless a way of life, did not save, once and for ever, the whole situation. Confucius saw that answer himself. Lao Tzū's teaching, like Christ's, was above race, based on the mysticism common to all mankind; an intuition he shared with Christ and Plato, and the supreme mystics from Glastonbury to Persia. There are classes of mystics as there are of artists, or in any of the great intuitive faculties in man. The third and fourth class mystic can be a man of very nasty or of very silly mind. The first thing he does is to drop into

incorrect translations of his perceptions, in terms of any folly that may be about. In China, Lao Tzū's teachings gave fresh life to the primitive animism of the common people, revitalised swarms of bogies, ghosts and demons. The salt and sap went out of it. The Tao, with intervals of re-vision corresponding to great epochs in the national life, became a glorious memory which had somehow got mixed up with a fairy-story. Confucius triumphed, with a triumph that was necessarily incomplete.

This gives some idea of the substance of Mr. Byng's book. It would seem, would it not, to be of first-rate importance; to contain, with something of the shock and

delight of revelation, exactly the help that our world is in particular and desperate need of to-day? For Lao Tzū has something new to say, or rather, his mystical vision, though in itself the quintessence of what the great mystics of the past have told as their personal experience, comes with the shock of something new. Of course there is nothing "new" about it, but in its simplicity and loveliness there comes the effect, the surprise of a release of vital force. It is as though the earth, with its passions and griefs and strains and delights, is shifted, by some minute adjustment, into focus. (The reviewer is writing this, with interruptions, against time, and with the Tao in mind can take

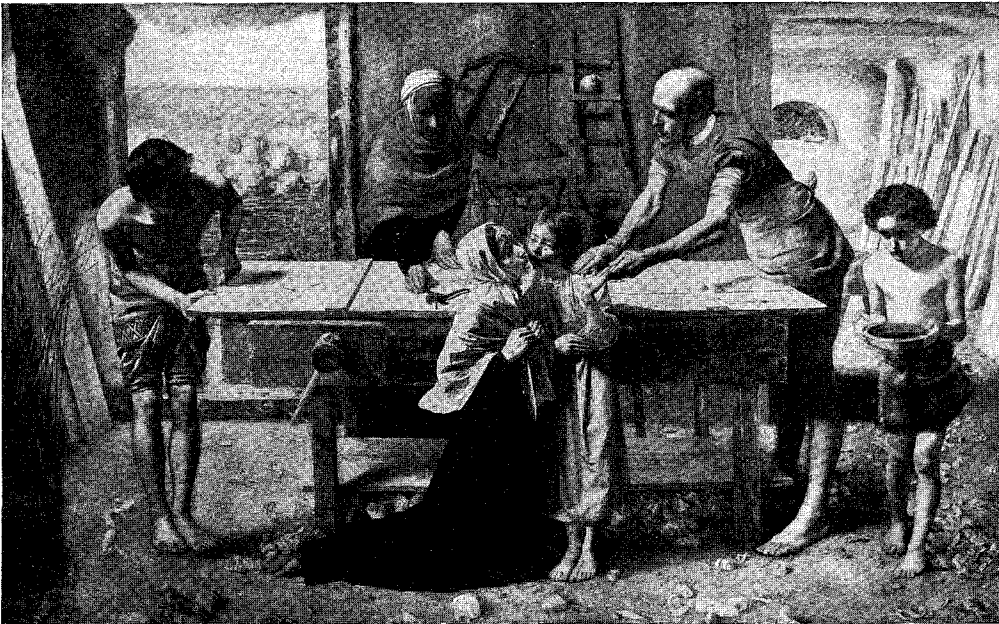


From *Pewter Down the Ages*
By Howard Herschel Cotterell
(Hutchinson).

THIS PAINTING OF PEASANT LIFE
BY ARIAN VAN OSTADE, DATED
1672, SHOWS A FLAGON WITH
"TWIN-BALL" THUMBPIECE.

nothing but pleasure in it all.) The Tao is simple and delightful and sensible and infinitely various. Mercy and Truth are met together: Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other.

Life is unfair. Much admirable art is being done in the world to-day, whose essence is a hope too harsh for full human nourishment, or one variety or another of despair. The point is that only these things, as it used to be said, "inspire the artist" to-day. While we are all wearying of a "de profundis" chorus addressed to no possible conception of any Lord. The question is—when will a book of this kind and of this value be written by a great creative user of words? For it is no disrespect to Mr. Cranmer-Byng to say that he is not that. It is when he interrupts his account and tries to convince us more of his master's meaning by passages of "fine writing," that he ceases to hold our attention. If he were a man who could have given to his book "the deathless consecration of



From *Pre-Raphaelite Comedy*
By Francis Bickley
(*Constable*).

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS.
By John Millais
(By permission of the National Gallery, Millbank.)

art," fewer men would read it at first because of the necessary strangeness that attends such things. But in time, and in not so short a time, considering our age's æsthetic sensibility and desperate need, it would be in every man's hands. Which is where the author would wish to see it. As yet, his pure intentions, his profound understanding have not been enough. When will this happen? For it must happen.

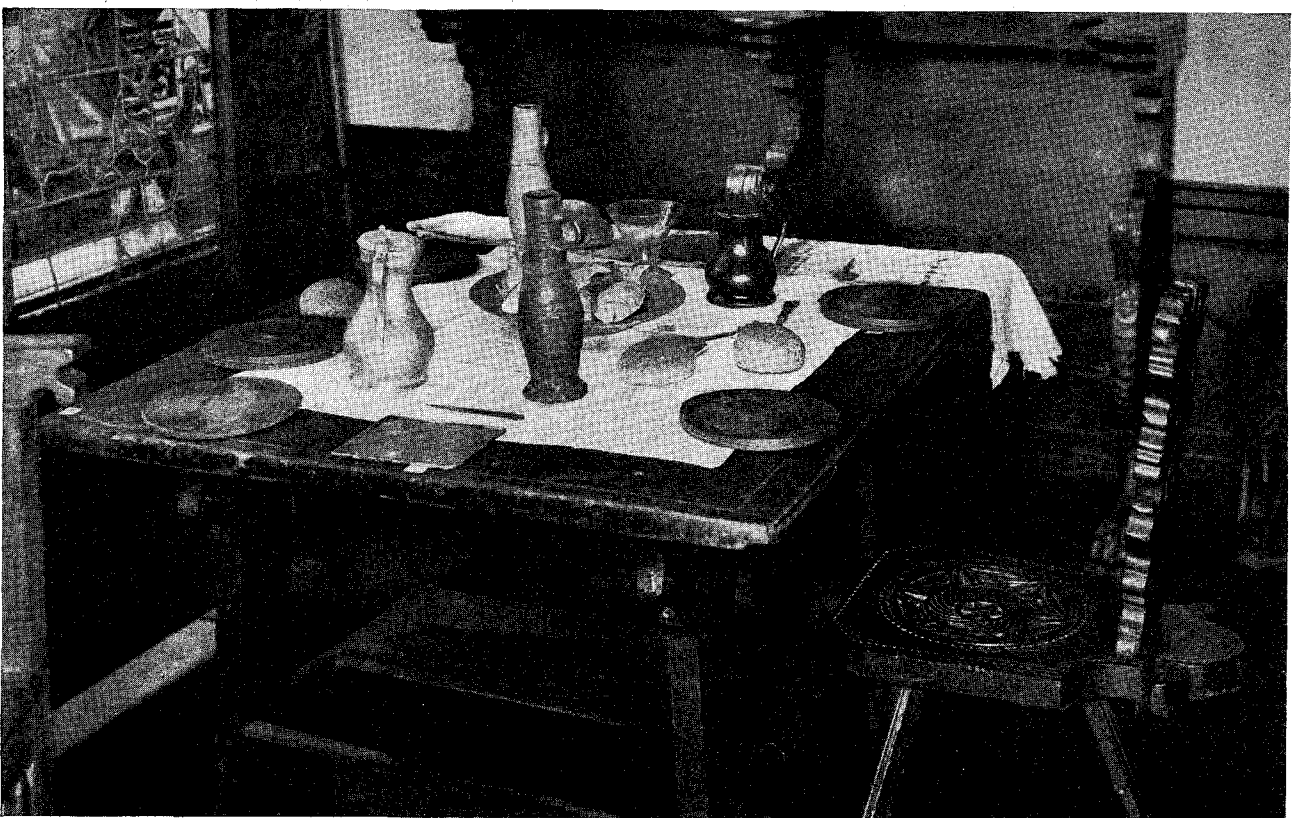
FASHION DRAWING.

By Eliot Hodgkin. 21s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Hodgkin breaks new ground in this volume. Fashion drawing in the last quarter of a century has made extraordinary strides both in quantity and in quality, yet this

preliminary training both in the life class and in the home goes to show in which direction one had better specialise. If for example the student's life-drawing remains cramped and unexciting, while his skill in depicting drapery leaves it far behind, he can assume that he will more likely have success in drawing for shops, where exactness is of more value than style or dash. On the other hand, if he find the representation of textures and details bores him in comparison with the pleasure he derives from sketching the human figure in a variety of easy poses, from grouping two or three such figures in a natural way, and from placing such a group in a plausible and appropriate setting, then he may hope for a greater measure of success from magazine work.

On both kinds, for the shop and for the Press, there are



From *Pewter Down the Ages*
By Howard Herschel Cotterell
(*Hutchinson*).

"DIE GEDEKTE TAFEL," SHOWING "THE TABLE SET," IN THE LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY PERIOD, AT THE 1928 AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

useful chapters in which the author does not disdain to give practical hints not merely on the execution of the drawings but also on their sale. Detailed advice, greatly assisted by the plates, is continued under the headings "Theme and Variation," "Animate Details" (meaning those which form part of the body, or else take their shape from some part of it), "Inanimate Details" (like furs), and "Drapery"; there is also a very useful section on the reproduction of drawings, and finally, under the comprehensive heading "At What Age, Where, Doing What, With Whom, and By Whom Drawn," there are gathered up a variety of facts and opinions about the art and some exceedingly interesting particulars of the leading men working in it. Altogether Mr. Hodgkin's is a well-planned, informative, and cleverly and usefully illustrated book.



From Scarlet, Blue and Green
By Duncan Fife
(Macmillan).

**SCARLET THE COATS THAT RIDE UP
TO THE FORE.
ON THE LINE OF A FOX.**

THE VICTORIAN SUNSET.

By E. Wingfield-Stratford. 12s. 6d. (Routledge.)

In his latest book upon Victorian times Mr. Wingfield-Stratford tackles what is in many ways the most difficult

period, for toward the end of the Queen's long reign Victorianism as it is generally understood gave place to more modern influences centring round the Prince, the younger generation was already beginning the eternal game of belittling their fathers' modes and manners, and finally forces in literature and thought became apparent which are still wielding influence to-day and are therefore much more difficult to "place" and write of with historical calm than of the early years of Victoria's reign.

In the first half of this book Mr. Wingfield-Stratford shows an extraordinary talent for clear, unbiased and amusing précis, whether it is in dealing with the giant politicians of that era, who "preserved a decent mystery, even to themselves, about the sources of their mysticism" and upon whom Fate played such ironic tricks, making a jubilant nation acclaim a deceived Disraeli as a bearer of Peace with Honour, or forcing the liberal and liberating Gladstone to play the rôle of Imperial tyrant; whether it is in dealing with the strange cult of stupidity cultivated by the English aristocracy, the lamentable collapse of agriculture, or the shifting of power from aristocracy to bourgeoisie, and from a self-ashamed middle class to the modern jumble of elements in the population.

When however the Naughty Nineties—a convenient but stupid misnomer to which the author rightly objects—are to be considered there are so many amusing details to be told and so much unfulfilled promise to be mentioned that subjects take up too often more space than they deserve, and although Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's judgment when delivered is just, the feeling that he has lost that aloof discrimination of proportion which characterises his earlier work cannot be entirely banished.

The book should most certainly be read because it is a serious attempt to look upon the Victorian Age not as a quarry for absurd incidents to minister to our own vanities nor an age which can only be revered, but as an historical period which is at last falling into a proper perspective. Nor in avoiding the most blatant faults of the "modern" writers on this age has he ceased to be witty or amusing, though occasionally his style, which can express a witty summary extremely well, is marred by reminiscences of quotation or a crudity in discussing fashions, which borders more on horseplay than wit.

ESMÉ WHITTAKER.



From Here's Horse Sense
By R. S. Summerhays
(Constable).

**"Y'YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LOOK
HOW YOU ARE S'SITTING; NOT
WHETHER YOUR T'TIE IS ON
S'STRAIGHT."**

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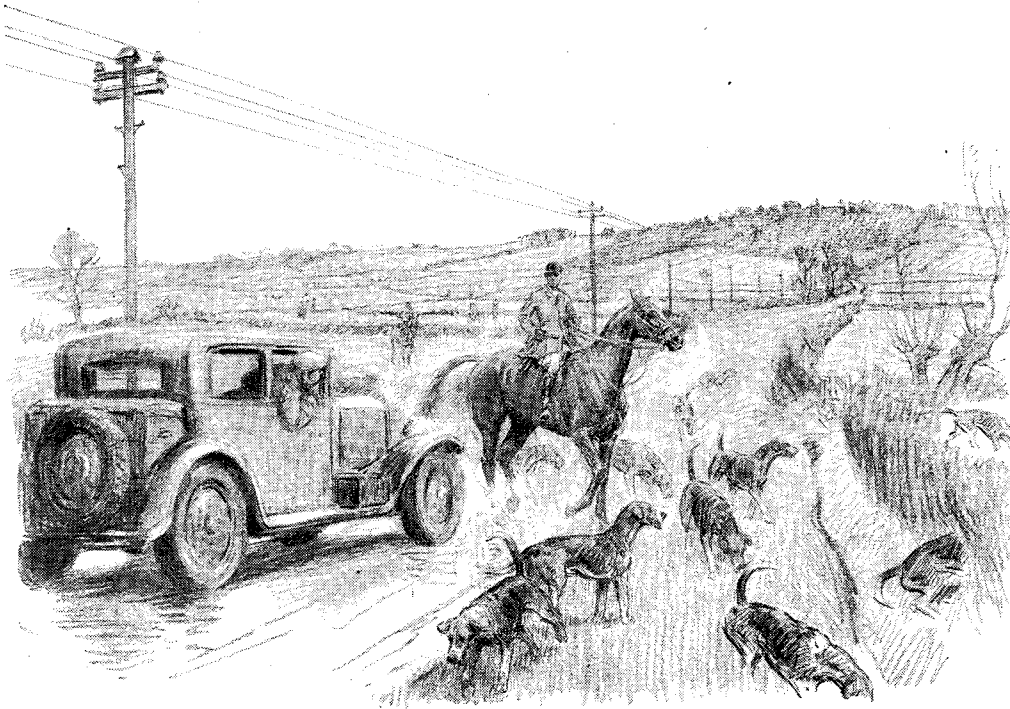
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From *The Wiles of the Fox*
By Lionel Edwards
(*Medici Society*).

ON THE MELTON-NOTTINGHAM
TURNPIKE.

and state intrigue in eleventh century Byzantium, contrasting gorgeous settings and great names against human ignobility. "A Comedy Royal" first appeared seven years ago in a privately printed edition; its new form will be welcomed by its author's admirers, not merely as fresh proof of his versatility but for its very genuine historical interest.

Next, Laurence Housman. Most playwrights should be legally debarred from the writing of "fantasy," which allows sentiment too many chances to hit sense below the belt. But Mr. Housman has a knack of his own, and displays all the virtues that most fantasy writers abjure. He is incisive, humorous, direct, and wholly unsentimental. And in at least two plays of

this collection he is at the top of his form. "The Waiting Room" is one; the other—but I will leave the reader to judge that, and in the process to enjoy himself prodigiously and to observe, for once, how fantasy *can* be written.

Lastly comes Denis Johnston, with two tremendous plays—and not even like each other, which makes their merit the greater. You think "tremendous" is too strong a word for work which, produced elsewhere, is still unheard of in London? Believe me, we have sat at the feet of celebrated Irish dramatists since the War who have about a tenth as much to say as Mr. Johnston, and say it less skilfully. If he is still unknown, that is not anyhow the fault of his "Moon in the Yellow River," which is an Irish "Cherry Orchard," and will create as big a stir as Tchekov one of these years, when our theatre wakes up to it. His

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By Eden Phillpotts. 2s. 6d. and 3s. (Duckworth.)

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By Laurence Housman. 5s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

The Moon in the Yellow River.

By Denis Johnston. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

by Graham Sutton

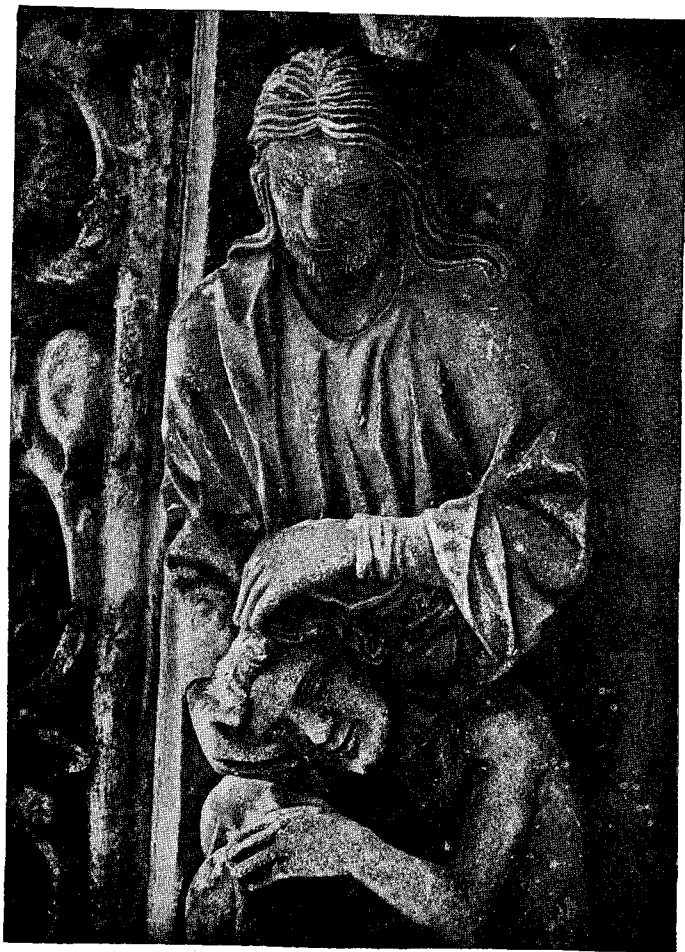
Here is as strange a mixture of good plays as ever jostled in a column of criticism. It is the custom, in such comprehensive reviews, to create by far-fetched comparisons an illusion of unity; these plays are too unlike to be even contrasted. First come the brothers Quintero, whose quality we tasted in the Playfair production of "A Hundred Years Old": a little difficult to judge in print, and none the easier for being at first sight about nothing in particular. In the Quinteros we shall not find Benavente's depth, nor his range; not Sierra's, even; and they care even less than does Sierra for the crude artifice of the theatre. Their charm—which grows on one from play to play—lies in a sort of ripeness of philosophy and of observation. They study humdrum folk with humour, with sympathy, and with a vast amount more subtlety than appears at first reading. Their plays are to be browsed on at one's leisure, in print; and in the theatre, to be avoided like the plague by a bad producer. Granville Barker could handle them; meanwhile we rest in his and his wife's debt for some very charming translations.

Next, Eden Phillpotts, with a rich coloured tale of church



From *The Lonsdale Anthology of Sporting Prose and Verse*
By Eric Parker
(*Seeley, Service*).

CITY SPORTSMEN
Painted by W. Mason.
Engraved by Wells.



From *The Golden Sequence*
By Evelyn Underhill
(*Methuen*).

THE CREATION OF ADAM.
From the sculpture on the North Porch
of the Cathedral at Chartres.

other play, "The Old Lady Says No," is expressionist, and is therefore unsafe for the commercial theatre until such time as "The Moon in the Yellow River" has made Mr. Johnston famous. But it is no less fine in its own way, being grotesque and terrible and side-splitting by turns—or sometimes simultaneously. It lays no claim to what professors call the universality of great art. Its scene could be no city except Dublin; none but a man who knew the soul of Dublin could have written it; nor anyone who has not lived in Dublin taste its full savour. I say this (at risk of losing Mr. Johnston some readers) because it seems to me that first-rate work demands neither more nor less than the truth. And Mr. Johnston's is first-rate, make no doubt of it! I do not know if any London manager has an eye on him. I never heard of him till these two plays came my way. But not since reading "John Bull's Other Island" at school have I been so profoundly moved by any literature out of Ireland.

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?

The Tragic Story of "Shakespeare."

By Gerald Phillips, M.A. 7s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

The First Folio of Shakespeare.

By Edward D. Johnson. 5s. (Cecil Palmer.)

Mr. Phillips belongs to the school which attributes Shakespeare's plays to Edward de Vere, the seventeenth Earl of Oxford; and he recognises that to those who do not share this belief his book, which endeavours to throw fresh sidelights on the Earl's literary career, "may appear fantastic." He suggests, first, that "Venus and Adonis" was written by a group of the "university wits" as a lampoon on Oxford. Shakespeare stole the manuscript

and published it surreptitiously. The Sonnets, he thinks, were written by Oxford to his natural son, whose mother was probably one of the Queen's ladies. This son is the "changeling child" whom Oberon and Titania quarrel over in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Mr. Johnson is a thoroughgoing Baconian. He has had a glorious time working on pagination errors in the First Folio and deriving from them a most complicated cipher which reveals Bacon's authorship at every point. His references to page and line numbers are all certified by a chartered accountant.

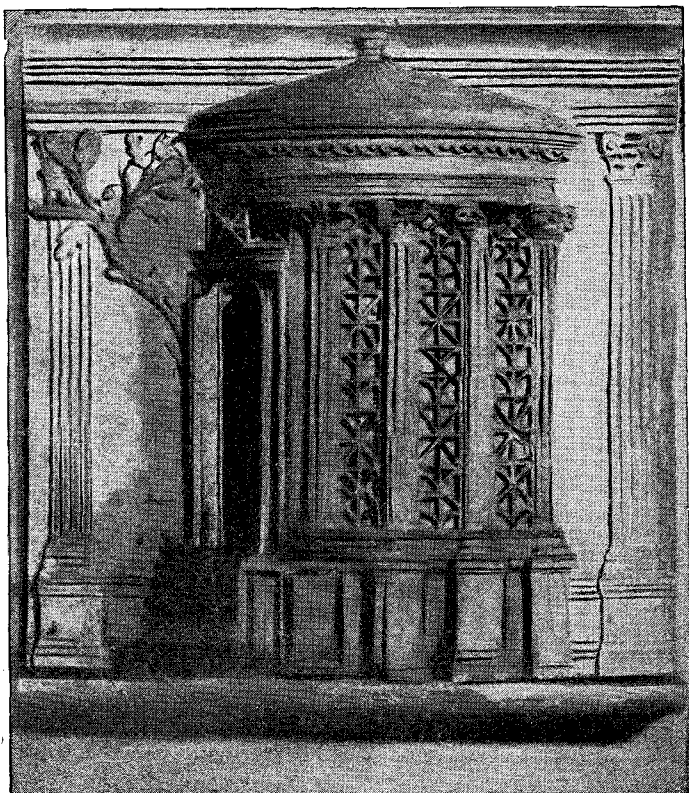
It is easy to make fun of such researches as these; but the authorship of the Shakespeare canon may well be a not quite so simple matter as the orthodox critics assume. Even so, one question remains. Are such researches, which seem unlikely ever to yield a conclusive result, altogether worth the immense labour expended on them?

C. B. D.

LOVELY LAUGHTER.

Edited by Earl E. Fisk. 35s. (Cassell.)

This sumptuously produced volume is an anthology of seventeenth-century love lyrics. The editor is a Cavalier, not a Roundhead. "The Puritans did not write love lyrics," he says, "at least, not of the kind I have included." Here indeed, arranged under such headings as "Happy, Happy Country Swains," "Gather ye Rosebuds while ye may," "Love's Delights," and "The Contented Lover," are selections from the more "pagan" Restoration poets, whom, in his Introduction, Mr. Fisk attempts to defend against the attacks of Macaulay and other celebrated critics, who, he asserts, have yielded to prejudice through "fear of moral contamination." The book, which is decorated in colour by Vera Willoughby, is limited to 999 copies for England and America. It is hand-set in Rudolph Koch's Kursiv type and is printed on Pannekoek paper by the Curwen Press.



From *The History of the Vestal Virgins in Rome*
By Sir T. Cato Worfold
(*Rider*).

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.
From an ancient relief in the Uffizi
Gallery, Florence.
(By permission of De Forbes.)

BARBUSSE ON ZOLA

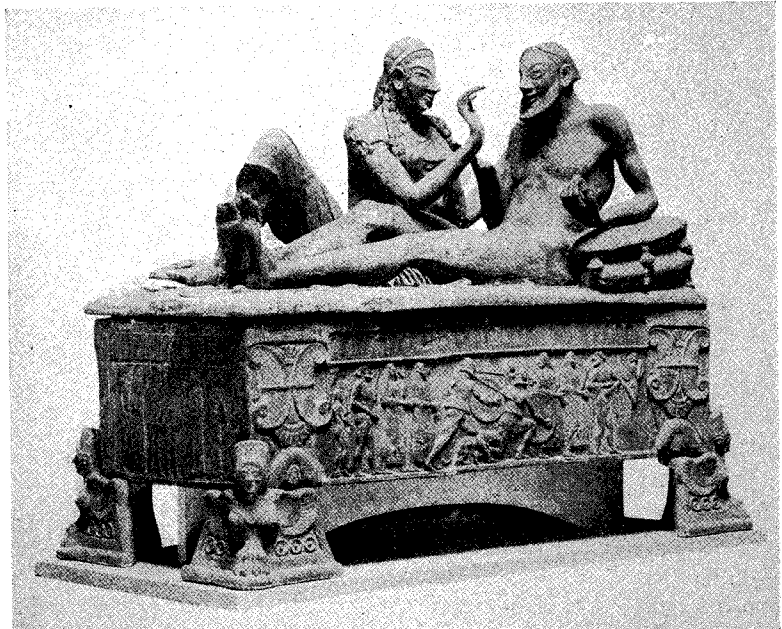
Zola.

By Henri Barbusse. Translated from the French by Mary B. Green and F. C. Green. 10s. 6d. (Dent.)

by de V. Payen-Payne

To one who is old enough to recollect when Zola was to be bought only in the more dubious dens of Holywell Street, it is interesting to see him taking his rightful place in letters and politics. First we had Mr. Sherard, who wrote too soon, then Mr. Josephson, industrious and uncritical; now we have M. Barbusse, knowledgeable and brilliant. He does not give us a full-dress biography, but rather pictures of Zola at critical moments of his career. So well does he understand the spirit of the time, so much has he read of the memoirs of Zola's friends and contemporaries that he can give almost the very words used at any meeting between the heads of the naturalistic movement.

Thus the first chapter opens in 1869—the last year of the Second Empire. Zola had left Aix and had come to Paris, where he got work first at the docks and afterwards at Hachettes. He had written two ineffective novels—"Contes à Ninon" and "La Confession de Claude"—and two better ones—"Thérèse Raquin" and "Madeleine Féral." "Les Mystères de Marseille" was but a pot-boiler à la Eugène Sue. M. Barbusse gives us a vivid picture of the Paris of that day; it must not be forgotten that Zola's revolt against the current literature was combined with a great sympathy for artists such as Manet,



From *The Romance of Life in the Ancient World*
By F. A. Wright
(Sampson Low).

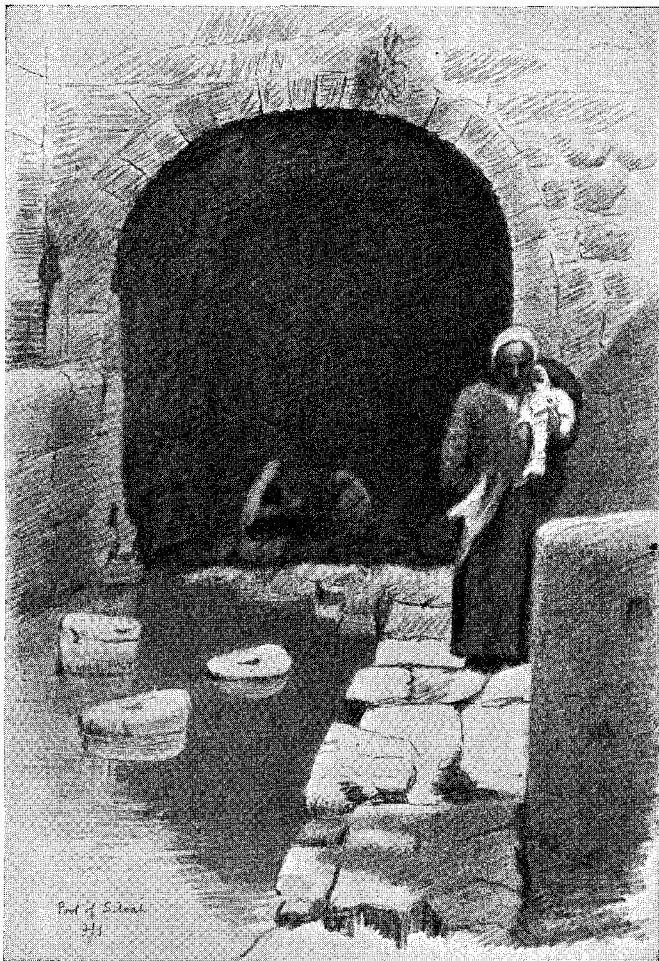
AN ETRUSCAN TOMB.
(Photo: British Museum.)

Cézanne, Corot and Courbet who were struggling to upset the Bouguereau, Carolus Duran and Gérôme tradition. In literature Zola took Balzac as his model and he wished to rival his *Comédie Humaine*; he was influenced too by Stendhal, Flaubert and the Goncourt brothers. With the latter three, Daudet and Turgenev the naturalist school arose. It was Edmond who said: "A work of art is a corner of nature seen through a temperament." Zola forged his own style which is exactly suited to his documentation. In 1871 he began that series of twenty novels which he called "Les Rougon-Macquart, histoire naturelle et sociale d'une famille sous le Second Empire," which ended after twenty-two years of very hard labour. The best of them were "L'Assommoir," "Germinal" and "La Débâcle." His theory of using scientific methods for studying man broke down, for his data were never sufficient; but he did show how much more important is heredity than environment in a man's life. This series marks one of the great moments in human intelligence, and the novel was never the same afterwards. It sold badly until the serial publication of "L'Assommoir" in *Le Bien Public* was stopped by the police. It was continued in *La République des Lettres* and when Charpentier published it in book form his shop was besieged by too eager purchasers. Although he called the series a picture of the Second Empire, it is really one of the Third Republic, for "Germinal" is founded on the strikes at Anzin in 1884 and on talks with the Communist, Jules Guesde.

But it is doubtful if Zola's novels will be much read in the future, they are very long and their very actuality soon makes them out of date. He may well live chiefly by that little masterpiece, "L'Attaque du Moulin," which appeared in *Les Soirées de Médan*, a composite work by six naturalistic writers in which Guy de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif," another masterpiece, also appeared.

Naturalism did not last long; Anatole France called it "un tas de boue" in one of his criticisms, and the "Manifeste des Cinq" in *Le Figaro* of July, 1887, proved its decay. His later works, "Les Trois Villes" and "Les Quatre Evangiles," of which the fourth, "Justice," was cut short by his death, were social studies rather than novels.

He hated politics, which he called a squalid game, but fate and his love of justice cast him into the middle of it when he championed Dreyfus in his famous open letter in *L'Aurore* for January 13th, 1898. He fled to England with the help of Vizetelly to escape imprisonment; his



From *On and Off the Beaten Track*
By Grace E. Pulling
(Tufton Press).

THE POOL OF SILOAM,
JERUSALEM.

remark when he passed Clapham Junction on his way to Victoria and saw all the hundreds of little houses mounting the hill, that "Hell could have no grimmer sight," always remains in one's memory. M. Barbusse's book will have as great a success in England as it has had in France. The translation is quite adequate if not distinguished—"un éditeur" is not an editor, "enclaved" is an awkward substitute for enclosed, and "tart" is quite an out-of-date equivalent of prostitute.

JANE HOLLYBRAND
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ORIGINAL POEMS.

By Edward
Edwin Foot. 5s.
(Gerald Howe.)

Mr. Foot, here deservedly preserved against the fate of an unjust oblivion, was a servant of "Her Majesty's Customs, London." His book of poems was given to the world in 1867. "Jane Hollybrand—or Virtue Rewarded" concerns the arduous trials and amours of a pastoral beauty whom love, after many vicissitudes, exalted from cottage to mansion: her final apotheosis is told in the following exalted strain:

"There was one
(the god
dim'd not
his sight)
Whose breast
was blazing
with that
nuptial flame,
Which strives
to ancestralise
a family
name;
His sweet
companion,
buckling for
the deed,
Encourag'd him t'advance; her love obey'd:
Fair Bapta, charitably, drew her veil,
And bade the loving warriors doff their mail—
'Twas done!—they wavered, for the shock was great,
The conflict ceas'd. Concordia reign'd in state.

And when another summer-time had flown
(For God had bless'd the mould wherein 'twas sown),
The gladsome father, named his own, his own."

And thus, we are to suppose, did the Victorians satisfy with a tactless discretion their high moral standards. But despite the many tit-bits which are to be found adorning the lengthy story of Jane, it is in the numerous shorter poems which follow that we find greatest pleasure. There is a pretentious poem addressed to Thought ("O silent tickler of the human brain!"); a memorable legend called "Lovers' Leap," which tells how:

"'Tis said two lovers (and it may be true),
For lack of reason, or of grace,
Lept from this rugged precipice
Down to the peaceful main below,
Whose silvery waters ever flow
(I'm more than glad it was not I or you)";

a metrical homily on sheep:

"O! little faith-
fuls—eat and
drink,
For on to-
morrow you
must fall;
'Tis good
thou hast no
thought to
think;
Were't so thy
lifetime would
be gall";

and, to mention only one other, a poem called "Our Little Brother," written, we are told, in the author's footnote, "on the occasion of the birth of Prince George Frederick Ernest Albert, second son of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Marlborough House, Pall Mall, June 3rd, 1865, at 1.18." For quotation the first verse of this unbelievable piece of homage must suffice:

"'Tis night! 'tis
night! the
solemn hour is
come;
A storm-toss'd
bark, 'lexan-
dra's on the
foam:
Sound an alarm
ere she is rift!
To Heaven a
hundred eyes
uplift:
His Answer
comes as
doubly-swift—
The winds abate;
calm is the
crested main;

The goodly craft rides on in peace again."

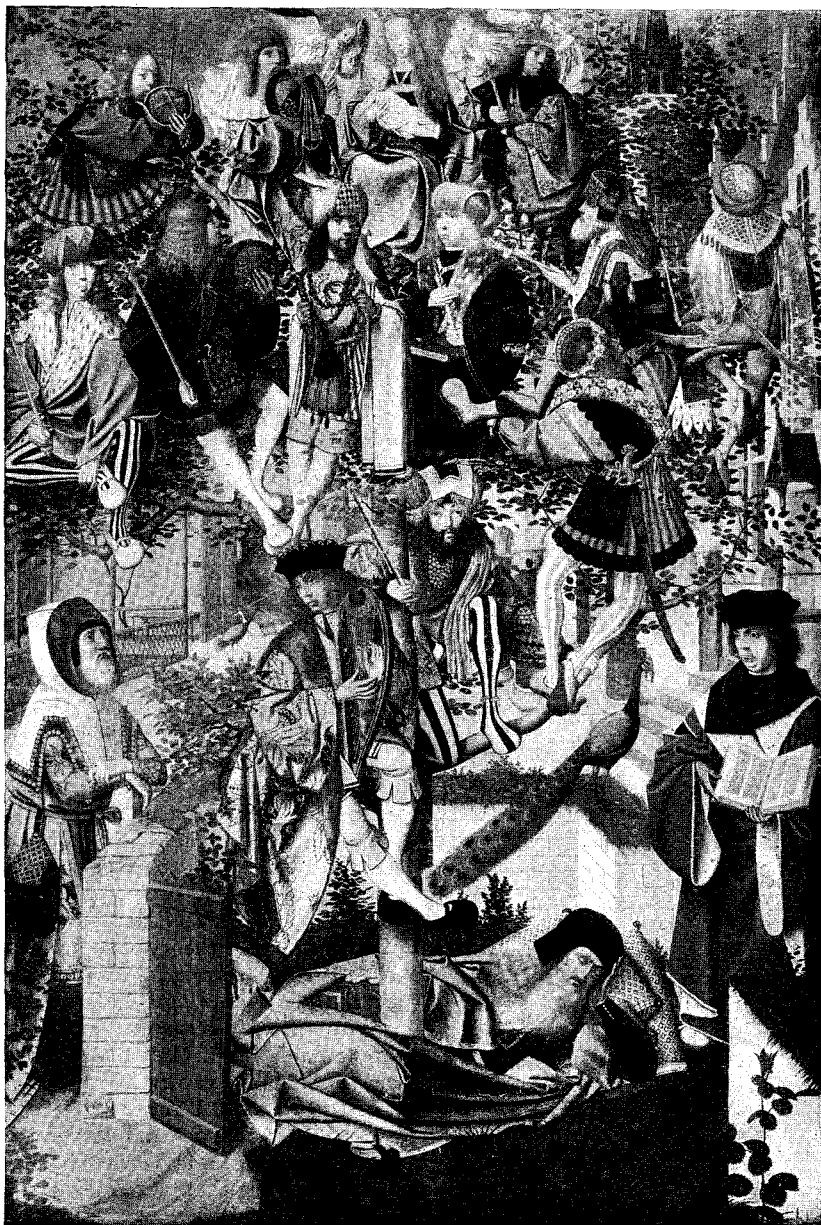
From which specimens it will be seen that, whether or no Mr. Foot was taken seriously by his contemporaries, he deserves to be taken seriously now as yet one more contribution to the growing volume of Victoriana. Our thanks are due to Mr. James Thorpe for rescuing these strange relics and for his lively sketches which now accompany them.

C. H. W.

DANTE AND HIS POETRY.

By Mary Bradford Whiting. 3s. 6d. (Harrap.)

The alleged obscurities of Dante are largely due to ignorance of mediæval philosophy and the circumstances of the poet's life. This book, which is both a history of his life and times and an assessment of his poetry, can be safely recommended as an excellent introduction.



From The Story of the Garden
By Eleanor Sinclair Rohde
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(From the original picture by Jan Mostaert,
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By Donald Maxwell
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LEIGH MILL, GODSTONE.

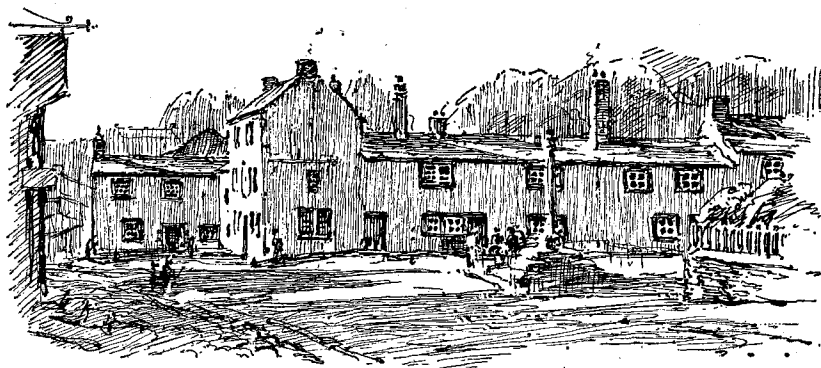
THE ADVENTURE OF POETRY.
By Frank Kendon.

ENGLISH PROSE.

By John Brophy.
"How and Why" Series. 2s. 6d. each.
(Black.)

These two books are laced with the unction of "I'll replace your ignorance with my knowledge if you will be a good boy and sit still." Mr. Kendon's in this way is the more unpleasant, and also the more injudicious and deceptive. His belief about poetry is the common misbelief that poetry exists to give delight, based, one presumes, on a misunderstanding of "Biographia Literaria." The delight Mr. Kendon derives seems (if so much may be inferred from his quotations) to come from good poems of the second order and poems built on one of two or three attitudes which may loosely be typified as romantic; and to demonstrate the

edge," a context in which the chief validity of "edge" is its power to rhyme with the preceding "hedge."



From *The Lake Counties*
By W. G. Collingwood
(Warne).

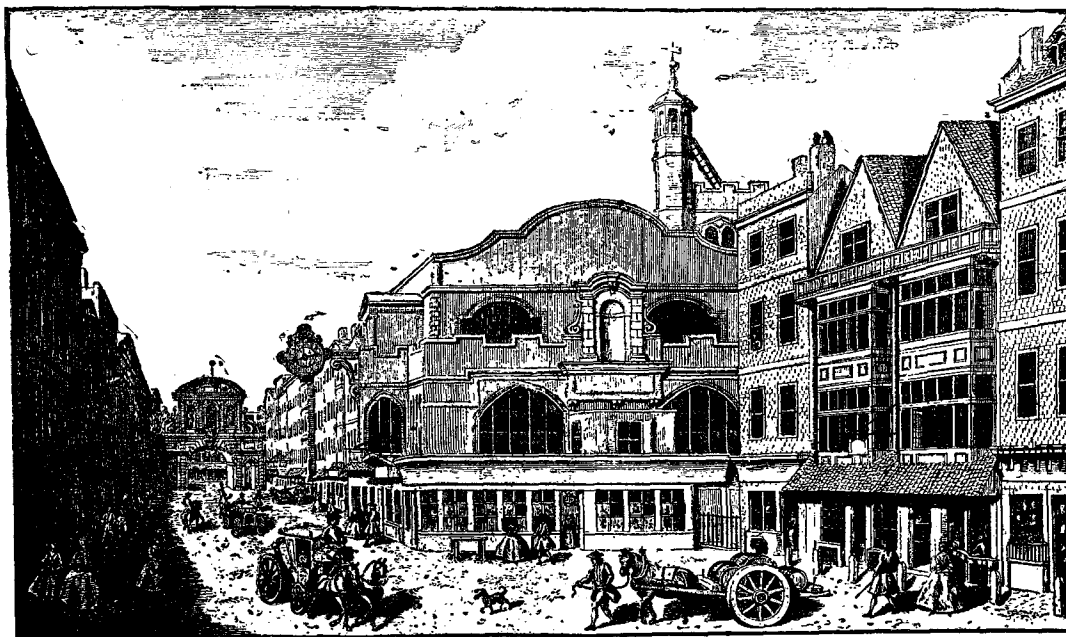
KIRKOSWALD.

Of another fault in Mr. Kendon one may mention his statement that the first English poetry is patterned on

Norse sagas which were sung at feasts by minstrels. It may be new to Mr. Kendon (and to the editor of this series, Mr. Bullett?) that sagas are prose stories or histories and that a modern Iclander would describe one of Mr. Bullett's own novels as "saga eftir Gerald Bullett." Such lapses are not venial in a book of how and why.

Mr. Brophy's account of English prose offends much less; but as exposition it is clumsy and it lacks urgent cause for existing.

G. E. G.



From *A Picture Book of British History, Vol. III*
By S. C. Roberts
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

theatre which is absent in the cinema—so much so that even the handsome gigolos and lovely dolls of the film world will, Mr. Cousins tells us, soon be of less account in the film than the kinist with his scissors, his lenses and his machines.

The stage can certainly profit by acquaintance with the cinema as a sculptor might widen his range with the acquisition of new tools, but it would, for instance, be as impossible to give the poetry in Mr. Murray's play in the cinema, as it would be impossible to move a congregation to enthusiasm by a fine sermon out of a gramophone. The actor and the preacher must both be present in the flesh. And it is clear that whilst "Michaelmas Eve" would not have been written had not Synge shown the way, neither would "Experiment" have taken the form it has had not the cinema reminded us of that sense of simultaneity which has been absent from the stage since the Middle Ages.

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PHILIP THE SECOND OF SPAIN.

By David Loth. 15s.
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This, like Dr. Walshe's "Isabella of Spain," is another of those badly needed correctives to the Englishman's conception of Spanish history. Nine out of ten people, if asked to give an account of Philip, would airily dismiss him as "a religious maniac, perhaps even a sadist, who delighted in feeding the Inquisition with victims; who fitted out the Armada in order to make England Catholic and, when this failed, a man who retired to the Escorial, a victim of religious melancholy." Perhaps they would remember him as the husband of Bloody Mary, but only because Mary Tudor is to them so fantastic a creature, and a Spanish husband strengthens the evidence for her eccentricity.

This biography should do much to dispel these illusions. Philip now appears as a man obsessed with two ideals—the advancing of the Kingdoms of Heaven and Spain—and it is pathetic that the reason of his failure to accomplish

either was his essential mediocrity; he was a second-rate man, high in their ranks, but essentially of them. Time and again, when the opportunity for direct action arose, he let it slip from his grasp through sheer inertia and inability to appreciate its importance, and we see him, a little man, seated in the only lasting monument he left to posterity—the Escorial—writing, writing, always writing to the lieutenants of his huge, unwieldy empire, and all to no purpose.

Though he preserved the illusion of complete power to the day of his death, he was easily influenced, but curiously not by women. First Ruy Gomez, the great Archbishop Carranza, and lastly by his half-brother Don Juan of Austria, and it is significant that Philip, who considered himself so astute, was tricked in the end by his secretary and, as further proof of his mediocrity, refused to acknowledge it, and instead spent years in foolish intrigue, only to lose his man in the end.

Mr. Loth gives us not so much a portrait of Philip, but of the dissolution of a great empire. If Spain had been able to command all the wealth she needed she could have conquered the world; the lack of ready money was her downfall, as it bids fair to be Europe's to-day.

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By Hugh Marshall Hole. 15s. (Philip Allan.)

Only a century ago Africa did indeed deserve its name of the Dark Continent, and it was not until the nineteenth century that missionaries, hunters and traders began to throw a little light upon its secrets. The light however was very intermittent and usually strongly coloured by the personality of the people who shed it. Missionaries, with a strange respect for those who readily abandoned their religious beliefs, praise and blame from too sectarian a standpoint to be always reliable, hunters observed but small tracts of land and those unsystematically, and traders were lamentably apt to treat the native as an unmitigated nuisance, to be by themselves even amateur historians, however useful their records are as historical material.

To make the tangle of tribes, warring amongst themselves, against the Boers, against the Portuguese, against the British, in any way clear and intelligible is the task which is here attempted. Dr. Hole tells us the story of those tribes and their chiefs who came into contact with white



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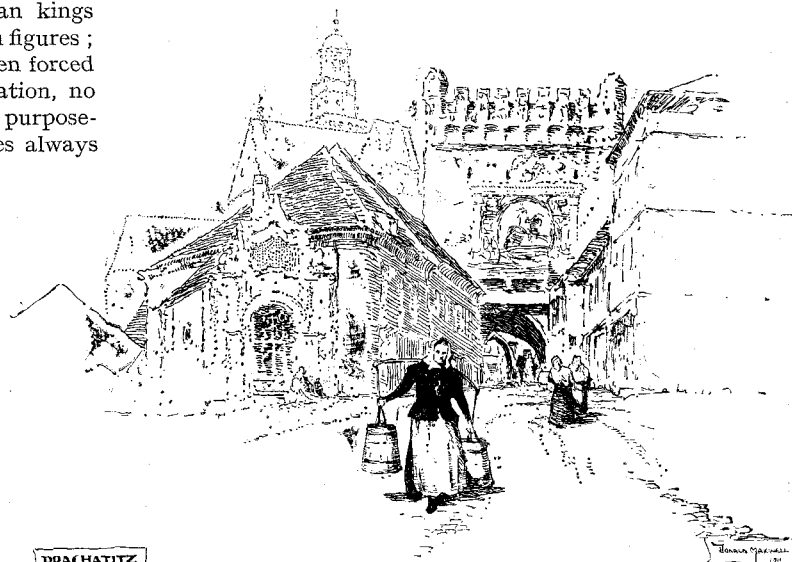
forces when the great British expansion in South Africa began. His description of the various chiefs, of the complicated intrigues and the migrations and wars in which they engaged is admirably carried out. These African kings become as distinct and understandable as European figures; their hesitations, their revocations and policies when forced to face the problem of Rhodes's peaceful penetration, no longer remain a tiresome and inexplicable series of purposeless vacillation. Nor are their barbarous emelities always shown to have been wanton lusts for bloodshed, for the author has too much knowledge to fall into the still frequent error of judging one race by the standards of another.

The author is concerned little with the fight between British and Boer, or the struggle of the colonists against the apathy or misunderstandings of the home government, save where these are indispensable to the story. It is a history of an epoch which has passed away entirely now that the native chiefs are no longer a formidable force with power enough to alter the course of history. But it is an epoch which must be understood before any opinions on Africa can be formed, and a clear and intensely interesting summary of this period of collision between black and white is here presented in a form which should interest the general reader quite as much as anyone whose study is Africa.

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By Pinturicchio.
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indeed, it is by his work in these departments that he is most widely known to the public at large.

His life falls into three main chapters. The first tells of his work in Birmingham from 1882 to 1905. As Professor of Anatomy in Queen's College, he flung himself whole-heartedly into helping on the establishment of Birmingham University, and is in fact one of the outstanding figures among those who carried the enterprise to success. The second chapter takes him to Cork as President of Queen's College there. At Cork he did his best to repeat the Birmingham programme and enable the city to have a university of its own. In this effort he was disappointed, and the disappointment was perhaps a chief cause of his last migration—to Toronto this time, where from 1920 till his death in 1929 he was head of the Catholic College of Toronto University. But a bare outline such as this gives only a poor idea of his multifarious activities. Dr. Taylor's pages are crowded with detail to the end. And always, in addition to meeting the man of science and letters and religion, we come constantly upon a gracious personality (veiled behind a somewhat austere exterior sometimes) which impressed itself sooner or later on man, woman and child. A fine life and work, whose tale this biography recounts full well.

The only criticism is that the first part of the book is somewhat overloaded for the general reader by verbatim reports of speeches and papers on all sorts of themes, many of which might well have been summarised or omitted. The strictly scientific ones can for the most part be found elsewhere, and not a few of the others deal with circumstances and controversies which have passed away. But this is a small matter; and after all, the general reader can skip.

SIR BERTRAM WINDLE : A Memoir.

By Monica Taylor, S.N.D., D.Sc.
12s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

For more reasons than one Sir Bertram Windle merited such a biography as that which Dr. Taylor—writing very much *con amore*—here provides. First and foremost a scientist, he performed in the field of anatomical research, and in kindred fields, work of the highest order whose value only the expert can properly appraise. Then he was an ardent politician, especially in the stirring days of the Home Rule controversy, vigorously espousing the Gladstonian side. He was, in spheres outside his actual profession, a literary man in the real sense of the word; and his book on "The Wessex of Thomas Hardy" was described in this journal long ago (by Mr. George Douglas) as "final, no further work on the subject being conceivable." Besides its wonderful fullness and accuracy, it has an extraordinary literary charm. Again, he was a man of profound religious conviction, becoming an ardent Catholic after a period of agnosticism, into which he had passed by way of reaction from the dryasdust evangelicalism in which he had been reared. Several religious volumes stand to his name. In addition to all this, he was to the forefront in many social and educational movements:



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Yet are not these and similar recollections of greater interest to those who lived through many, if not all, of the events described and who are able through such reading to see again and with renewed vividness the men and women and the scenes referred to? In the case of this particular book such seems to be the case; for Sir Herbert refers to rather than describes people and events whom he has known and witnessed.

For whom of the present generation does the mention of the name of Bradlaugh conjure up recollections of nineteenth century morality, violently agitated and enraged not only by his refusal to take the Parliamentary oath, because, as an atheist, it had no binding meaning for him, but by the further outrage on society by his championing and publicly preaching, in company with Mrs. Besant, doctrines now mainly associated with the name of

Dr. Marie Stopes? Nor can youth remember the drawings of Harry Furniss in *Punch* of the time; of Bradlaugh's successive expulsions from the House of Commons, wherein a back view of Captain Gosset, in Court suit and with rather spindle shanks, suggested to the artist that gallant gentleman's immortalisation as a black-beetle. And the Fourth Party? Lord Randolph Churchill, Drummond Wolf, Gorst and Arthur Balfour, with its leader's painful renunciation of political activity.

But Sir Herbert has picked up many good stories on his way through life, some of which, set down here, are welcome in themselves and the selection of which shows a fine sense of humour on the author's part. One of the best of these stories is of when at a meeting at which Sir Herbert represented the Privy Council and Mitford (afterwards Lord Redesdale) was in the chair, some resolution or other having been proposed, a local representative said: "Mr. Chairman, could you not say non possumus to that

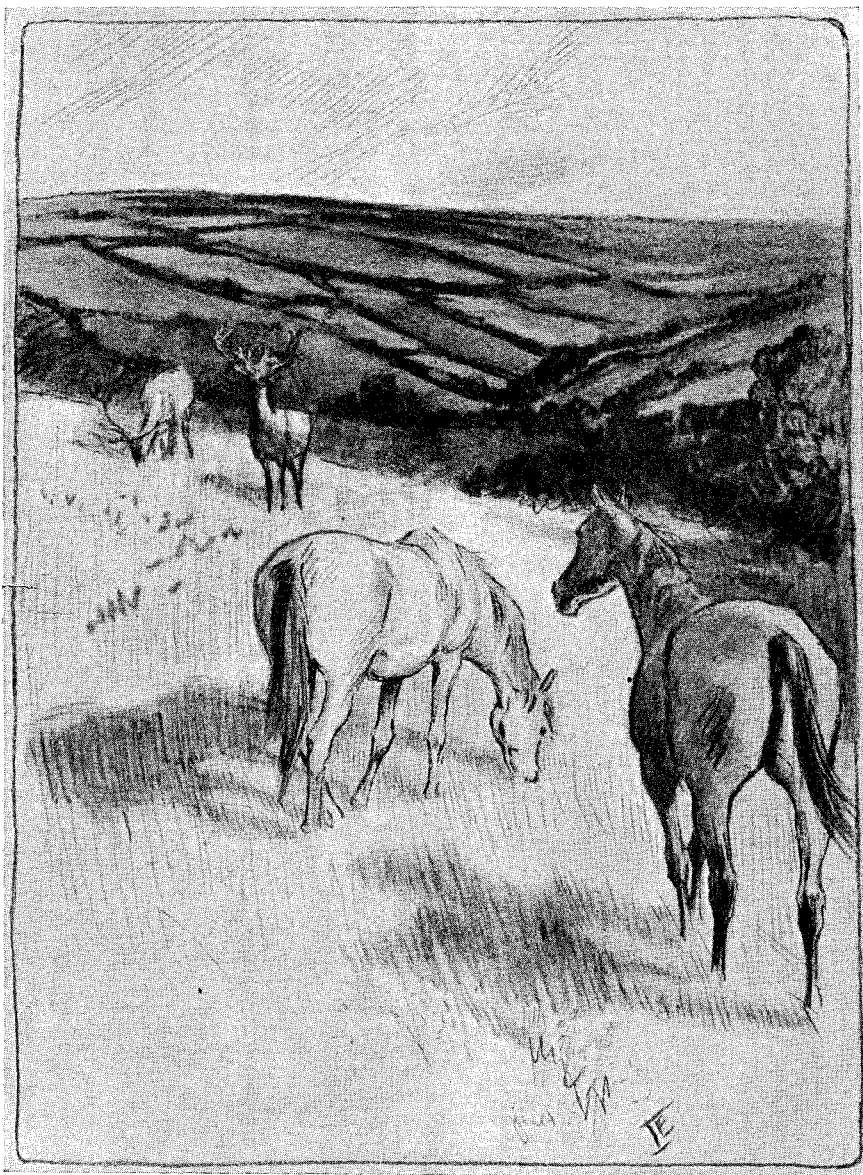
proposal?" "No, by —, I could not," Mitford rapped out, and the poor local representative was left wondering why so simple a request seemed to have excited so much indignation.

Following this, Sir Herbert tells us of a lady curious to know what a "false quantity" was. To whom Lord Palmerston replied: "... I can only say that a false quantity is as grievous an offence by a man as a *faux pas* is by a woman."

Further pressed as to the meaning of a *faux pas*, he answered that "... a *faux pas* is not a *pas seul*."

The latent pathos of the book is one of its great charms. Sir Herbert is no reviler of fate, nor does he sentimentalise in vain regrets. He frankly blames himself for what he regards as his own culpable loss of many opportunities.

GORDON ROSS.



From *Older Mousie*
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MODERN MONEY.

By Lord Melchett. 10s. 6d.
(Martin Secker.)

Publishers often do authors an incalculable amount of harm by their attempts to explain what the author is trying to do or what he really means. In "Modern Money" we have a typical example. On the dust-cover of the book appears the remarkable sentence: "An attempt to rewrite the whole theory of economics into practical terms based upon an orderly conception of economic requirements." I suggest that the author could not possibly mean anything of the sort. As the son of a distinguished industrialist and economic reformer, he must fully realise that economic theory must be based on actual fact: indeed it must be essentially an attempt, like all theory, to describe the actual facts in proper sequence and in their true perspective. If it does not do this then it is an imposture. When therefore we see a sentence like the one I have quoted, it is fair to assume a complete misunderstanding of economics and an *unorderly* conception of economic requirements. I have not read the author's other treatise, "Why the Crisis?" but from general hearsay it seems to have been very good if not brilliant. If that is the case then Lord Melchett's latest effort will not add to his reputation. "Modern Money" is definitely the result of much loose thinking. It contains many excellent suggestions, but they receive prominence because of so much inferior matter, rather than originality. In fairness to the author however it must be remembered that he is young and the vision and experience he brings to bear upon the problems he discusses are naturally limited by his age. His chief suggestions, which of course will appeal only to the layman, are the formation of an Economic Supreme Council to plan industrial and financial affairs and the abandonment of our present monetary system and the creation in its place of one providing both an external and internal currency. The Economic Council is to be composed of 150 members. They would include the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, the Governor and two representatives of the Bank of England, representatives of the Joint Stock and private banks, the Stock Exchange, the legal profession and several others. All industrial and



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AN OLD SPINNING
GALLERY.

economic questions would come under the Council's control and it would have executive powers instead of being a mere deliberating body. The executive powers however on close examination would appear to be *nil*, for its acts are to be directly executive, its decisions binding only as long as Parliament chooses to leave it in existence, and the author admits that Parliament is the worst place in the world to carry on an economic discussion or to debate industrial affairs. Is it likely then that the Prime Minister would fail to use his prerogative if the Council's recommendations ran contrary to his party's? In regard to monetary matters Lord Melchett is more at home, and few will disagree with the statement that "the real truth is that the whole monetary scheme is not only unsound but unworkable." He proposes a double currency with a sovereign note for internal purposes and a £ sterling for foreign exchange. The notes for internal use would be based upon the taxable capacity of the British people, and the number issued would be that required by the banks for circulation. For foreign trade the currency used would be backed by gold and thus, Lord Melchett thinks, would not affect the exchange rate. I fear that he is very optimistic about the results, because in the first place it is wellnigh impossible to define the "taxable capacity of the British people" and secondly because it is impossible in a country, which is definitely dependent on exports, to prevent an adverse trade balance, even by increasing import duties so that only the minimum of foreign goods are purchased in this country. The author has also devoted considerable attention to the large fall in the value of Stock Exchange securities and the National Debt. In both instances his proposal would be sure to find very strenuous opposition—especially from investors—but nevertheless they are worthy of notice. In conclusion, while congratulating Lord Melchett on a very readable—and withal enjoyable—book, it is only fair criticism to say his Lordship has contributed very little to the total sum of public knowledge.

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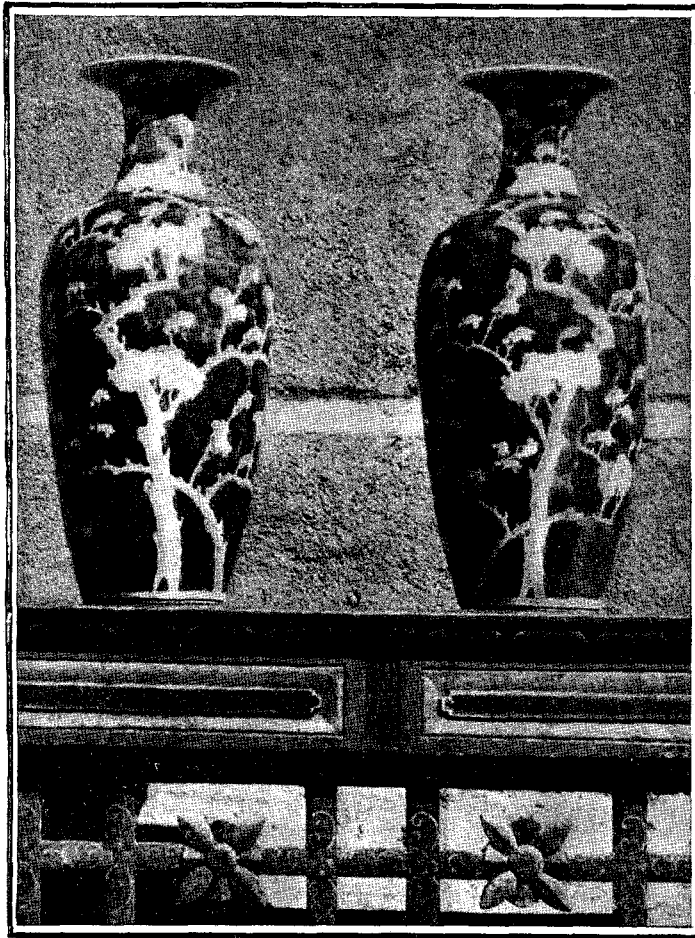
"one fit word" which flings open the gate for the spirit of poesy to come in. We are most grateful to him for his gift.

The would-be poets come next. Yet we wish that to "Judas" it were possible to give commendation. For the authoress has for her main theme an idea well worth working out in a different medium. It might even be worked out in poetry by a skilled artist. Judas is taken away from Ireen by the spell which Christ throws over him. When the spell dies, he finds that Ramael has supplanted him in Ireen's love. Then in revenge he betrays his Lord—to see Ramael mocking him as a member of the Sanhedrin when it is too late. But Miss Morley lacks the gift of poetic expression. The theme might be worked into a short story. One even ventures to suggest that it might make a drama. But under Miss Morley's handling it does not come to successful poetic embodiment.

"Fallen Petals" scarcely moves us. Love-poems, for the most part, are these. But neither in thought nor

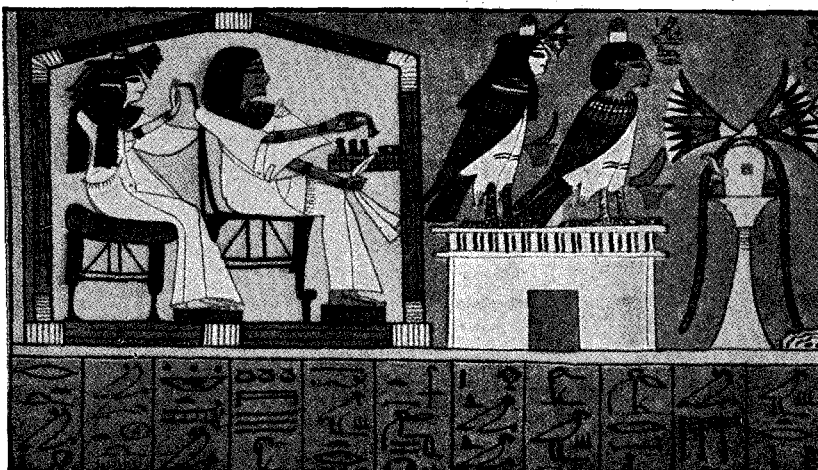
expression do they rise above the commonplace. Just here and there we come upon a line which seems to hint at better things; and if the author is a new-comer to the poetic field, the present experiment (one can hardly call it more) may lead to finer workmanship by and by.

We confess that Mr. Morris beats us. It may be our own fault, but the new poetry which seeks to achieve its effect by printing lines with small initial letters and by piling up epithets of a somewhat sonorous ring but with no obvious relation to their nouns, does not appeal to us. Even its rhymelessness does not improve it. Nor does such simplicity as is implied in compiling a complete stanza of two words, or one word twice over ("Ah, ah") redeem it. The



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there's no one in
front of us now!
Through a wood—
then the upland
with sky for its
bounds!
We are out in the
open, alone with
the hounds!
Alone with the
hounds!
The heart how
it bounds
To that acme
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its original leader, Mrs. Josephine Butler, and some of her immediate adherents.

His rescue and the subsequent triumph of that cause was for him perhaps the proudest achievement of his life.

Stansfeld was always a champion of justice to the under dog and for that reason he welcomed Mazzini as an honoured and, for a long time a permanent, guest in his house, and as almost, if not quite, a member of his family; all the members of which very fully confirmed that welcome.

Stansfeld by no means saw eye to eye with Mazzini in all the latter's dreams and schemes, but he sympathised with the idea of a liberated and united Italy.

It was through his close association with Mazzini that his greatest political trouble came to him; though indirectly and through the discovery of Greco's plot to assassinate Napoleon III. Greco was for a time an associate of Mazzini while Stansfeld always remained closely associated with Mazzini. At the time of the discovery of the plot, Stansfeld was not only a Member of Parliament but was also a member of a Government whom the Opposition were earnestly seeking to depose.

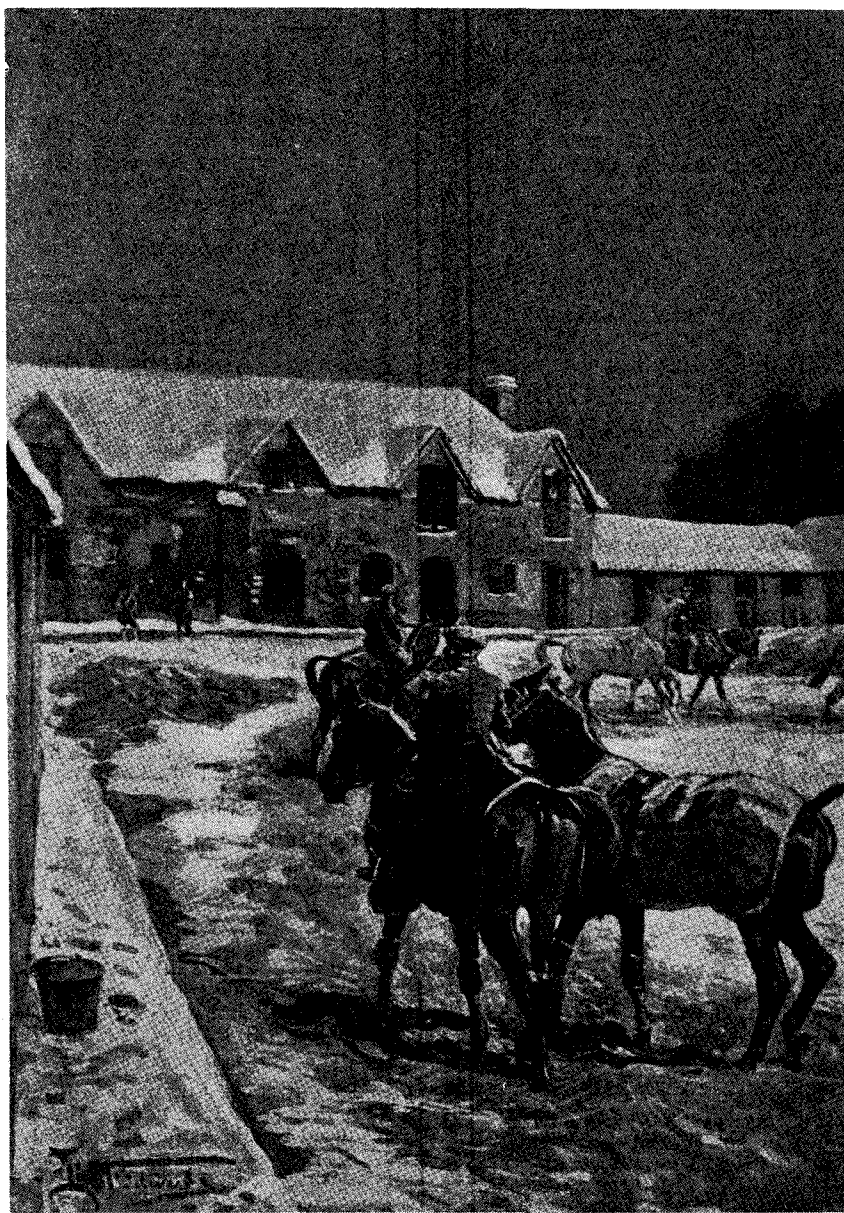
Disraeli attacked him virulently, practically suggesting complicity in the plot. Palmerston supported Stansfeld loyally, but finally he had to resign and for a time remained politically inactive.

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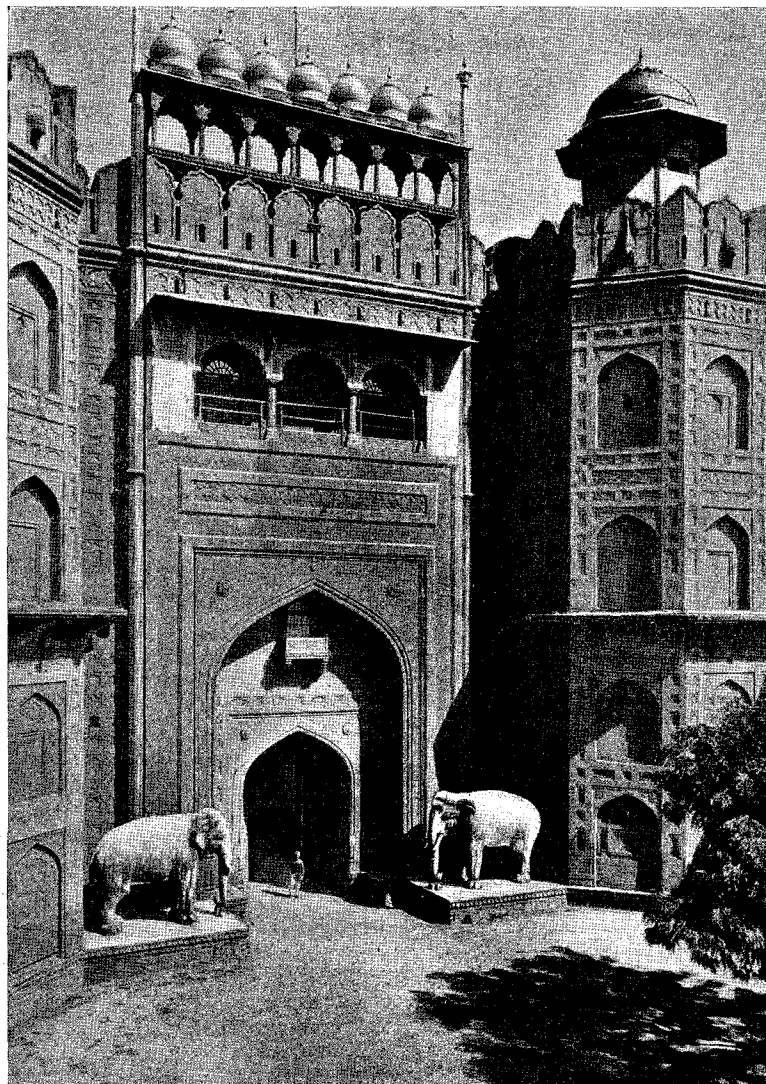
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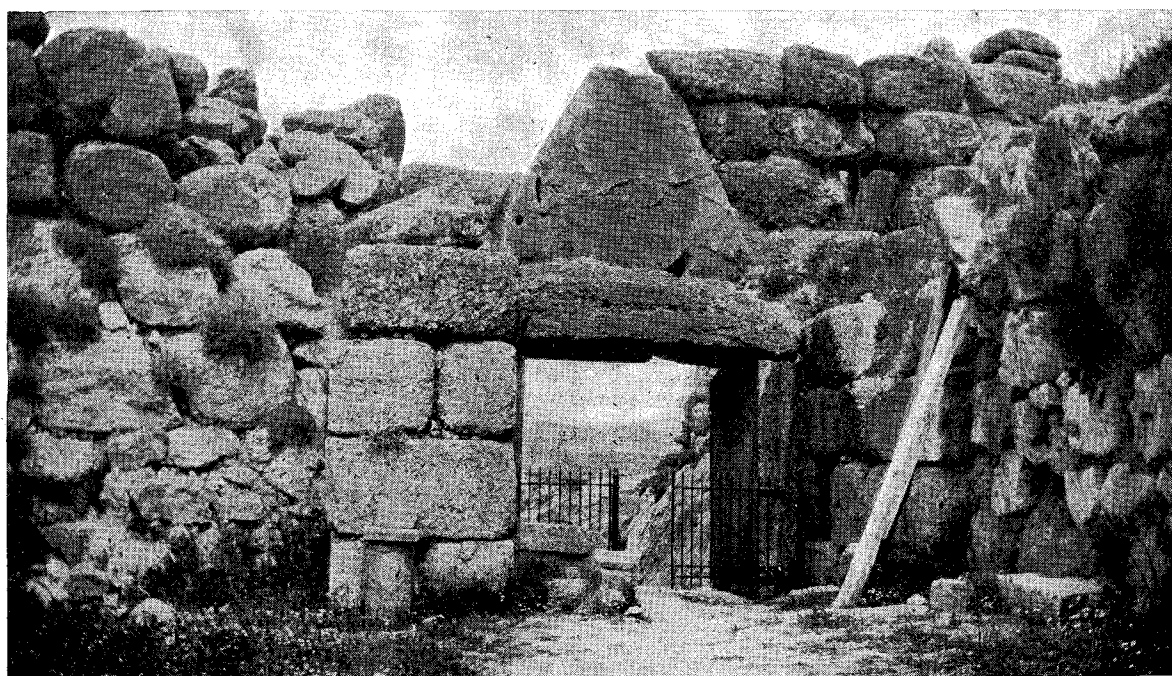
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THE JESUITS AND THE GREAT MOGUL.

By Sir Edward Maclagan.

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This comprehensive and closely annotated history of an almost forgotten chapter in the history of the Society of Jesus kept the reviewer from his bed for longer than he cares to think. It is a record of indomitable courage in the face of great difficulties, and it was only the suppression of the Society by Pope Clement XIV in 1773 that brought the work to an end.

From Aquaviva, who was the first member of the Society sent to the Court of Akbar, and at Akbar's own request, to Fr. Joseph Tieffenthaler, who survived the suppression, it is a record, not of startling conversions and martyrdoms, but of quiet, steady work by a small company of acutely intelligent and devoted men.

This is the first time, to my knowledge, that a continuous history of this Mission has been presented, and historians will be indebted to Sir Edward Maclagan for his invaluable and fully documented record, though in his preface he pays generous tribute to the Belgian scholar, Fr. H. Hosten, who has devoted the past quarter of a century to research on this period. Sir Edward Maclagan, in an appendix, gives a bibliography, extending to four pages, of Fr. Hosten's very scattered notes and articles; he has also devoted a chapter to the Tibetan Mission which was outlived by Aquaviva and of which no trace remains unless a "weather beaten cross lying horizontally on the summit of a large stone chorter or pyramid" which was found in 1912, may be taken as a genuine relic of what was a very gallant venture.

There are also admirable chapters of the Jesuit influence on Hindu art, the literary activities of the Jesuits, their churches and their congregations.

MAETERLINCK AND I.

By Georgette Leblanc.

12s. 6d. (Methuen.)

What a long time it seems since Maeterlinck—and how few people yet know how to pronounce his name—first burst upon the world of letters in 1890 with "La Princesse Maleine," a marionette-like play which was followed by "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Aglavaine et Selysette" and "La

Mort de Tintagiles." In those days he was known as "The Belgian Shakespeare," a title which must have irked him in after years.

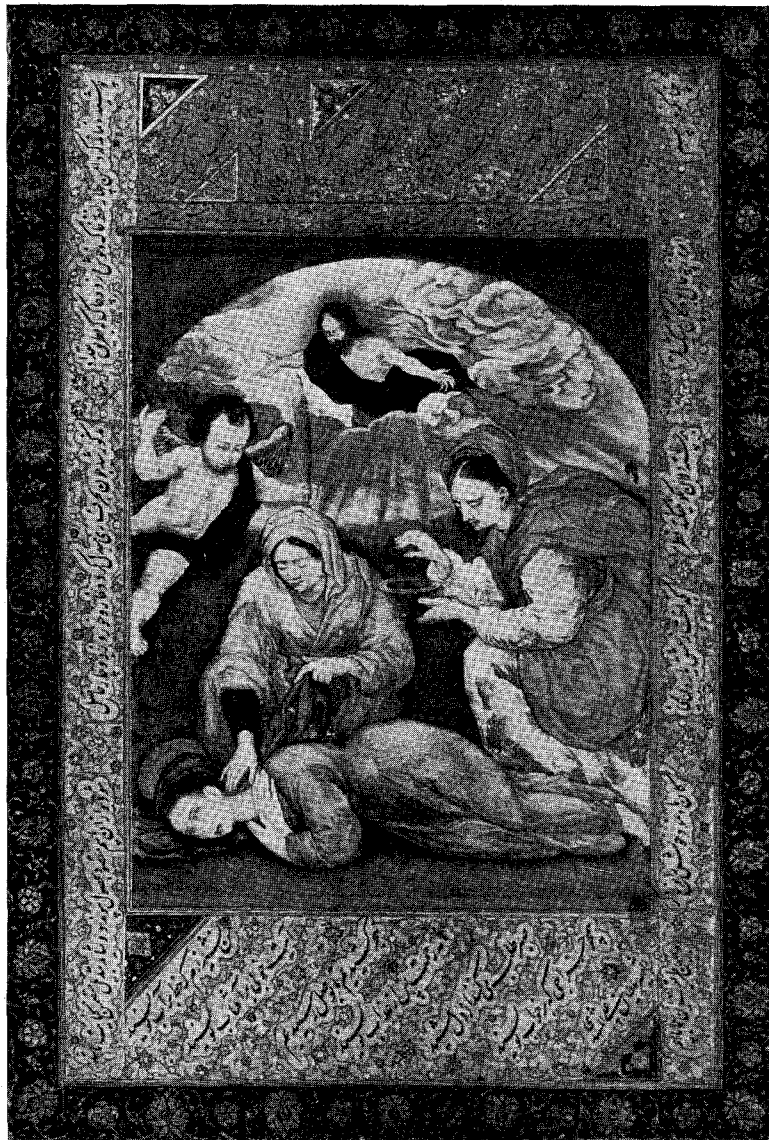
Georgette Leblanc, a native of Rouen and sister of Maurice Leblanc the creator of Arsène Lupin, was an operatic singer who was acting at the Monnaie at Brussels when she met Maeterlinck. They lived together from 1895 till 1920, and this book is an account of their life together. From it one gathers that she had much to do with the composition of "Le Trésor des Humbles" which was dedicated to her and that "Aglavaine" was written for her, but her appearance in it was a failure. The book is written in a staccato exclamatory style very similar to her

brother's. There are very few statements of facts; one is left to imagine what happened. But there is much of her feelings and dreams—all vague and cloudy. The translator is apparently an American, as she talks of a Derby hat and a Windsor tie and does not translate "percale." But she does talk of Judith Gauthier, putting in that "h" that the great Théophile said he spent all his life in deleting.

Octave Mirbeau first made Maeterlinck known in 1890 with an article in the *Figaro* reviewing "La Princesse Maleine." The authoress gives a poor picture of Oscar Wilde in his last days in Paris. She quotes often from her letters to Maeterlinck, but rarely from his letters to her; there was after the rupture probably a return of letters on both sides. "La Vie des Abeilles," we are told, was written at Gruchet St. Simon in Normandy, and, like Lubbock, he used to colour the bees with spots of different paints to recognise them. Later they went to live in the old Abbey of St. Wandrille, between Caudebec and Jumièges, which must

have been an ideal home for a lover of the Middle Ages. After the rupture with Georgette, Maeterlinck married Renée Dahon. The book is plentifully illustrated and produced with all the care for which the publishers are renowned. Maeterlinck is, like most Flemings, a sound trencherman. At Raoul's restaurant at Chantemesle he wrote the following quatrain in the *livre d'or* of the establishment:

"Tu cherches le bonheur? passant!
Ecoute un peu:
C'est là bas, chez Raoul,
Le nid de l'oiseau bleu."



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The University of Chicago appears to be making a special study of Balzac. Psychologists please note. Mr. Dargan's manner is indicated by his sub-title. The monograph does not lack scholarship—or piquant phraseology. Balzac is the "hyphen" uniting romanticism and realism. Of the people in "Cousin Pons" Mr. Dargan says, "God help *their* cousins and their sisters and their aunts." He succeeds in giving a fair portrait of the geyser of a man,

disjointedness which so often characterises a work dealing with fashion only, and makes so many books on dress only to be enjoyed by a specialist, is entirely absent. The figures here have a background against which to pose and become correspondingly more intelligible. Nor has Herr von Boehn sacrificed anything in the process, for the amount and quality of the illustrations are admirable—there are 25 plates in colour and 220 in half-tone—and as full as any book upon fashions, if not a detailed inquiry into a special period, has need to be.

This first volume takes us from the decline of the ancient world to the Renaissance, and though its German material is more fully treated than that offered by other countries, it is not done so in a way to destroy the balance of the work as a whole, which is one of the most admirable which has yet been published upon the subject, and should the succeeding volumes compare in excellence, one which should become indispensable for a thorough survey of fashions and manners.

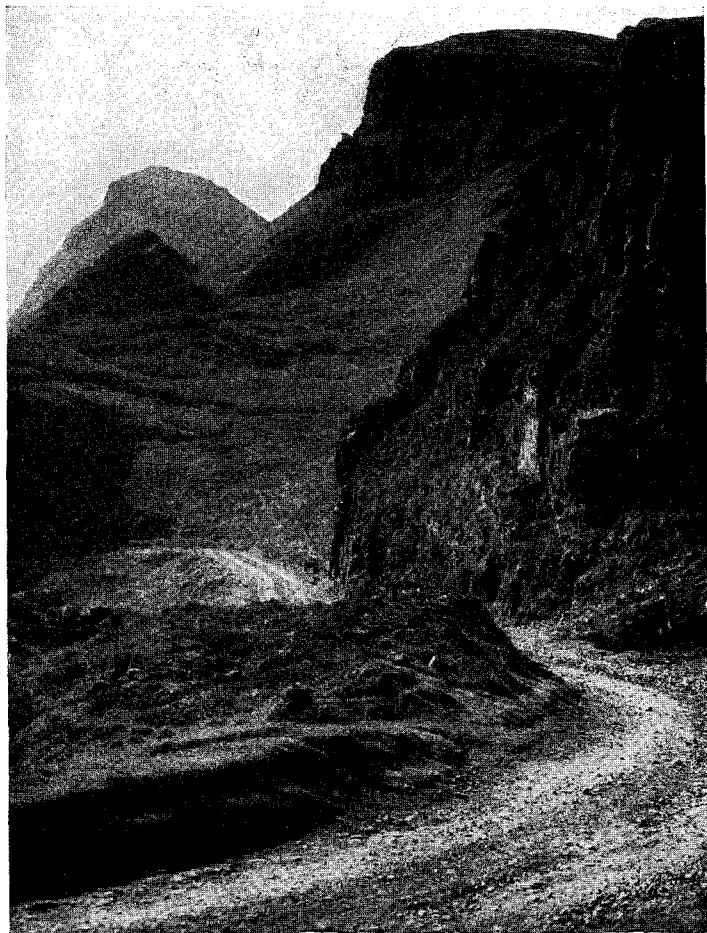
HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY and TRAVEL



From Peaks, Passes and Glaciers
By A. E. Field and Sydney Spencer
(Methuen).

ON THE MOINE ARÊTE OF THE
AIGUILLE VERTE.

INCLUDING REVIEWS BY
S. P. B. MAIS, MARY BUTTS, DOUGLAS GOLDRING, EDWARD CRANKSHAW
AND MARJORIE BOWEN



From The High Lands of Britain
By S. P. B. Mais
(Richards Press).

SKYE: NEAR THE QUIRANG.

THE PAST RECAPTURED

The Story of the Borgias.

By L. Collison-Morley. 12s. 6d. (Routledge.)

The History of Piracy.

By Philip Gosse. 15s. (Longmans.)

William of Orange.

By G. J. Renier. 5s. (Davies.)

Bonnie Prince Charlie.

By Clennell Wilkinson.
8s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Prince Charlie.

By Compton Mackenzie. 5s. (Davies.)

The Regent and His Daughter.

By Dormer Creston.
15s. (Thornton
Butterworth.)

Lady Louisa Stuart.

By Susan Buchan.
15s. (Hodder &
Stoughton.)

Scarlet Ladies and a Black Box.

By R. W. Davis de
Marris. 10s. 6d.
("Ocean.")

by J. D. Griffith-
Davies

It is the fashion now-
adays to stigmatise youth
for its cautious living.
The heroic days are gone,
and with their passing
the prophets of gloom

see the manifestations of moral disintegration within a splendid civilisation. Be this as it may: if youth has lost its taste for high adventure and dangerous living (and I am not saying that it has) it is certain that our publishers and authors are uninfluenced by youth's example; and in the list of books printed at the head of this article are to be found tales of dangerous living to suit all tastes. Those who like strong meat should turn to the Borgias and the Pirates; normal readers will probably find that the studies of William of Orange and Charles Edward provide them with excellent and satisfying fare; the delicate appetites will enjoy Miss Creston's and Mrs. Buchan's books; and those who do not greatly care what they feast upon provided it is good will get value for money in "Scarlet Ladies and a Black Box."

Mr. Collison-Morley's study of the Borgias is a masterly piece of work, which will win the praise of serious students of history and entertain the general reader. His period is one of the most difficult to understand in European history: it is thronged with personalities, great in their own age but in many cases now reduced to mediocrity or obscurity; and its happenings are tantalisingly kaleidoscopic and confusing. In the hands of a less competent historian the period might easily have been reduced to a chaos through which the reader would have had neither the patience nor the inclination to flounder; and it is because Mr. Collison-Morley has enabled us (and we might justly say for the first time) to see the wood for the trees in Renaissance Italy that we rate this book so highly. The Borgias, of whom he writes so entertainingly, were with the exception of the Jesuit Saint Francis Borgia, a peculiarly unpleasant brood; but they were not the monsters of the popular imagination; and it would be stupid to discount their achievements merely because they were unscrupulous. An authoritative account of the Borgias was badly needed: Mr. Collison-Morley has supplied this need in a first-class way.

Mr. Gosse is an enthusiast on the subject of piracy; and frankly one cannot read his delightful book without retaining more than a sneaking affection for some of the greatest rogues the world has ever known. We sail in strange company throughout the ages and in many seas; and probably for the first time we realise what a highly organised business piracy really was. We come face to face with curious men and women—Lancelot Blackburne who

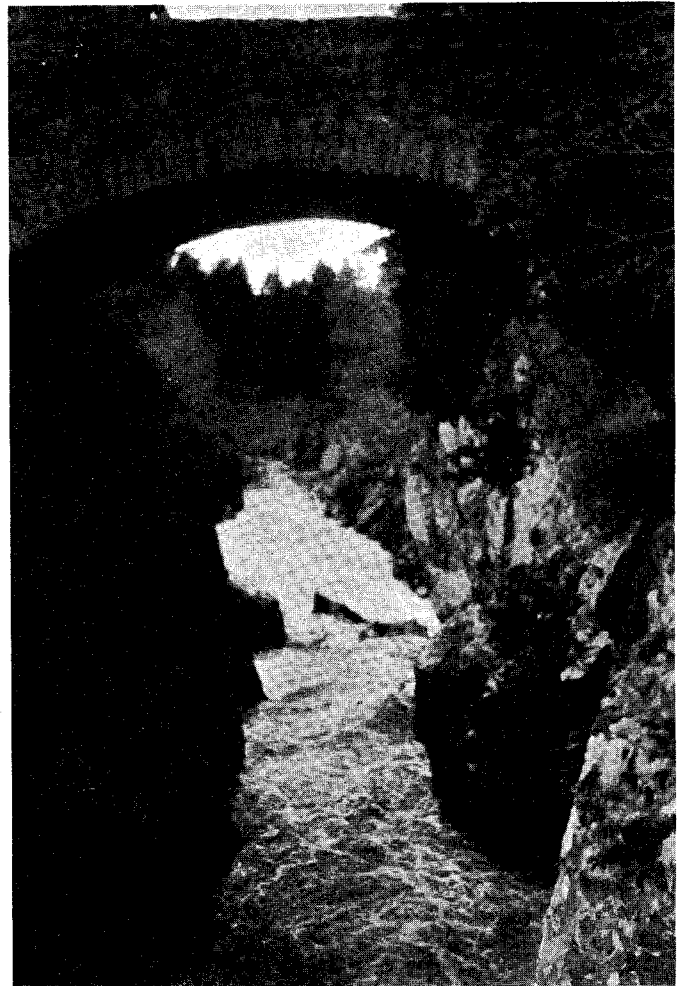


From The Silver Dale
By W. Riley
(Herbert Jenkins).

THE TROUGH AND HAWESWATER.
(Photo: J. E. Lacy.)

roamed the Spanish Main and West Indian waters as a young parson and pirate and then rose to eminent respectability as the Lord Archbishop of York, Captain Bartholomew Roberts whose strict teetotalism is reminiscent of Calvinistic Wales of to-day, Captain Daniel who abducted a priest to say Mass on his ship and actually shot one of the crew dead for irreverence during the Office, "Captain" Mary Read who could use a pistol or cutlass with any man and died a felon's death at St. Jago de la Vega. I think Mr. Gosse is wrong in stating that Sir Henry Morgan was born at Llanrhymney in Glamorganshire (page 154). Considerable doubt surrounds this fact; but Sir Joseph Bradney in his "History of Monmouthshire" (I, pp. 253-4) has pointed out that Henry Morgan was the son of Lewis Morgan of Llangattock Lingoed in Monmouthshire and the brother of Sir Thomas Morgan, one of the chief leaders of the Parliamentary forces in Wales in the Civil War.

The biographies of William of Orange and Charles Edward, when read together, provide a striking example of historical contrast. Both men were "up against" terrible odds; but William, even though he was thwarted by scheming politicians at home and threatened by the might of Louis XIV abroad, succeeded, whereas Charles Edward, helped by a strong Jacobitism in his native Scotland, failed—and failed lamentably. The reason is not far to seek: William of Orange was irrepressible; poor Charles Edward, after the fiasco of the 'Forty-five, lost heart. Dr. Renier's study of William of Orange, slight though it may be, is one of the best biographies of the man in our language. His judgments are sober and scholarly; and the reader's interest is held from cover to cover. More space might perhaps have been given to the foreign policy of William's latter years. To us it may seem callous because it ignored the claims of nationality, but it is well to remember that it was directed towards one end—the maintenance of peace in Europe. Turning to Mr. Wilkinson's and Mr. Mackenzie's books one is struck by the wonderful sympathy and understanding which both authors have for Charles Edward; and it is undoubtedly this which explains the excellence of their respective books. Occasionally Mr. Mackenzie is too much of the Scottish nationalist to be the sober historian; and when he tries to speculate on the blessings which would have ensued had Charles Edward regained the throne of his fathers he is in danger of becoming ludicrous. The "ifs" in history can lead one anywhere; and in a serious biography they are not worth pursuing. Strangely enough both authors dismiss Charles's later life in a few pages; and, sordid though it undoubtedly was, it is interesting enough to merit longer treatment because the student has a right to know how he faced adversity and failure.



From Galloway
By Andrew McCormick
(Smith, Glasgow).

THE TINKLER'S LOUP.

Miss Creston's account of the tragic life of George IV's daughter is more than a biography—it is a first-class commentary on court life under the Regency; and everyone into whose hands this book will fall will agree with Mr. Guedalla who in a foreword says that Miss Creston's work is "just how the past should be written of." "The Regent and His Daughter" is the kind of book to make history popular: there is the breath of life on every page; and every figure on the canvas is alive. Quieter in tone but not less interesting is Mrs. Buchan's book on Lady Louisa Stuart, the daughter of that Earl of Bute who endeavoured to teach George III the rudiments of eighteenth century benevolent despotism. This accomplished lady who lived to a ripe old age under four sovereigns, was as the authoress says in her preface "neither a celebrity nor politician, a blue-stocking nor a royal favourite, but who well understood how to appreciate the follies and charms of the world in which she lived for nearly a hundred years." It is a book to buy and to treasure.

And finally I come to what must surely be one of the strangest books ever written—"Scarlet Ladies and a Black Box." The publishers have listed it as "historical fiction" but they believe that it is founded on fact, only the documentary evidence which can prove the authenticity of the statements in the narrative was inadvertently destroyed. But the author, having read the MS. "until he knew it practically by heart," has placed on record the stirring adventures of his ancestor, Colonel Robert Davys, who actually had in his possession the "black box" wherein lay proof that Charles II was legally married to Lucy Walter; and whether it is fact or fiction it is



From Alps and Men
By G. R. de Beer
(Arnold).

THE VALLEY OF CHAMONIX.
Etching by J. M. W. Turner.
(Courtesy of the Ashmolean Museum.)

certainly an entertaining story. The story of Cromwell flicking ink on to the beards of his fellow regicides is certainly an error. The hero of this exploit was Henry Marten, the republican lawyer and sadist, and one is rather surprised that Colonel Robert Davys should have made this mistake, for the story was popular enough in the taverns in Commonwealth days.

MR. BELLOC'S NAPOLEON

Napoléon.

By Hilaire Belloc. 16s. net. (Cassell.)

The Bonapartes in the New World.

By E. M. Oddie. 15s. net. (Mathews & Marrot.)

by Marjorie Bowen

Mr. Hilaire Belloc is one of the most brilliant men of letters of our time; everything that he writes is touched by the authentic magic which distinguishes literature from the efforts of the clever craftsman, the industrious compiler or the cunning imitator. The considerable output of this author refutes the constant accusation of "over production" which is thrown much too readily at those writers who exceed the staid limits of one work every two or three years. Many critics seem unable to distinguish between the outpourings of the busy hack and the rich fecundity of creative energy, and the result is that a certain shame-faced self-consciousness attaches to any writer's confession of a large number of books to his name. To write seldom is to be highly valued and to write frequently is to incur the charge of a mechanical facility.

The truth is that some few are gifted with an imagination so profound, a mind so stored with fact and fancy, an enthusiasm so untarnished that while they breathe they must work, and



From Bonnie Prince Charlie
By Clennell Wilkinson
(Harrop).

PRINCE CHARLIE AT THE TIME
OF THE 'FORTY-FIVE.
(From a miniature in the collection of the
Earl of Wemyss, By permission of the
Hon. Sir Evan Charteris, K.C.)



From Victorian Portraits
By Percy Colson
(Rich & Cowan).

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCE ALBERT.

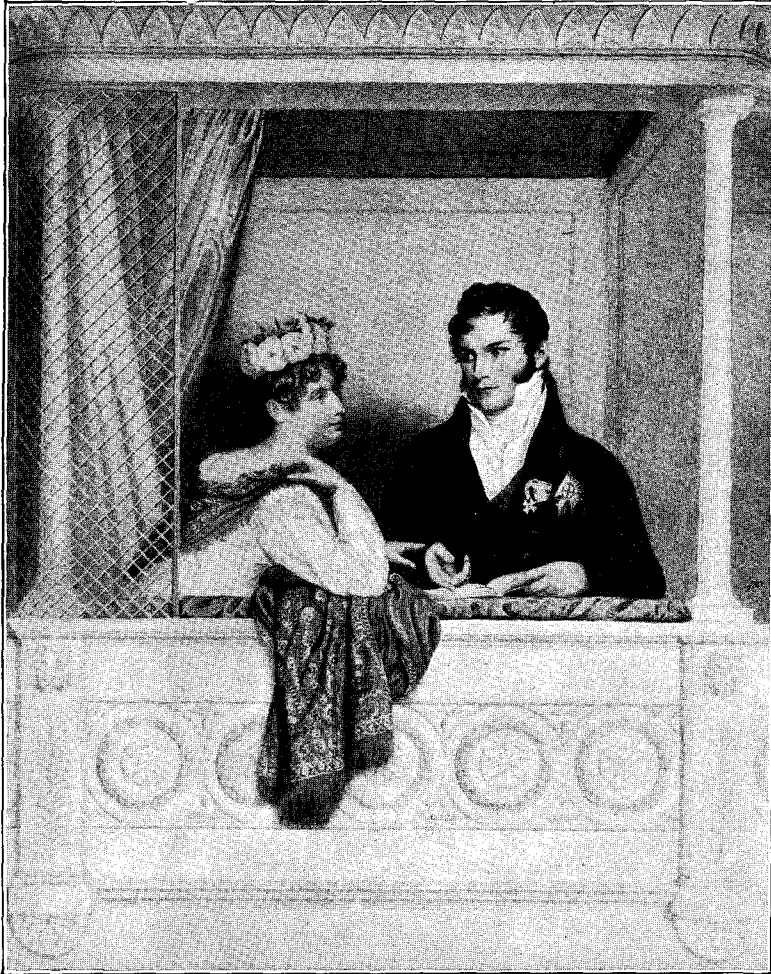
the least of their efforts will be worth far more than the best of careful compilations of the uninspired.

Mr. Belloc's "Napoléon" is as fresh, as vital, and as glowing as if it were the early work of brilliant youth, and as exact, beautifully proportioned, restrained and melodious as the achievement of the peak of maturity.

A large library could be filled with works dealing with Napoleon I; the man and his times have been dealt with a thousand times, from every angle, and under every aspect; the subject might therefore well be considered staled and difficult enough to discourage any biographer. Mr. Belloc however treats his hero as if he were the first to deal with him, and the result is a biography which, though slender compared to some of the tomes devoted to this subject, contains all anyone need know of the first Napoleon, a study new enough to enthral even those already well read in this period of the first Empire, and sufficient to give those who know little of the matter a complete and unforgettable picture of one of the world's greatest men.

Here is no attempt on the part of the writer to exploit himself at the expense of his theme, and though Mr. Belloc's individuality is most apparent in all that he writes, he here merges it in that of the man of whom he writes and whom he so much admires. For he has not followed the fashion of that easy irony, that mocking revaluation which has of late been too popular. To Mr. Belloc, Napoleon is a "high creature" with "high victories," and as such he writes of him, using a sympathetic enthusiasm that does not interfere with the clarity of his vision nor the precision of his judgment.

Mr. Belloc has divided his 445 pages into two parts.



From *The Regent and His Daughter*
By Dormer Creston
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE AND
PRINCE LEOPOLD IN THEIR
BOX AT THE OPERA.

The first is concerned with the not always understood character and the not always undisputed motives of Napoleon, who is seen by Mr. Belloc as the man who attempted to achieve the unity of Europe and in some measure and in some sense succeeded.

We, Mr. Belloc thinks, inherit this partial success, and he remarks in effect: "If unity do in some way appear before the last disaster, we shall owe its resurrection ultimately to Napoleon."

The "last disaster" Mr. Belloc refers to is apparently the final dissolution of Europe, the crash of Western culture and chaos following universal war. It may be much doubted if history is likely to follow this sequence and even questioned if Napoleon were sufficiently a single-minded idealist to concern himself much about the future of mankind. And, admitting that this was so, one need not be a cynic to observe that the awful devastation of the Napoleonic Wars and their appalling aftermath seem a high price to pay for such progress as the great conqueror made towards reconstructing a united Europe. Mr. Belloc however does not allow his opinions to colour his narrative unduly; it is easy to read this masterly summary of Napoleon and come to unprejudiced conclusions.

In the second part of his work Mr. Belloc deals with the actions of his hero in thirty-five episodes from the "Arising" to "St. Helena."

Nothing more vivid, compact, well informed, altogether exciting and satisfying than this unfolding of the Corsican's stupendous drama could be desired. An example of Mr. Belloc's skill is shown in his sketch of Josephine (p. 111, *et seq.*). Here is all we need to know of this

woman and as much as we can hope to know of any fellow human being.

The usefulness of the book is heightened by twenty-two sketch maps of the various actions from Toulon to Waterloo, and there is a finely reproduced frontispiece of the Ceracchi bust.

Miss Oddie has also been fascinated by the Napoleonic tradition, and has had the industry and patience to follow out the story of the descendants of the Bonapartes in North America. She presents the famous Betsy Patterson with care and insight and shows us a remarkable woman in an extraordinary situation. The ramifications of this obscure branch of Napoleonic lore will be of great interest to many; there are several genealogical tables and numerous uncommon illustrations.

MASK AND MAN: Memoirs by Feodor Chaliapin.
18s. (Gollancz.)

Regarded as the memoirs it claims to be this book is disappointing. M. Chaliapin tells us little that is new about his life, and much of that little in the form of comment on events we are assumed already to know. But if these events be known, and the present memoirs—not M. Chaliapin's first—be regarded as a supplement to biography, they will be found entertaining enough. M. Chaliapin would have been an individual in any society and age. And with the background of his own picaresque life and epoch as an aid, his story of his triumphs, failures and loves is a story, reminiscent now of eighteenth century Europe, now of that unmistakable Russia that has gone, but always revealing and always sympathetic.



From *The Pentamerone*
By Giambattista Basile
(*John Lane*).

GIAMBATTISTA BASILE.



From Those Greenland Days
By Martin Lindsay
(Blackwood).

THE MOTH IN WINTER.

THE YEARS THAT ARE PASSED

Alfred Fripp : A Life.

By Cecil Roberts. 15s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Recollections of a Prison Governor.

By C. E. F. Rich. 18s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

by Ashley Sampson

Mr. Cecil Roberts possesses a magical charm which brings the ecstasy of life into some of the dreariest episodes in a man's life ; but his latest biography is of a man whose dead moments were indeed few. Alfred Fripp's early career—his swift and sensational rise to fame—his work for Guy's Hospital—his comings and goings in and out of the " best houses " of Europe—his exceptionally romantic



From Northern Lights
By F. Spencer Chapman
(Chatto & Windus).

OUR ESKIMO FRIENDS LEAVE FOR HOME.

marriage and his appointment to the Royal Household—forms perhaps the most glamorous chapter of the last fifty years. When Mr. Roberts spreads himself over a life like that, our hopes run very high; and there will be no disappointment here.

There are times when the thought of success seemed to extinguish all others in the mind of the great surgeon; and I must confess that sometimes one reaches a point of indignation drawing near to disgust when one reads:

"These were trying days for Alfred Fripp. It was his first serious setback in a swift career. He had swept up to success from the hour when he had taken the train North to act as *locum* to Jalland at York . . . and after that his professional triumph with the Imperial Yeomanry Hospital, and now suddenly, when he seemed to have worked to the forefront of his profession, came a check."

There is no feeling here that his life's vocation would continue unabated, or even that he failed his monarch at a critical moment; but only that his considerable material ambitions received their first check.

Mr. Cecil Roberts however does something to redeem this impression in the last chapters, and reveals to us a man who never spared himself in his labours; and to whom the loss of a night's rest to help one suffering old woman in the hospital was nothing. He had his days in which he drank deep of success; but success is, in its way, as stern a discipline as failure; and out of it Fripp certainly went—leaving behind him many friends and scarcely an enemy.

The recollections of Colonel Rich, formerly Governor of various prisons, form delightful entertainment when he is contented to recollect; but rather a nightmare of more or less obsolete ideas when he endeavours to theorise. He has no use for "sentimentalists" who are out for prison reform. Prisoners should have the fear of God—(by which he sometimes means the fear of Colonel Rich)—instilled into them. Hanging is a merciful method of



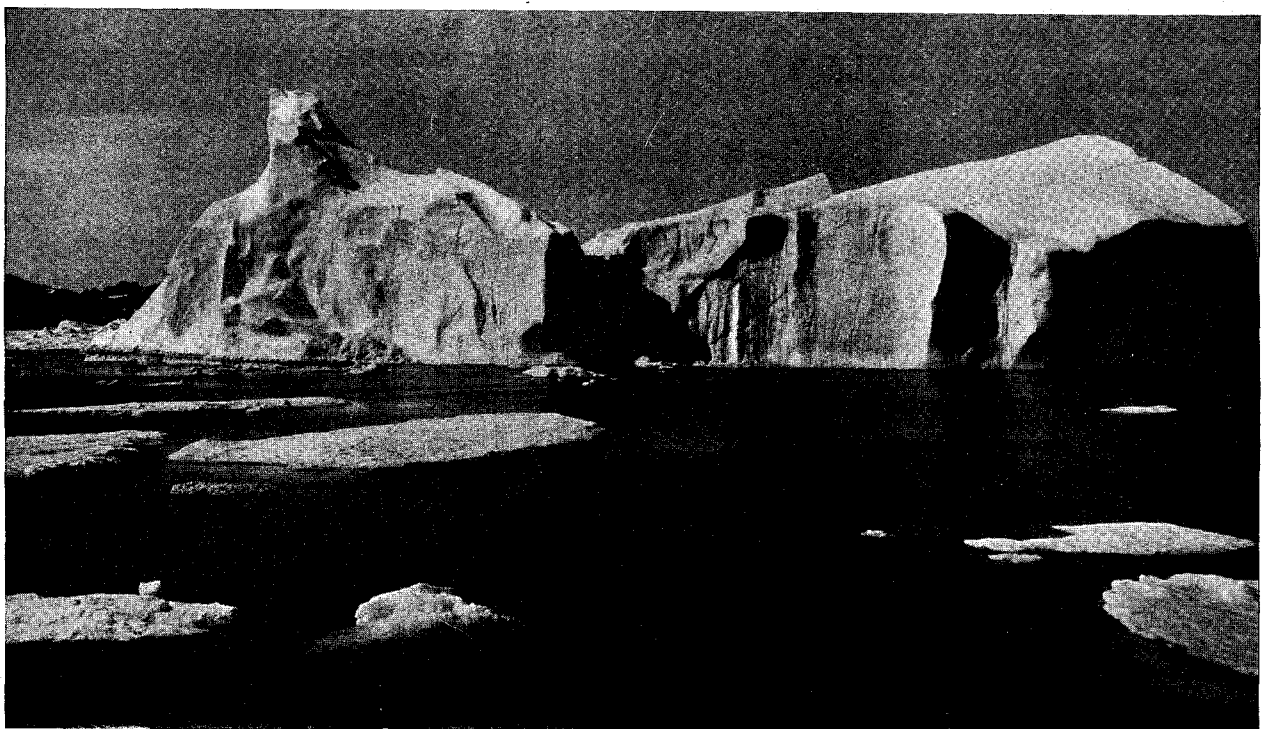
From *Conquest of the South Pole*
By J. Gordon Hayes
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

**SCOTT'S WINTER QUARTERS
AT CAPE EVANS.**
(Taken by moonlight during the winter.)

disposing of incurable blackguards; and he has watched the cat administered "with satisfaction"—an instrument which he considers might be wielded rather more often to good effect.

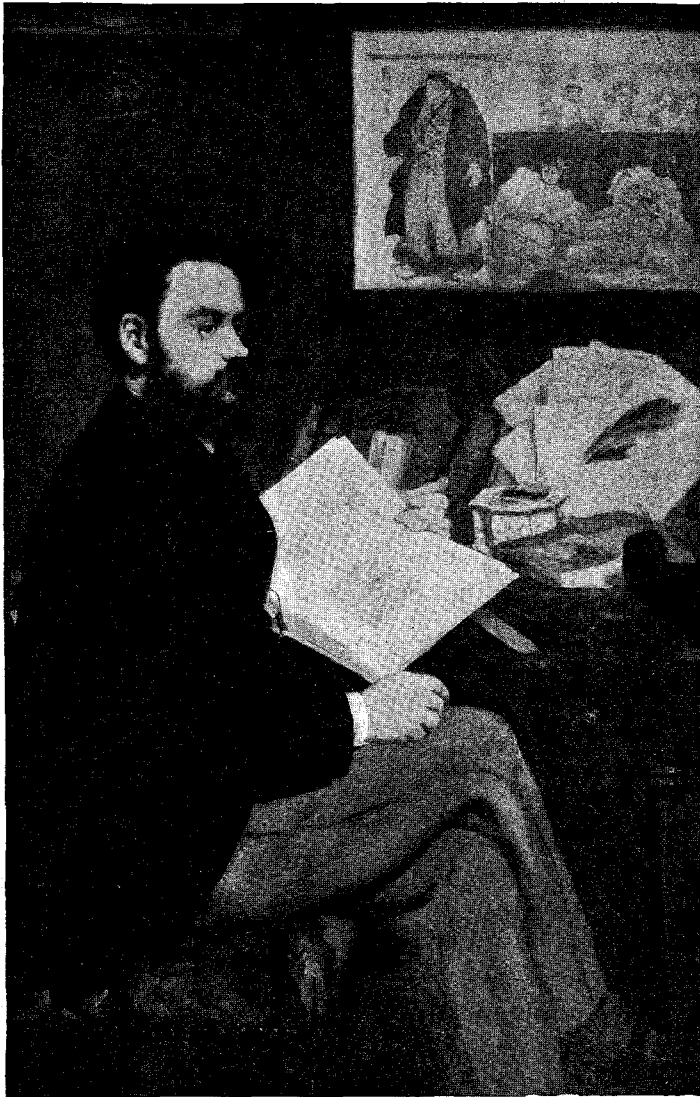
His arrival at Liverpool Prison gives him ample opportunity to open those gates to the reading public; and this he does in a manner which lays bare his mentality.

"A more extraordinary collection of people within four walls than my compulsory guests it would be impossible to imagine. There was in the first place, of course, the usual conglomeration of real blackguards, who had no earthly intention of being other than they were. Most of them were habitual criminals. . . . Then there was the professional burglar; there was the plausible false pretentionist, who walks round the visitors like a cooper round a cask; or again, there was the immoral degenerate, the type who will assault young children, for whom the 'cat' is the only cure. Oh, why do they not use that wholesome corrective more, however little Mr. Bernard Shaw may like it."



From *Those Greenland Days*
By Martin Lindsay
(*Blackwood*).

ICEBERGS.



From Zola
By Henri Barbusse
(Dent).

EMILE ZOLA.
(From a painting by Manet.)

At his best Colonel Rich can be very amusing—with a dry wit which seldom tires; and these are the parts of his book in which he gives us glimpses of the lives of his prisoners in between one term of service and another. The bulk of his book is, however, concerned with the inside of these gloomy houses; and here he is not seldom at his worst. It must be said to his credit that he quelled a riot in Maidstone Prison with almost incredible personal courage.

VICTORIAN PORTRAITS.

By Percy Colson. 10s. 6d. net.
(Rich & Cowan.)

The Victorians are being "re-discovered" in these days with such celerity and zest that soon there will be no figures of the period left for modern dissection and wit exercise. It is somewhat sorrowful for those really interested in the Victorian era and the achievement of its great men and women to learn it is now a sound commercial proposition for flippant writers to

guy or grossly attack the subject; but no doubt professional book-makers—an ever increasing band—must live and consequently find something to write about now that the characters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been exhausted by much literary exhibition. The distress of complete and entrenched Victorians, like myself, who survive to witness this attack, reminds me of a delightful wood engraving in a Victorian child's book of the sixties entitled "Alice's New Book" (an imitation in part of the recent Lewis Carroll successes), wherein is seen a naughty boy attacking the india-rubber doll of his little sister: "Cruel Sam has got hold of its nose—he says he will improve the shape, and he is pulling it to a long point."

The latest author to pull the noses of the Victorians is Mr. Percy Colson, who provides four studies of the Prince Consort, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, Harriet Martineau and Mendelssohn (an unexpected specimen in a Victorian "portrait" gallery). Prince Albert is the main theme of the book, and his nose is unmercifully pulled. This is a cynical study which will amuse those who regard the Prince as a prig and a busybody who must have his finger in every pie of his adopted country; but it provides no new material and no attempt to solve the strange enigma Albert was, and consequently is of little historical value.

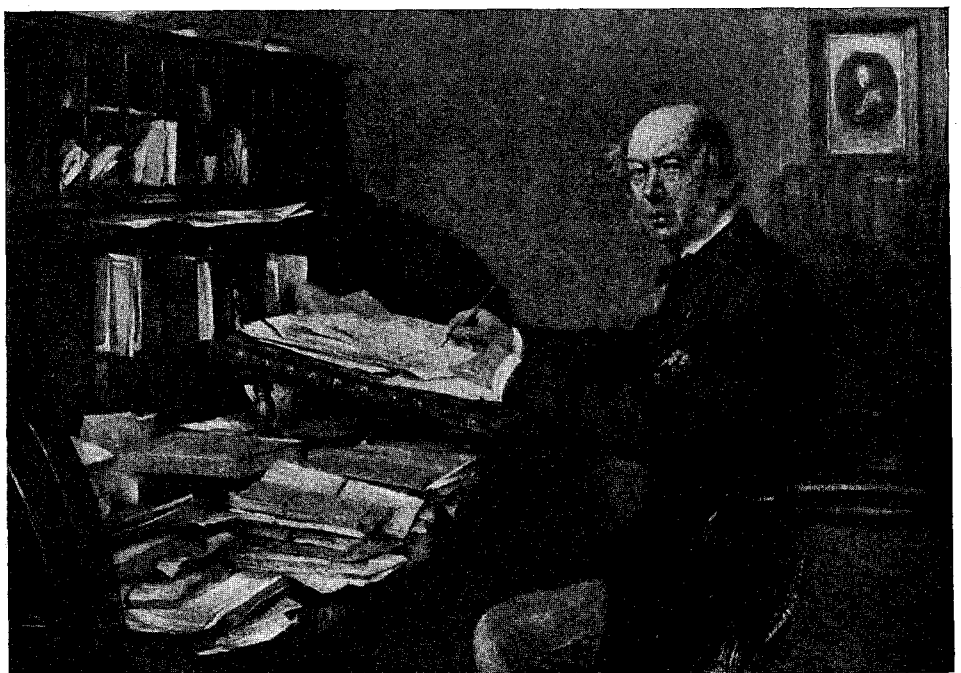
Mr. Colson's style is certainly amusing and endeavours to improve on that of the much imitated Mr. Lytton Strachey:

"His [Albert's] virtue was indeed appalling. Not a single vice redeemed it. He was rather delicate; his stomach, especially, was weak and he was apt to be sick after any unusual excitement. . . . He disliked exertion. . . . He was mentally tired, though his mind was crammed full of facts. . . . He would have won endless prizes in those modern newspaper competitions."

But unfortunately the style is marred at times by silly vulgarity. Mr. Colson also perpetrates some errors of



From Captain Scott
By Stephen Gwynn
(John Lane).



From At John Murray's
By George Paston
(John Murray).

JOHN MURRAY III.
(From a painting by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.)

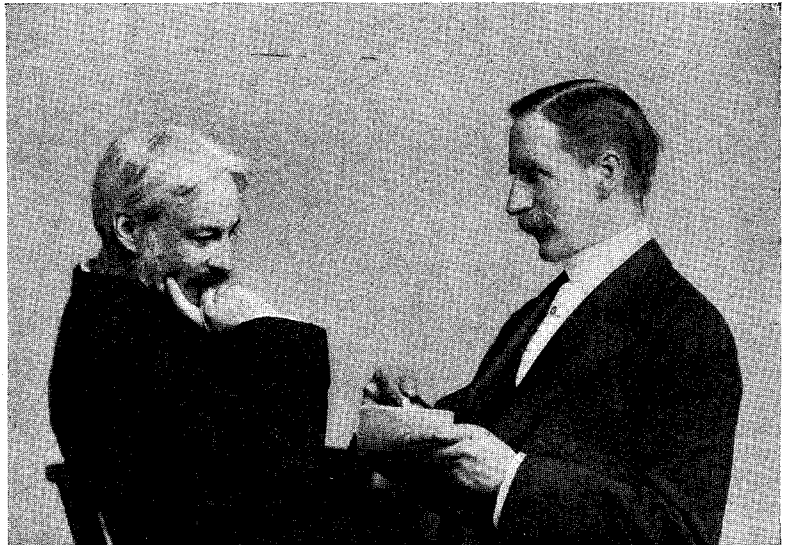
fact. England was not governed by a "succession of German monarchs since the reign of *James the Second*," and "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do" was not sung at the time of the Crimean War, but over twenty years later.

At times I agree with Mr. Colson, as when he writes of the middle class Victorian mother and pays a tribute to her almost ceaseless hard work, work relieved by very little recreation or holidays. He is much better in his study of Samuel Wilberforce than of Prince Albert, for here the author is more sym-



From *Sir Francis Drake*
By E. F. Benson
(John Lane).

pathetic and his humour more kindly, and he well sums up the career and character of "Soapy Sam." Harriet Martineau provides full scope for Mr. Colson's exercise of irony, and he presents very mordantly that strange spinster's remarkable success, considering her limited and dull talents, in the literary and social world of her time.



From *Evening Memories*
By Sir Herbert Maxwell
(Maclehose).

ANDREW LANG AND
HERBERT MAXWELL, 1895.

Paris to peaceful Italy. Mr. van Vechten would almost certainly have missed his train had not a stray porter put in a belated appearance; for he was staggering beneath a burden consisting of one suitcase, two sticks, one cloak and one book. He had many other terrible experiences.

THE NEW WORLD AND THE OLD

Sacred and Profane Memories.
By Carl van Vechten. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Memoirs of Prince Blücher.
Edited by Evelyn Princess Blücher and Major
Desmond Chapman-Huston. 15s. (Murray.)

by Edward Crankshaw



J. R. ACKERLEY.
(Photo: Foulsham & Bamfield.)
From *Escapers All*
By J. R. Ackerley
(John Lane).

One of these books is vital and attractive; the other is not. This is Mr. Carl van Vechten's "Sacred and Profane Memories," which consists of some reminiscent essays reprinted, upon what pretext we cannot guess, from various scattered sources. When van Vechten is not being offensive he indulges a quiet, superficially meditative mood, which is not without a certain weak

charm—as "The Tin Trunk," in which he is pleased to be mildly nostalgic about the days of his childhood. For the most part, however, the essays are supremely irritating. The longest chapter is devoted to the author's tribulations as a neutral in Europe at the outbreak of the War. His most distressing contretemps was due to the lack of porters at the railway station on the occasion of his flight from belligerent



From *The St. Helena Journal of*
General Baron Gourgard,
1815-1818.
Edited by Norman Edwards
(John Lane).

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

It is pleasant to turn from the American cosmopolitan to the German aristocrat, Prince Blücher. Prince Blücher was the great-great-grandson of the Feld-Marshal—"the Johnny who was late at Waterloo"—and the first part of his book is a brief account of the life of his distinguished ancestor. We hear of his early conflict with his king, Frederick the Great, which ended in Blücher's retirement to a farm until the king's death; and there are translations of letters to his wife from the Field-Marshal in the field during his campaigns against Napoleon. These make fascinating if monotonous reading: models of terseness breathing complete self-confidence. Prince Blücher makes no serious attempt to assess the comparative importance of Wellington's and Blücher's contributions to the downfall of Napoleon at Waterloo. He is content to remark that the English seem to underestimate the Field-Marshal's worth while the Germans do the same for Wellington.

But the main part of this book is given up to Prince Blücher's own personal memoirs; and the key-note of these is a deep, if not uncritical, love of England. Prince Blücher seems to have been the ideal internationally-minded man;



From Burma and Beyond
By Sir J. George Scott
(Grayson & Grayson).

**WA VILLAGE POSTS RECORDING
SACRIFICED BULLOCKS.**

and his attitude might serve as an example to many of the frenzied internationalists of to-day. For his internationalism did not involve constant deprecation of the merits of his own country and blind adulation of the virtues of all others. He was at school at Stonyhurst, and later he studied at Prague University; still later he married an Englishwoman. Thus his love of other countries than his own sprang from his intimate knowledge of them; not from empty theorising. As the occupant of a distinguished place in German and English society his life-long ideal was to strengthen, in so far as it lay in the power of one man, Anglo-German understanding. These memoirs themselves are in effect his final effort; and if more people felt and behaved as Prince Blücher the peace of Europe would be an assured fact instead of an apparently fantastic dream.

This book makes delightful reading. The scene is constantly shifting. Prince Blücher was a great sportsman, and his pleasures took him to remote parts of the globe. He took pleasure in the social life, both country and town, of Germany, Austria and England; this in spite of his discriminating taste in intimate friends. Edwardian London he compares to "the great days of the Italian Renaissance." "London was in name and in reality the capital of the world." It can be imagined with what especial horror the outbreak of war affected this German Prince, then living in London with his English wife. But he survived the War by thirteen years; and lived to look back with some regrets on the old state of Europe; for, although he was vividly alive to many of the inherent evils in the old regimes of Germany and Austria, he believed that the good outweighed the evil; and the Habsburg Empire he likens to a "little League of Nations." Perhaps if Ferdinand had survived Serajevo his Empire might have gradually become one; but, as we are slowly discovering to-day, equality is a first essential in a League. And beneath Franz Josef there was little equality.



From Africa Notwithstanding
By Kenneth Bradley
(Lovat Dickson).

**"FOR TWO YEARS YOU, A CHIEF,
WILL WORK AS A SERVANT ON
THIS STATION."**

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THUCYDIDES

LI. Οἱ δὲ Συρακοῖοι καὶ αὐτοὶ τοῦτο πυθόμενοι πολλὰ μᾶλλον ἐξηγερμένοι ἦσαν μὴ ἀνέναι τὰ τῶν Ἀθηναίων, ὥς καὶ αὐτῶν κατεγνωκότων ἤδη μηκέτι κρείσσονα εἶναι σφῶν μήτε ναυσὶ μήτε πεζῷ (οὐ γὰρ ἂν τὸν ἐκπλουν ἐπιβουλεύσαι), καὶ ἅμα οὐ βουλομένοι αὐτοὺς ἄλλασε ποι τῆς Σικελίας καθεζόμενοι χαλεπωτέρους εἶναι προσπολεμῆναι, ἀλλ' αὐτοὺς ὡς τάχιστα καὶ ἐν ᾧ σφίσι ξυμφέροι ἀναγκάσαι αὐτοὺς ναυμαχεῖν.

2 τὰς οὖν ναὺς ἐπλήρουν καὶ ἀνεπειρώοντο ἡμέρας ὅσαι αὐτοῖς ἐδόκουν ἱκαναὶ εἶναι. ἐπειδὴ δὲ καιρὸς ἦν, τῇ μὲν προτέρᾳ πρὸς τὰ τεῖχη τῶν Ἀθηναίων προσέβαλλον, καὶ ἐπεξεληθόντος μέρους τινὸς οὐ πολλοῦ καὶ τῶν ὀπλιτῶν καὶ τῶν ἰππέων κατὰ τινὰς πύλας, ἀπολαμβάνουσι τὴν ὀπλιτῶν τινὰς καὶ πρεσβύτεροι καταδιώκουσιν· οὐδὲς δὲ στενὴς τῆς ἐσόδου οἱ Ἀθηναῖοι ἵππους τε ἐβδομήκοντα ἀπελλύουσιν καὶ τῶν ὀπλιτῶν οὐ πολλούς.

LII. Καὶ ταύτῃ μὲν τῇ ἡμέρᾳ ἀπεχώρησεν ἡ στρατιὰ τῶν Συρακοσίων· τῇ δ' ὑστεραίᾳ ταῖς τε ναυσὶν ἐκπλέοντι οὐσῶν ἐξ καὶ ἐβδομήκοντα, καὶ τῷ πεζῷ ἅμα πρὸς τὰ τεῖχη ἐχώρουν. οἱ δ' Ἀθηναῖοι ἀνταύτην ναυσὶν ἐξ καὶ ὀγδοήκοντα καὶ προσμείζαντες ἐναυμάχουν. καὶ τὸν Εὐρυμέδοντα, ἔχοντα τὸ δεξιὸν κέρας τῶν Ἀθηναίων καὶ βουλομένου περικλῆσθαι τὰς ναὺς τῶν ἐναντίων καὶ ἐπεξάγναι τῷ πλῇ πρὸς τὴν γῆν μᾶλλον, νικήσαντες οἱ Συρακοῖοι καὶ οἱ ξύμμαχοι τὸ μέσον πρῶτον τῶν Ἀθηναίων ἀπολαμβάνουσι κἀκείνων ἐν τῷ κοίλῳ καὶ μυχρ¹ τοῦ λιμένος καὶ

¹ ἐν τῷ κοίλῳ καὶ μυχρ, Hude omits καὶ with C and brackets μυχρ with Bothe.

THUCYDIDES

ὑπὸ Συρακοσίοις εὐθὺς ῥίγνισθε, οἷς αὐτοὶ ἴστε οἷα γνώμῃ ἐπὶ ἤλθετε, οἱ δὲ ἐκεῖ ὑπὸ Λακεδαιμονίοις.

2 ὥστε ἐν ἐνὶ τῇδε ὑπὲρ ἀμφοτέρων ἀγωνίᾳ καθεστῶτες καρτερήσατε, εἴπερ ποτέ, καὶ ἐνθυμείθε καθ' ἐκείστους τε καὶ ξύμπαντες ὅτι οἱ ἐν ταῖς ναυσὶν ὑμῶν νῦν ἐσόμενοι καὶ πεζοὶ τοῖς Ἀθηναίοις εἰσὶ καὶ νῆες καὶ ἡ υπόλοιπος πόλις καὶ τὸ μέγα ὄνομα τῶν Ἀθηναίων, περὶ ὧν, εἴ τίς τι ἕτερος ἐτέρου προφέρει ἢ ἐπιστήμῃ ἢ εὐψύχῳ, οὐκ ἂν ἐν ἄλλῳ μᾶλλον καιρῷ ἀποδείξαιμενος αὐτὸς τε αὐτῷ ὠφέλιμος γένοιτο καὶ τοῖς ξύμπασι σωτήριος.

LXV. Ὁ μὲν Νικίας τοσαῦτα παρακελευσάμενος εὐθὺς ἐκέλευε πληροῦν τὰς ναὺς. τῷ δὲ Γυλίπῳ καὶ τοῖς Συρακοσίοις παρὴν μὲν αἰσθάνεσθαι, ὁρᾶσι καὶ αὐτὴν τὴν παρασκευὴν, ὅτι ναυμαχίησονται οἱ Ἀθηναῖοι, προηγέθη δ' αὐτοῖς καὶ ἡ ἐπιβολὴ τῶν σιδηρῶν χειρῶν, καὶ πρὸς τε τὰλλα ἐξηρτύσαντο ὡς ἕκαστα καὶ πρὸς

2 τοῦτο· τὰς γὰρ πρῶτας καὶ τῆς νεῶς ἀνω ἐπὶ πολλὰ κατεβύρσωσαν, ὅπως ἂν ἀπολισθῶναι καὶ

3 μὴ ἔχει ἀντιλαβὴν ἢ χεῖρ ἐπιβαλλομένη. καὶ ἐπειδὴ πάντα εἰτοιμα ἦν, παρεκελεύσαντο ἐκείνοις οἱ τε στρατηγοὶ καὶ Γύλιππος καὶ ἔλεξαν τοιαῦτα.

LXVI. "Ὅτι μὲν καλὰ τὰ προεργασμένα καὶ ὑπὲρ καλῶν τῶν μελλόντων ὁ ἀγων ἐσται, ὧ Συρακοῖοι καὶ ξύμμαχοι, οἱ τε πολλοὶ δοκεῖτε

THUCYDIDES

LI. Οἱ δὲ Συρακοῖοι καὶ αὐτοὶ τοῦτο πυθόμενοι πολλὰ μᾶλλον ἐξηγερμένοι ἦσαν μὴ ἀνέναι τὰ τῶν Ἀθηναίων, ὥς καὶ αὐτῶν κατεγνωκότων ἤδη μηκέτι κρείσσονα εἶναι σφῶν μήτε ναυσὶ μήτε πεζῷ (οὐ γὰρ ἂν τὸν ἐκπλουν ἐπιβουλεύσαι), καὶ ἅμα οὐ βουλομένοι αὐτοὺς ἄλλασε ποι τῆς Σικελίας καθεζόμενοι χαλεπωτέρους εἶναι προσπολεμῆναι, ἀλλ' αὐτοὺς ὡς τάχιστα καὶ ἐν ᾧ σφίσι ξυμφέροι ἀναγκάσαι αὐτοὺς ναυμαχεῖν.

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¹ ἐν τῷ κοίλῳ καὶ μυχρ, Hude omits καὶ with C and brackets μυχρ with Bothe.

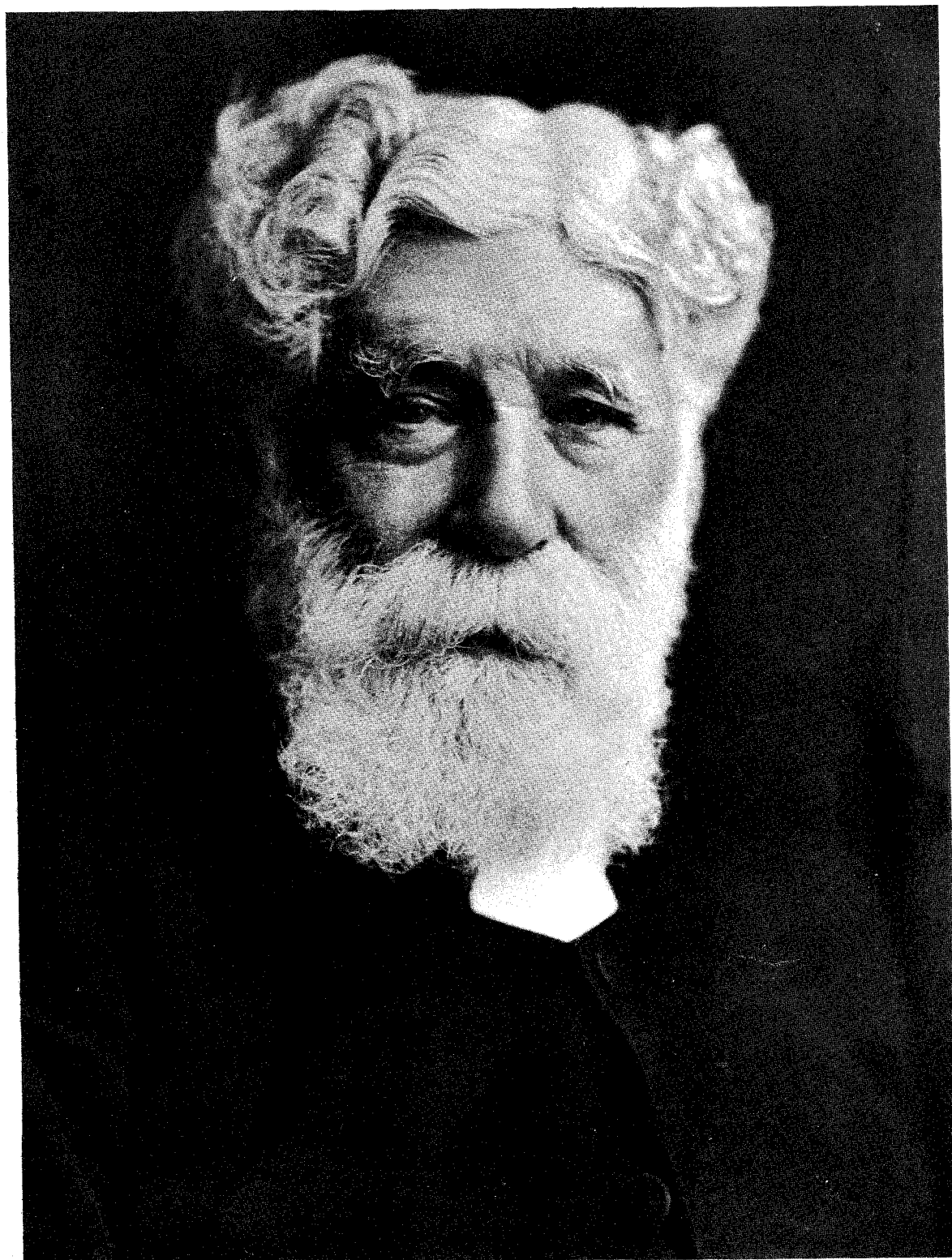
THUCYDIDES

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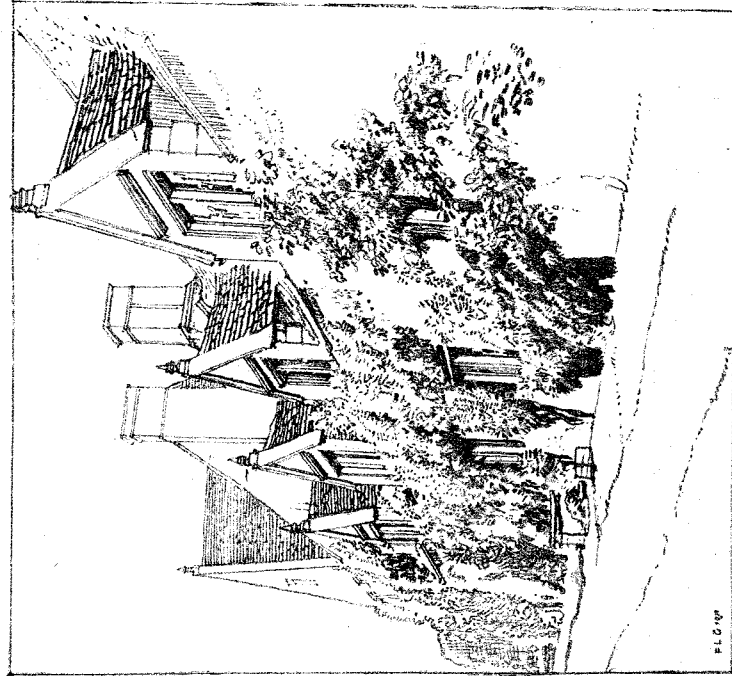
A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY

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A school as old as an old oak tree,
Fast by the roots was flung up in the air,
Up in the air without thought or care,
And pitched on its feet by the sea, the sea,
Pitched on its feet by the sea.

A twelvemonth later it was flung up into the air once more,
and pitched down securely in its old habitations, now recovered



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— ٧٨ —

وَدَوَّ حَوْلَهُ رُيْلُهُ مَرُورُهُ هَذِهِ الْأَلْفِ مِنَ السِّنِينَ
وَكَانَ مُجْتَمِعًا وَمَطْلَبًا بِدِهَانِ أَمْلَسَ مَنُوشٍ عَلَيْهِ صُورُهُ
وَكِتَابَاتٍ مِنْ كِتَابَتِهِمْ أَرْسَعِيَّةً
وَالسَّبَبُ فِي إِثَامَةِ هَذِهِ الْأَهْرَامِ الْعَظِيمَةِ أَنَّهُمْ
كَانُوا يُتَقَدَّرُونَ أَنَّ الْأَرْوَاحَ تَعُودُ إِلَى أَجْسَامِهَا يَوْمَ
الْقِيَامَةِ فَكَانُوا يُحْفَظُونَ الْأَجْسَامَ بِذَرَارَةٍ عَظِيمَةٍ
وَيَضَعُونَهَا فِي هَذِهِ الْأَمَاكِنِ حَتَّى إِذَا قَامَتِ الْقِيَامَةُ
رَجَدَتْ كُلُّ رُوحٍ جَسْمًا بَاقِيًا فَتَدْخُلُهُ لِتُعِيدَ إِلَيْهِ الْحَيَاةَ
وَالْأَحْيَاءُ الَّتِي بَنِيَتْ مِنْهَا هَذِهِ الْأَهْرَامُ كَبِيرَةٌ
الْحَيَّةُ عَظِيمَةُ النَّفْسِ لَا يَسْتَعِيزُ بِشَيْءٍ مِنْهَا يَحُلُّ الْوَاحِدُ
مِنْهَا وَكَانُوا يُقَطِّعُونَهَا مِنْ جِبَالِ الْمُقَطَّمِ وَيُدْشُونُ
حُدُودَ أَرْضِ الْبَلَدِ بَيْنَ الْجِبَلِ وَبَيْنَ الْبَنَاءِ وَيَزْلِفُونَهَا عَلَيْهِ
ثُمَّ يَرْذَعُونَهَا بِرَوَاقِعِ الْإِيَّةِ وَيُثْبِتُونَهَا فِي مَوْضِعِهَا
وَفِي هَرَمِ الْجَايزَةِ الْأَكْبَرِ جُحْلَةٌ عُرْفٌ لَعُضْبًا صَغِيرٌ
وَلَعُضْبًا كَبِيرٌ وَفِي وَسْطِهِ بَيْتٌ عَمِيقَةٌ يُقَالُ إِنَّهُمْ كَانُوا

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WAR ON THE HIGH SEAS

The Big Blockade.

By E. Keble Chatterton. 18s. net.
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Imperial Defence and Capture at Sea in War.

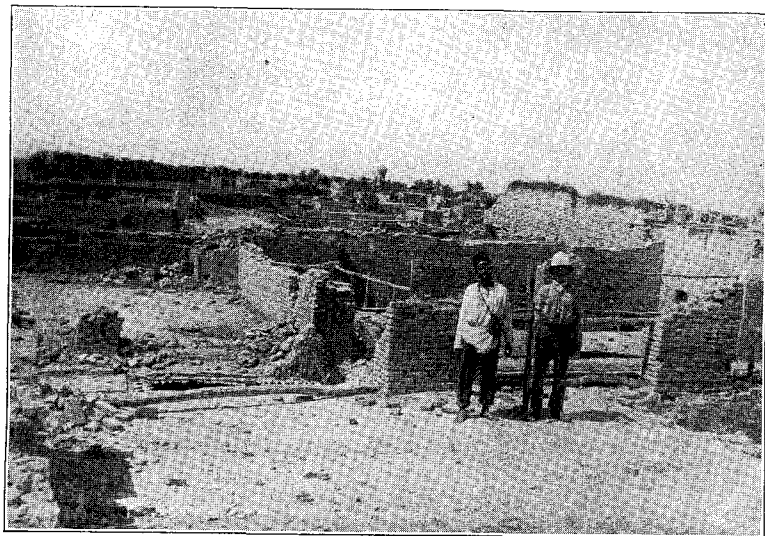
By Admiral Sir H. W. Richmond. 10s. 6d. net.
(Hutchinson.)

by Rolf Bennett

In Mr. Chatterton's book we have the first authentic and complete account of the wonderful work of the blockading fleet known as the Tenth Cruiser Squadron which operated in the fog-infested and gale-swept seas of the North. Organised, trained and "fathered" by Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair, its labours, to quote the then First Lord of the Admiralty, "were more continuous, more important, and more successful than any other branch of His Majesty's Naval Forces."



From *Red Sea Nights*
By William J. Makim
(Jarrold).



From *Tigris Gunboats*
By Vice-Admiral Wilfrid Nunn
(Melrose).

VIEW OF KUT IN RUINS AFTER
THE SIEGE AND RECAPTURE.

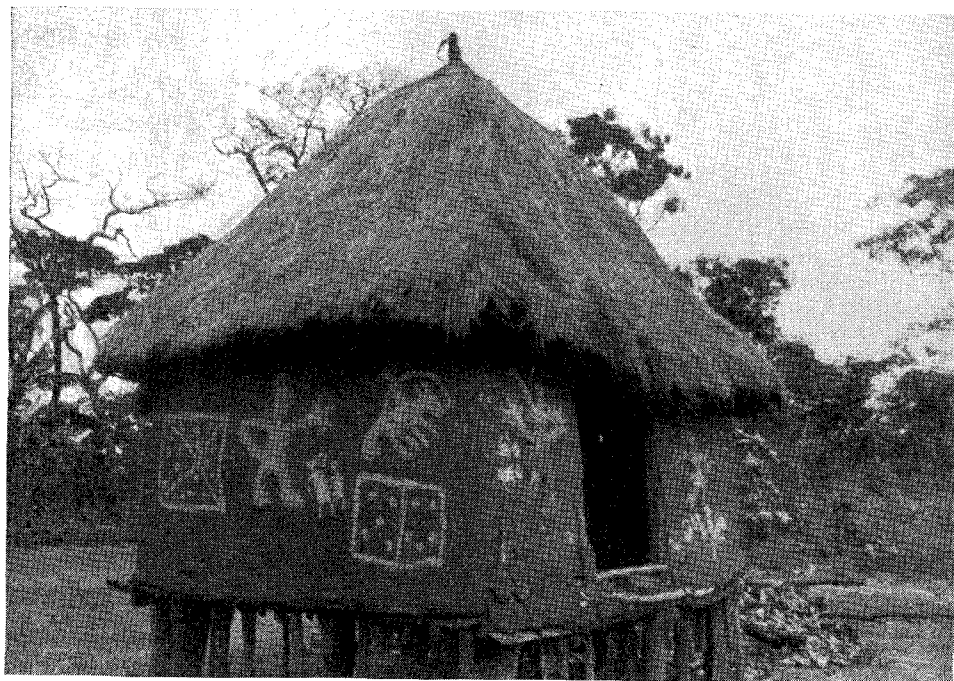
The duty of this squadron was primarily to intercept, examine and, if necessary, detain all neutral ships entering or leaving the North Sea by the North of Scotland route. That this duty was no sinecure may be judged from the fact that from August, 1914, to the end of 1917, this famous squadron intercepted 8,905 ships. Its strength never exceeded twenty-five armed merchant cruisers, and frequently fell below this owing to the necessity of various units leaving their stations for the purpose of replenishing stores and undergoing repairs. It lost during that period a dozen ships, as well as two trawlers, a seemingly high proportion until one realises that it was this squadron, of whose existence the public was scarcely aware, that was "employing the one weapon which was wounding the enemy till he almost bled to death."

Thrilling as such a history must necessarily be, it will

probably be valued more for the lessons it conveys, than for its record of quiet heroism in the face of constant danger and amidst appalling conditions. One of these lessons is that the strength of a maritime nation is embodied in its merchant shipping no less than its Navy; the other is the danger of vesting practically unlimited authority in a small bureaucratic assembly.

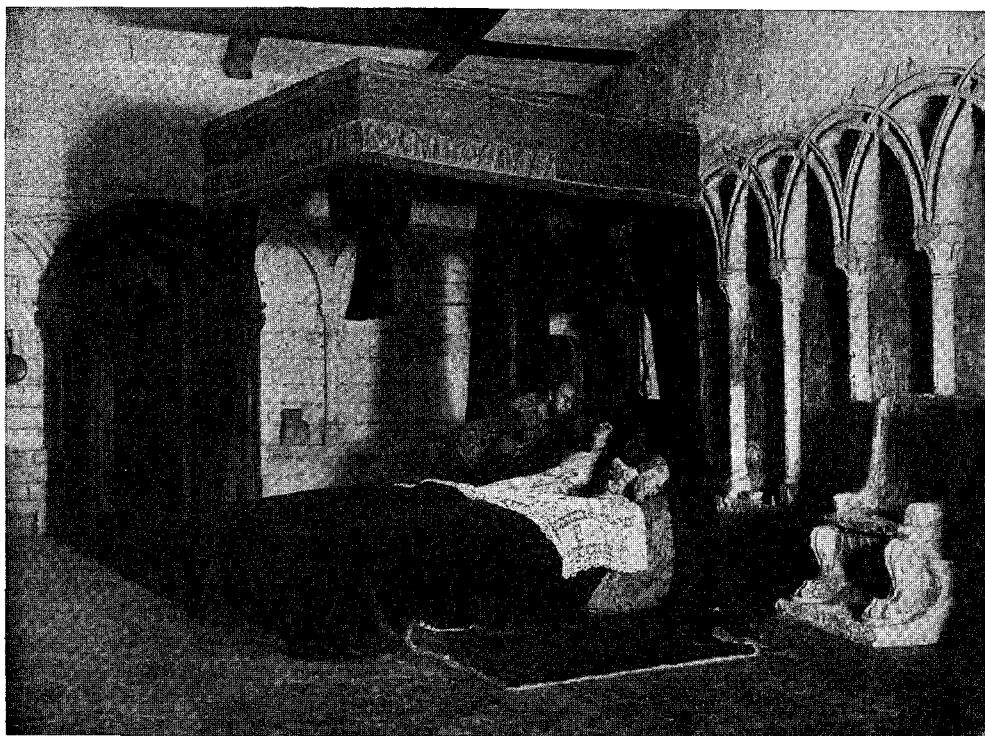
Such was the Contraband Committee of the Foreign Office, set up to decide the fate of ships captured by the blockading squadron. It was bound by "no law, custom, precedent, treaty, rules of evidence, rules of procedure, or legal restraint," and, by allowing cargoes obviously intended for the enemy to continue to their destination, was largely responsible for that ugly belief concerning the presence in high quarters of a "hidden hand." Fortunately this phase of maladministration passed and this country was able to reap to the full the benefits of the work being done by the Tenth Cruiser Squadron in the tempestuous northern seas.

Admiral Richmond's book is of a more controversial character, and will appeal to experts rather than to the general public. In it he



From *Jungle to Jutland*
By Major Claude Wallace
(Nisbet).

A FETISH HOUSE.



From *Maeterlinck and I*
By Georgette Leblanc
(*Methuen*).

DEATH OF MÉLISANDE.
A PERFORMANCE AT SAINT-WANDRILLE.

discusses the vexed question of the right of belligerent nations to capture neutral vessels at sea. Though opinions differ widely on this subject, the author makes out a good case for the retention of the right of search. Since, he argues, a war can only be carried on as long as the combatants can obtain the material necessary to prosecute it, the longer they are enabled to obtain this material, the longer the war will last with its attendant consequences—death, destruction and misery. In other words, if the abolition of the right of search is established, it will only be for the benefit of neutral speculators whose pockets will be filled as long as the slaughter continues.

While, no doubt, equally cogent arguments could be produced to combat the author's views, it is for this very reason that all those who are interested in the safety of the Empire should read this book. It is illustrated and there is a well-arranged index.

UNDER TSAR AND SOVIET.

By John W. Hird. 12s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Notwithstanding the usual exaggerated publisher's boost, this book is really informative. Mr. Hird has thirty years' experience of Russia, and in the last few years of it seems to have collected all the satirical anecdotes about Bolshevik rule. He has also many amusing tales of his own to tell, and some bitter ones. And through the medium of a varied personal experience he gives a lively picture of Soviet Russia to-day. Admittedly it is not a complete picture; if any country could be imagined to be in only such conditions as Mr. Hird describes, it could not continue to be for long. But substantially his picture is that brought back by any man who has more than a tourist's acquaintance with

Russia, and to that extent it is true. To appreciate its full flavour it should be read along with, say, Mr. Julian Huxley's account of his Cook's tour to Paradise.

Kerensky's preface—surely he is the worst possible guide to the country he deserted fifteen years ago!—is a joke. Like the Bolsheviks (speaking of course from another angle and of other books), he hopes that Mr. Hird will "help to disperse, however little, the regrettable idea held by public opinion in England regarding the brilliant 'achievements' of Stalin's dictatorship." It seems to be a common belief among Russian politicians of all shades that the British public's ideas are expressed by the pro-Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik claptrap of the British Press, and that they lack minds of their own with which to judge. (Perhaps, all the books on Russia considered, they are right.)

W. H. H.



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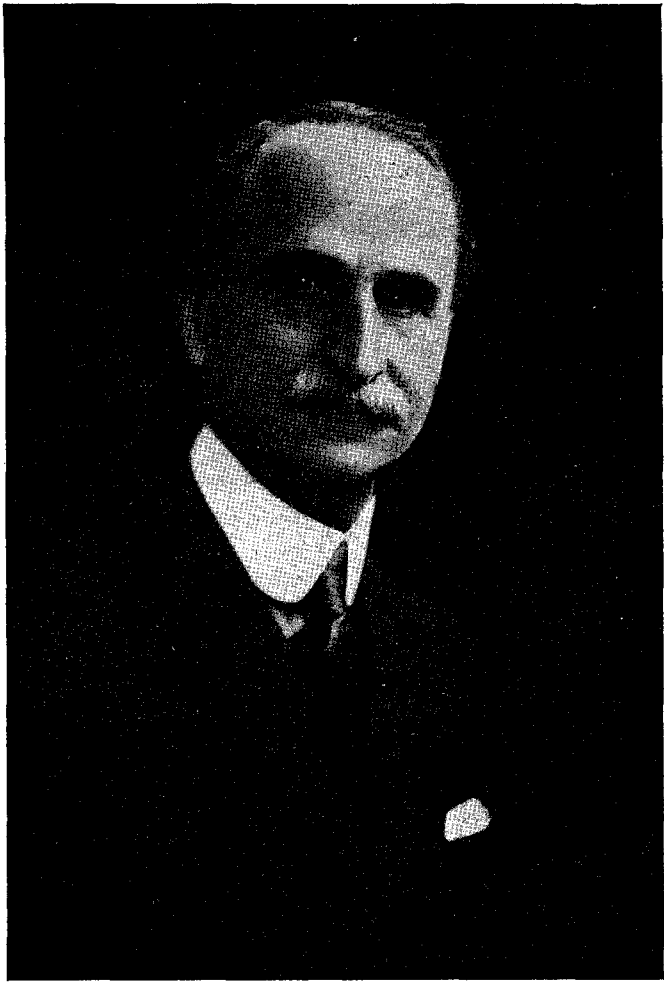
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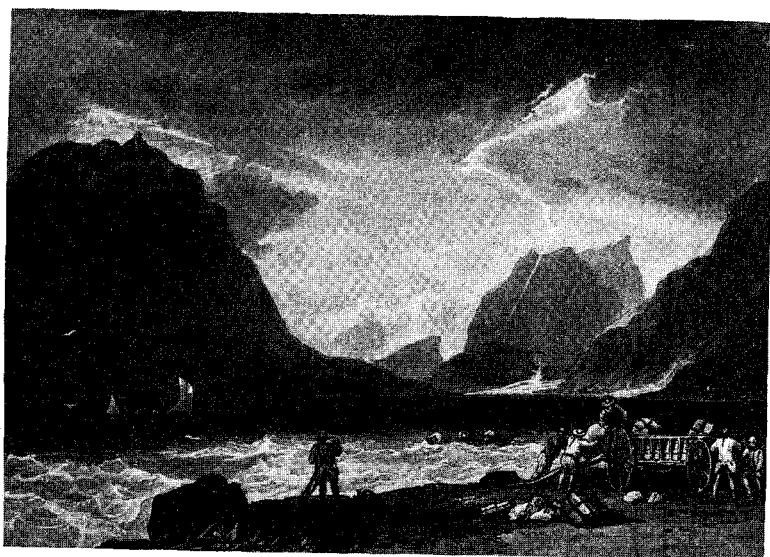
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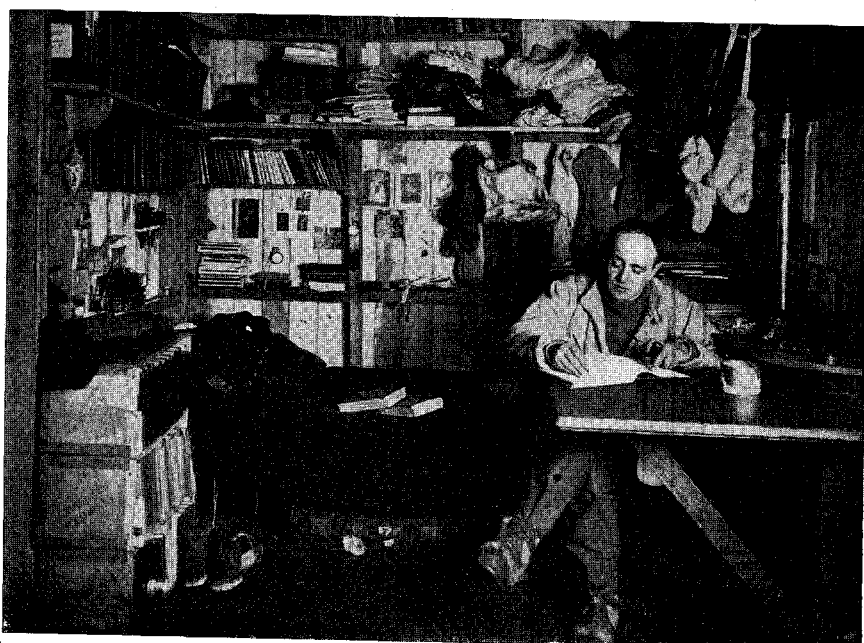
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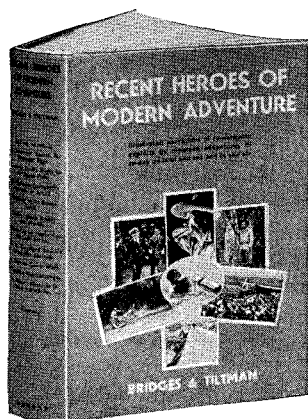
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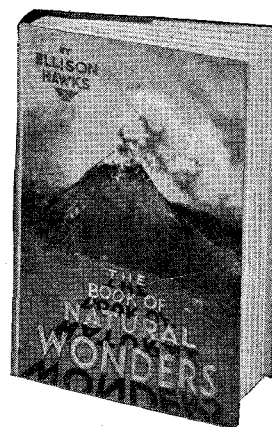
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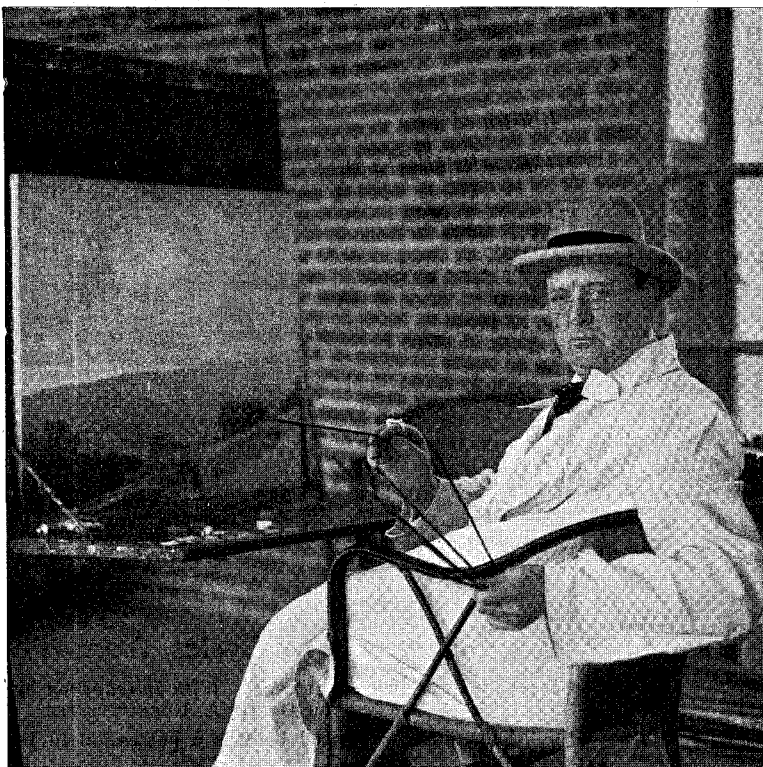
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

These questions have hardly yet been put, much less answered. We have fairly started, as often happens, on a momentous experiment in our sleep. Meanwhile there is the Boom, with "hiking" for its catchword; and along with it a new output of books, some of which—not those under review here—seem written with the object to recall to our minds that the sun rises and sets, that the moon is round, the sea wet, that trees are tall things, and moving about in them are various feathered animals that lay eggs and make love and sing.

Mr. Mais's two books are pure boom, boom at its best. Originally a series of broadcast talks, they have a film-scenario quality, as of a "movie," with the earth for heroine in a series of dramatic situations. In cold print—gush, but on the air, drama; and the gush has honest relish behind it. Though enthusiasm, however sincere, should not lead him to make such staggering statements as that Newcastle "is more than pleasant, it is free"; and that, in becoming what it is, "has not lost its sense of vision." (To judge from what it looks like to-day, it never had one to lose.) Nor should he say that its city walls still stand. They do not. Nor should he suggest that those acres of doubtful grass known as the Town Moor, in spite of their golf links and cows, are like any moor that ever was on earth. That sort of thing fills one with suspicions of Mr. Mais, while his description of other places is vivid and he can convey a sense of local character. Too vivid perhaps, too like the spotlights inevitable in movie-drama and of booms in general. His walks are all packed with excitement, and it is as false to go to nature for excitement as to climb Helvellyn to be handed one of Wordsworth's pure raptures. Then, to keep up the excitement, the legends must be dragged in. Usually the most obvious, the most banal, the least authentic version. It is not Arthur who sleeps under Sewinghields, and is "timid wraith" an evocation in Cornwall for the ghosts of Gorlois and Iseult and Uther Pendragon?

I have spent time on Mr. Mais's books because they are



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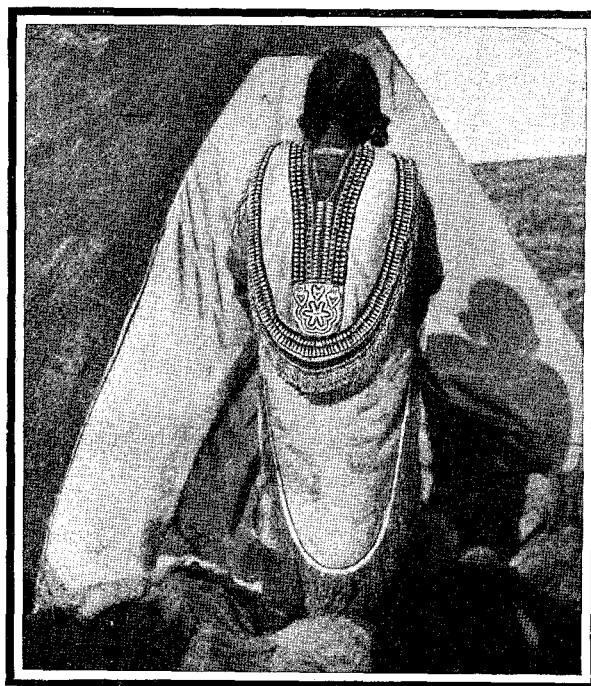


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(Cambridge University Press).

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difficult to say exactly what—familiarity, delight and something like profundity. Things said in their right order, which, as Desmond Macarthy insists, is the receipt for story-telling. In this case the story of a stream, told in fragments, quotations from a parish register, an old song, the look of a tree, swans preening, a door that stared at him, a place where it was good to pray. Fragments which some process of style has fused into one. It is the kind of book which has been written a thousand times, and how rarely well. Open it anywhere, and the matter is the same as that of all the others, and yet it is not the same. All about the dead, it is full of the sense of them, living, a quiet mysterious pottering in and out a criss-cross of leaf-shade and bars of sunlight among ghosts.

"Jorrock's England," by Anthony Steele, with Doyle and Leech's plates, suggests that we may beat the beginning of a boom in Surtees, and, if we are, ought we to be? Like most women, the reviewer could not read him; and has been puzzled to find men of fine and diverse taste who treat him as a companion and Mr. Jorrock as an oracle. Anyhow, he seems a stiff proposition for that part of the intelligentsia which catches literary trains to turn into a fad. Mr. Steele's book is shrewd and penetrating, a real addition to the popular game of Victorian reconstruction, and far more than a catalogue of the vanished modes that Surtees satirised. His author wrote, unconscious of any problem to come between country and town. England to him was the country-side and London; and you hunted foxes at Croydon and steeplechasing was a vulgar innovation,



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and train travel was as new as air travel and as interesting. In one chapter Mr. Steele gives the case against the Repeal of the Corn Laws; and describes in the reformers a mixture of unction and graft which seemed to Mr. Jorrock something too new and nasty to be effective in English life. An illusion at which one's comment to-day is a hollow laugh.

Miss Leigh's "Past and Passing" is a pleasant book, the Unpretentious might be the reviewer's label for it. Totally free from primeval passions, it is all about what the writer saw, not what she thought she ought to see. She has put on record what was worth loving and what she has deeply loved. The good will which is usually no guarantee, has this time been sufficient.

This reprint of "The South Country," by Edward



From *The History of Piracy*
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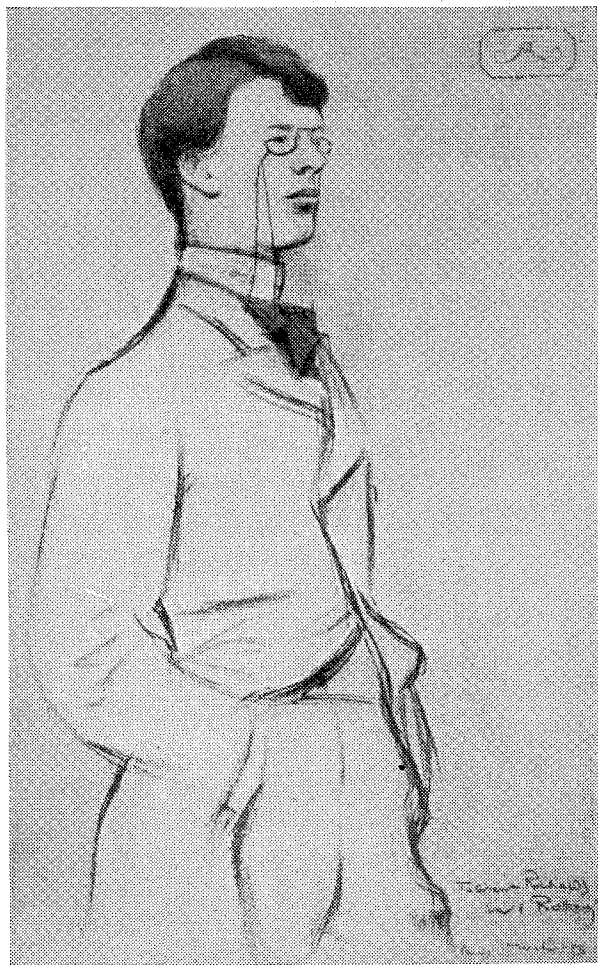
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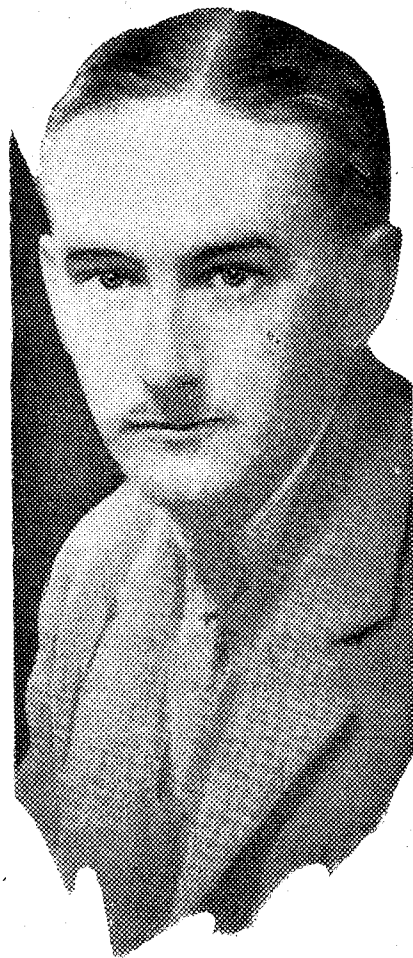


From *Memories of a
Misspent Youth*
By Grant Richards
(*Heinemann*).

THE AUTHOR, 1893.
(From a pastel by William Rothenstein.)

Thomas, with pictures by Eric Fitch Daglish, small, square, accurate, rather archaic drawings of animals and birds, could have hardly been better done. It is "the mature work of a master," his observation, comments and reflections. "When in the clear windy dawn, thin clouds like traveller's joy are upon the high air, it seems that up there also, in those placid places, they live and know the joy of the air and the sun—feeding on the blue, as a child said yesterday, as Lucretius said before—going the desired way." Yet it is strange. The man who could write that, draw that unspeakable delight out of the heavens, did not get the peace out of them—who are there to give us peace—of Mr. Thatcher. Something in Thomas's own nature wounded him in the face of nature; as though in his life there was a foreseeing of the War and its meaning, and what it was to do to him.

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G. E. R. GEDYE.
(By permission of the *Bristol Evening World*.)
From *Heirs to the Habsburgs*
By G. E. R. Gedye
(*Arrowsmith*).



From *Nansen*
By E. E. Reynolds
(*Geoffrey Bles*).

NANSEN.

late, in their bodies. It is a sinister thing to notice that our volubility about nature and our country-side has increased with our separation from it; with our industrial civilisation, which has now, for three generations, barred half our people from contact with their land they hear so loudly or so cunningly or so exquisitely praised. What does this mean? What is going to become of us? What sort of psychic monster may be appearing in our industrial towns after three generations of it? It is true that the "psychic monster," at least in youth, does not altogether like it.

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By William Albert Robinson
(Jonathan Cape).

**CAPTURED AT LITH BY
THE ARABS.**

yet another Riviera book unless it be a decided advance on its predecessors, I turned to Mr. Robson's new volume with considerable curiosity. After I had read a few chapters my curiosity turned to amazement, especially when I came on a description of a town in which I was myself, until recently, a resident, which, as far as I could judge, bore no resemblance to the original whatever.

Within the space of what I estimate to be about 40,000 words, Mr. Robson has essayed to describe the whole coastline between Fos (called "Fog" on the dust-cover) to "Livorno." This would be a hard enough task, even for a competent man of letters who knew his subject thoroughly. Mr. Robson has found it quite beyond his powers. He wastes a considerable proportion of his restricted space in being laboriously facetious, he occasionally repeats himself, he attempts so many descriptions that none are adequate and not all of them even accurate, and

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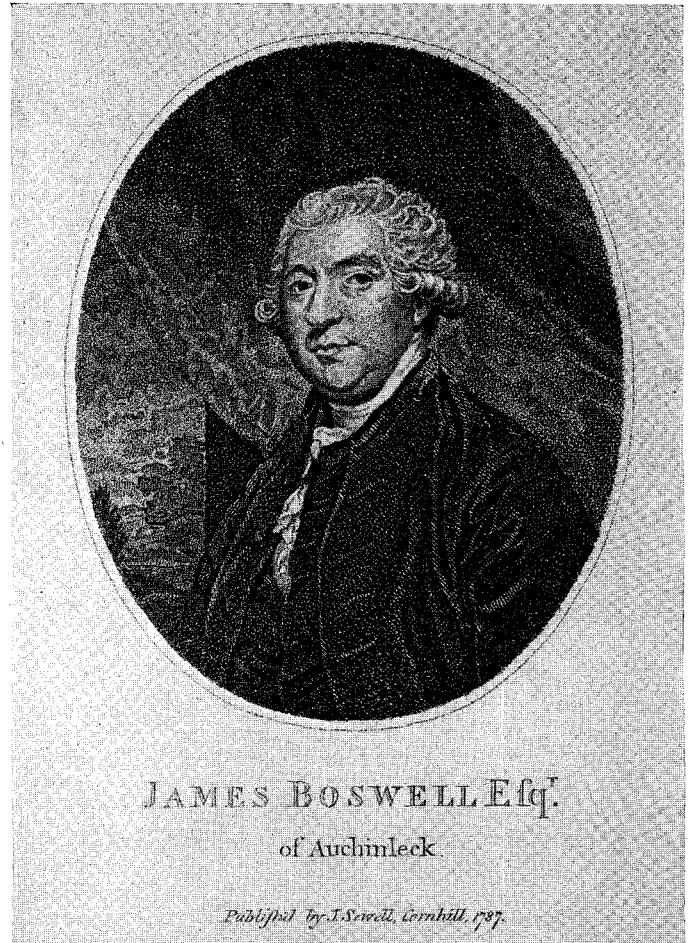
in his hurried references to places of importance he nearly always contrives to leave out what specially renders them of interest.

On occasions his style is so involved as to be almost unintelligible. Writing of Juan-les-pins he says: "Impenitently unattracted by casinos, I do not frequent Juan; but its position, beach and woods, and the charm of the Cape for pleasant seaside walks, make a combination strong enough to counterbalance this drawback." Which drawback?

Of Cannes he states: "The modern town is quite fine, with more space than at Nice, and the large buildings near the front, if obtrusive, are not offensive." In actual fact the "modern town" is a disgrace to its builders. It has grown up anyhow, without any sort of planning. Many of its streets have no pavements at all, and the pavements of its main shopping thoroughfare are so narrow that two people cannot pass on them without jostling one another. As a town (apart from the fact that twenty years ago Cannes was supposed to be smart and Nice to be vulgar) Cannes is to Nice about what Bexhill is to Brighton. It is far *less* spacious (not more so) than the bigger city; and if Mr. Robson does not find some, at least, of the large buildings near the sea-front "offensive" I cannot congratulate him on his taste.

Mr. Robson says of Nice that it remains "obstinately Italian," whereas the truth, distressing as it may be to Italian sentiment, is that it remains obstinately Niçois. Of Villefranche he says there "is no naval station; the village or town is now a dependency of Nice, and is probably rather apt to forget or ignore its bay and sea-front." What the second half of this stupefying sentence can possibly mean I am unable to imagine. The ancient seaport may not have a "naval station" but it certainly has what the French call a *port militaire*. It is, moreover, famous for its hospitality to the battleships not only of the French, but of the British and American Navies, of which there is nearly always at least one example lying at anchor in its deep, perfectly protected harbour.

It would be easy to compile a long list of Mr. Robson's errors. He calls "La Napoule" "Napoule" and thinks



From James Boswell
By C. E. Vulliamy
(Geoffrey Bles).

that "Lavandou" [*sic*] is "undiscovered." Of the Iles d'Hyères he says: "One usually visits Porquerolles only." (Poor Melchior de Vogüé!). Evenos is mentioned without a word about its romantic situation; and in the description of Final Borgo there is no reference to the ruined Castel Gavone which frowns down on it. I have no wish to wound Mr. Robson's feelings by continuing further, but I cannot help wondering what useful purpose this slipshod little work is intended to serve. It is surely unworthy both of the excellent series of which it forms a part and of the author's previous contributions to that series.

It is a relief to turn to a really valuable work, the fruit of a life-time's study, like Sir J. George Scott's "Burma and Beyond." It is half a century since Sir George's standard work, "The Burman: his Life and Notions," was first published. The present book does for the wild peoples in the inaccessible mountainous country across the border what its predecessor did for the inhabitants of Burma proper. The Burmese hinterland has now been closed by Government to stray explorers owing to the difficulty of protecting them from being murdered and beheaded by the savage tribes (particularly the Wild Wa's) which inhabit it. Sir George is our principal and almost only authority on these fascinating races. His book is fully illustrated from photographs, some of which are most alluring.

"The Land of the Gold Mohur," by Lady Lowther, is a pleasant, informal guide to India, for the tourist-de-luxe. The author stayed with the Viceroy and "was given



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"THE MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL JOFFRE" (2 vols 18s. net each) are probably the most valuable contribution yet made, or likely to be made, to the history of the first two years of the War. They were compiled by Marshal Joffre himself during the closing years of his life, and such was his concern for the absolute accuracy of his evidence that every page of the original French MS. and every correction bears his initials. Even more impressive is his judicial impartiality, the frankness with which he occasionally criticises his own judgments, and his scrupulous anxiety to be fair to the allied statesmen and generals with whom he had relations.

In **"JAMES BOSWELL"** (10s. 6d. net) C. E. VULLIAMY, who has made a special study of the eighteenth century and whose biography of JOHN WESLEY was highly praised, combines a portrait of one of the most amazing figures of that period with a new study of Johnson and the Johnsonian circle.

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The *Times* in a lengthy notice praised E. E. REYNOLDS' **"NANSEN"** (10s. 6d. net), the first biography to appear of the great Arctic explorer. In it you read Nansen's own descriptions of his Greenland journey and the voyage of the *Fram* to the North Pole. "We hope this book will be widely popular," says Mr. H. M. Tomlinson in *The Observer*.

"THE WEEK-END CALENDAR" (6s. net) is an anthology from *The Week-End Review* compiled by its Editor, GERALD BARRY, who has provided delightful reading for each week-end of the year. In it will be found essays by Rose Macaulay, G. K. Chesterton, Hugh Walpole, Aldous Huxley, Desmond MacCarthy, Compton Mackenzie, A. P. Herbert, J. B. Priestley, H. M. Tomlinson, Osbert Sitwell and other distinguished writers, and also a selection of the Literary Competitions for which the Review is famous.

A chorus of praise has greeted **"THE GOLDEN CUP"** (2s. 6d. net), by PHILIP INMAN, of whom the late Lord Knutsford wrote: "Philip Inman tells of things common to all hospitals, but it is not common to all men to perceive them, and very blessed is the man who can do so as he has done." Philip Inman's two previous books, **"THE HUMAN TOUCH"** and **"THE SILENT LOOM,"** which have endeared themselves to countless readers, are now published in new editions at 2s. 6d. net each.

"FURTHER LETTERS FROM A MAN OF NO IMPORTANCE" (10s. 6d. net) is now in its second large edition.

VICKI BAUM'S **"HELENE"** is now recognised as the outstanding novel of the season. It was written just before **"GRAND HOTEL,"** and on the Continent it remains her most successful book, its sales surpassing even those of **"GRAND HOTEL."** It is the story of a girl student at one of the old German universities, such as Heidelberg, and of her struggles against poverty and misfortune, through which she is safely carried by her splendid vitality and "will-to-live." Of **"HELENE"** Mr. Cecil Roberts wrote in *The Sphere*: "The power of the writing and its extreme sensitiveness arrest the attention from the first sentence to the last. In **'HELENE'** Vicki Baum touches depths and ascends to heights that make **'GRAND HOTEL'** an insignificant triumph in comparison."

"JUBILEE," that fine novel by JEFFERY MARSTON, is also receiving splendid notices from the reviewers. Mr. Richard King wrote in *The Tatler*: "Not for a long time has a novel absorbed me more deeply or left a more tender, more vivid memory than **'JUBILEE.'**"

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

every opportunity to visit and form an opinion of the Land of Enchantment." She is appreciative of Indian art and displays also an unusual knowledge of natural history.

Mr. Martin Lindsay's "Those Greenland Days" supplements the official record of the British Arctic Air-route Expedition to Greenland, 1930-31, by F. Spencer Chapman, Augustine Courtauld and others, recently issued under the title "Northern Lights." He writes vividly and enables the reader to form some idea of how much hard work, perseverance and courage was required of those who took part in the expedition. The book is illustrated from photographs and supplied with maps.

"Alpine Days and Nights," by W. T. Kirkpatrick, is the record of a famous Alpine partnership, of thirty years' duration, which ended with the death of Philip Hope in 1930. The volume, which is illustrated from photographs, is made up of papers contributed to the *Alpine Journal* at intervals during the past thirty years, and contains a chapter on "Solitary Climbs" by the late Mr. Hope, which was first printed in that periodical in May, 1931. Colonel Strutt contributes a foreword.

"Great Travel Stories of All Nations," edited by Elizabeth D'Oyley, contains over a thousand closely printed pages and is certainly remarkable value for 8s. 6d. The travel classics of twenty-four nations have been laid under



From *Around the World
Single-Handed*
By Harry Pidgeon
(Appleton).

ILLUSTRATION SHOWING THE
AUTHOR ENJOYING THE LUXURY
OF A ZULU TAXI AT DURBAN,
SOUTH AFRICA.

contribution. Among the English writers represented are Gertrude Bell, F. S. Smythe, Burton, Speke and Cunningham Graham.

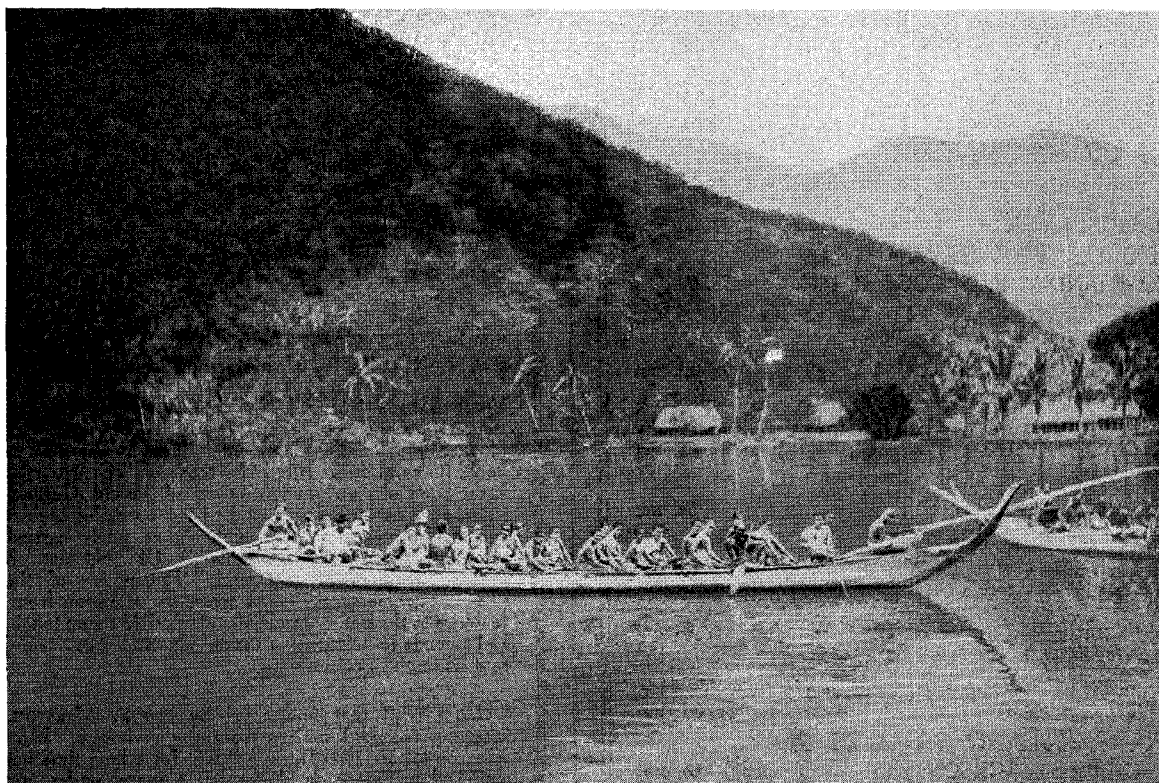
"Egypt," by W. H. Boulton, is the second volume in Sampson Low's "The Ancient Lands and the Bible" series, and like its predecessor contains much useful information in a readable form.

RED SEA NIGHTS.

By William J. Makin.
Illustrated. 12s. 6d
(Jarrold.)

Mr. Makin writes his travel book with bravura. So

vivid are the scenes he intensely recreates that to read these sketches is almost to view a film that has an alert and witty commentator. Glamorous perhaps hits off his writing; the Red Sea is "the most romantic of seas in the world." The good journalist there was, and is, in Mr. Makin could, one feels, make glamour of anything. When he deals, as here, with the underworld of Marseilles, the coronation of Ras Tafari in Abyssinia, the scattered harem of Abdul the Damned, and the like, if he can be relied upon to lay his colours as thick as such occasions warrant, it may also be assumed that the essential veracity of his exotic narratives will not be distorted. If he writes with a flourish, paints the world red, there is always, as on the traffic in drugs, a substratum of common sense.



From *Tides of Sunrise and Sunset*
By A. Safroni-Middleton
(Heath Cranton).

SEA-GOING CANOE.

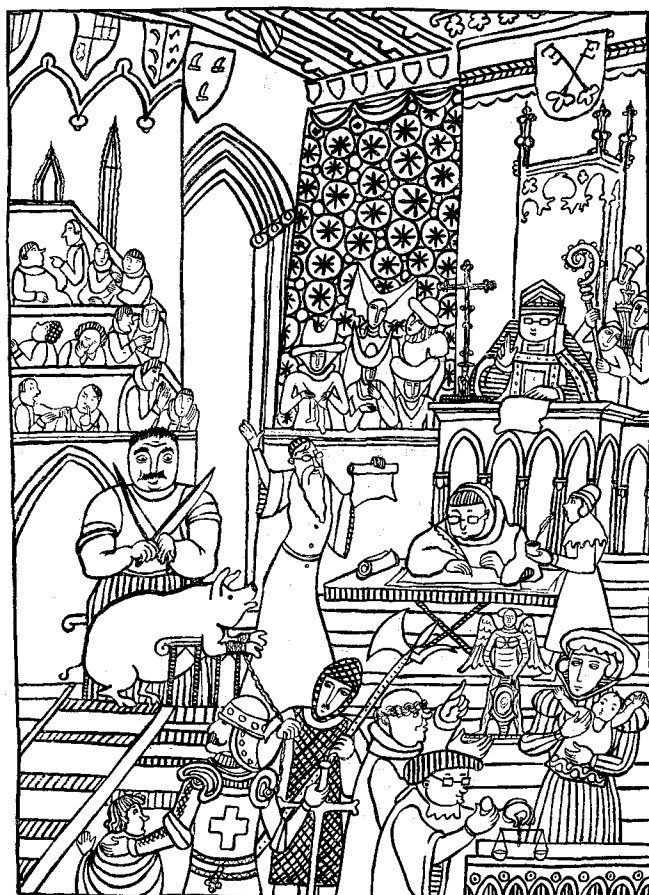
MISCELLANEOUS



From Tales of Hoffmann
Translated by F. M. Atkinson
(Harrap).

AN ILLUSTRATION BY
MARIO LABOCETTA.

CONTAINING REVIEWS BY
GILBERT THOMAS, CHARLES DAVY, MICHAEL MASON, ETC.



From *Magic and Mind*
By E. J. D. Radclyffe
(Black).

TRIAL OF A PIG AT LAUSANNE.
A FIFTEENTH CENTURY TRIAL.

VARIETIES OF HUMOUR

And Now All This.

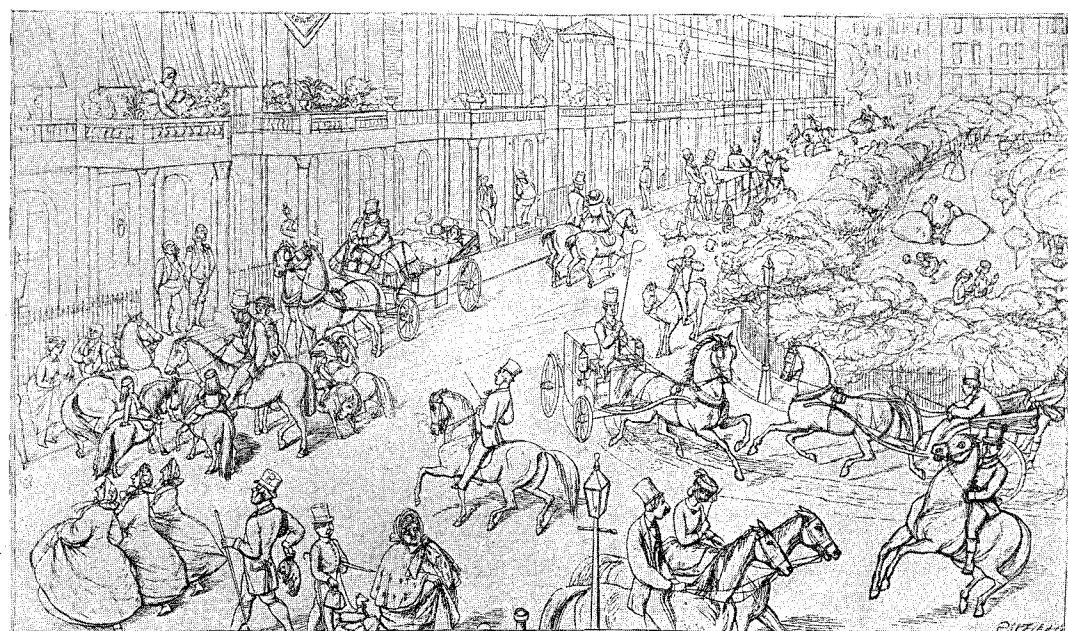
By W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman (authors of "1066 and All That." Illustrated by John Reynolds. 5s. (Methuen.)

So This is Science.

By H. F. Ellis. Illustrated by Arthur Watt. 5s. (Methuen.)

Wine, Women and—Soldiers.

By T. A. Lowe. Illustrated by Batchelor. 5s. (Methuen.)



From *Jorrock's England*
By Anthony Steel
(Methuen).

The Roving Eye.

By Humphrey Pakington. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
Royal Exchange.

By H. M. Raleigh. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The Best Story Ever.

By J. Storer Clouston. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

by Michael Mason

In Volume I of the Hole Pocket Treasury of Absolutely General Knowledge Messrs. Sellar and Yeatman have undertaken a life work—no less a task than to teach everybody everything everybody knows. This book is naturally the result of the most stupendous researches in the course of which the authors have spared no one, not even themselves. They have gone thoroughly into Bodicure. They have tossed up, the loser marrying and having a baby in order that they might study Psycho-Babycraft. They have out-Weldoned Weldon on the Practice and Theory of Knitting (Woology). They have borrowed a number of rare birds and watched them migrate, knitted a ten-foot sock, examined some professional classes on Ancient Lore and extracted a large amount of Myth-information. They have descended into the deepest depths of punning ("There



From *The Prince Who Hiccapped*
By Anthony Armstrong ("A. A." of Punch)
(Benn).

are three kinds of Pole; the North Pole, the South Pole and the Boy Scouts' or Baden Pole"). They have climbed the dizziest heights of poetry.

"PSYCHO-LULLABYE"

"Hushabye Babies
(Hush quite a lot)—
Bad Babies get Rabies
(And have to be
shot);
So suck the right
fingers
And dream the right
dreams,
(And don't you wake
up with
P s y m b o l i c a l
P s c r e a m s)."

They have left no stone unturned and probably, if I may say so, no stomach undisturbed, for after you have read a few pages you will feel so ill with laughter that you will require the Bodicure diet in which are included those delectable dishes, Treacle Pullover and Diddle Dump-ling.

The trouble with

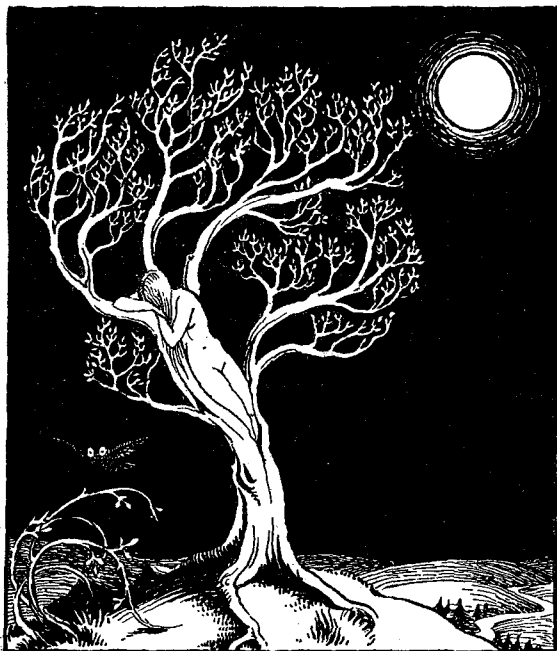
Mr. Ellis's nonsense is that it is not nonsensical enough. A vague suspicion lurks in the mind after reading his book "So This is Science" that he does know something about science which, if true, you must admit is a bad thing. The wording of his explanation of the solar system and the diagrams attached are complicated and fierce enough to be truly scientific. Not that Science hasn't its uses, for instance under Common Human Ailments,

STATUS LYMPHATICA—

Water in the beer. A distressing and all-too-frequent complaint.

Treatment.—Drink whisky.

Although the book does contain bright passages like this I fear we can repeat with dreadful truth the favourite



From Forty-Nine Poems
By W. H. Davies
(Medici Society).

THE HOUR OF MAGIC.

epitaph of the publisher on a humorous book, "Though superficially frivolous they contain hidden truths which the discerning reader will appreciate." Then of course it all depends on whether you are a discerning reader.

The fairy tale or simple story method of writing has become familiar to all by now and so when I tell you that Mr. Lowe's book is written in this style you will know if you will like it or not. As one might expect the book is about wine, women and soldiers (mostly soldiers) and concerns the life of the British Army in India, where you may come across such peculiar creatures as "the bandsman who swallowed the summer" or "the cook-sergeant who moved on his stomach." To those interested in the Army these tales are both interesting and funny, but even to pacifists they will appear funny. The great secret in reading this type of story is to read one a day and not to read them all straight away or the style becomes necessarily monotonous.

Mr. Pakington has written a glorious book, a book to be laughed over, a book to be enjoyed and a book to be praised. It is written about people who can be found on any parochial council or in any country or town house. It is written in an unforced, easy manner and it abounds



From Phil May, 1864-1903
By James Thorpe
(Harvard).

JANE CAKEBREAD.

with good humour. He is at his best when dealing with the Church, its workers and its snobs. He does not treat the snobs with contempt. He does not point an accusing finger at them, say something nasty and go away with his back up. He treats them as people who will afford hours of amusement which, of course, they will—and do.

The hero of the tale is a young naval officer and he is a hero in a thousand. He has not the square jaw and gimlet eye of the Ethel M. Dell romance, nor does he overflow with alleged wit in the smart-young-novelist manner. He keeps his place in the centre of the picture but is never too much in the foreground, and we are relieved to see him emerge



From Sycamore Square
By Jan Struther
(Methuen).

THE FLOWER WOMAN.



From My Picture Book of the Jungle
(Ward, Lock).

**A HARTEBEESTE AND IMPALA THAT
HAVE COME DOWN FOR A DRINK.**
(By courtesy of South African Railways and Harbours.)

from an accidental engagement with one of the Norfolk Cotessys (pronounced Cossy) and become engaged to the girl we knew he would marry from the start.

Meanwhile we have been with the County in Norfolk, round the Fleet at Weymouth, with Society at Empress Gate, W., and to supper with the vicar after evening service:

he poured out the beer the Vicar pressed him cordially to take a little white wine. . . ."

We have also heard Miss Purdie accompany herself on the harp in a cycle of songs from the Shetland Isles.

"My love she came to the well—
Laroo!
Walking with gladsome step.



From The Villages of England
(Batsford).

SELWORTHY, SOMERSET.

A cloud shadow
Lay on the bay.
Bitter is my yearning, Ah, bitter!
Laroo, Laroo!"

Wherever he goes Mr. Pakington never loses his good humour, and I advise you to go with him.

Entirely different in tone is Mr. Raleigh's book. He has no restraint. He tears discretion to bits and casts it to the four winds.

A village parochial worker (dragon variety) changes places with the queen of a Gilbert and Sullivan country (Braggadocia). In Braggadocia the archbishop (without a church) fights, except when drunk, with the G.O.C. (without an army). The archbishop always wears his mitre, the general always wears his uniform. The English ambassador always sleeps.

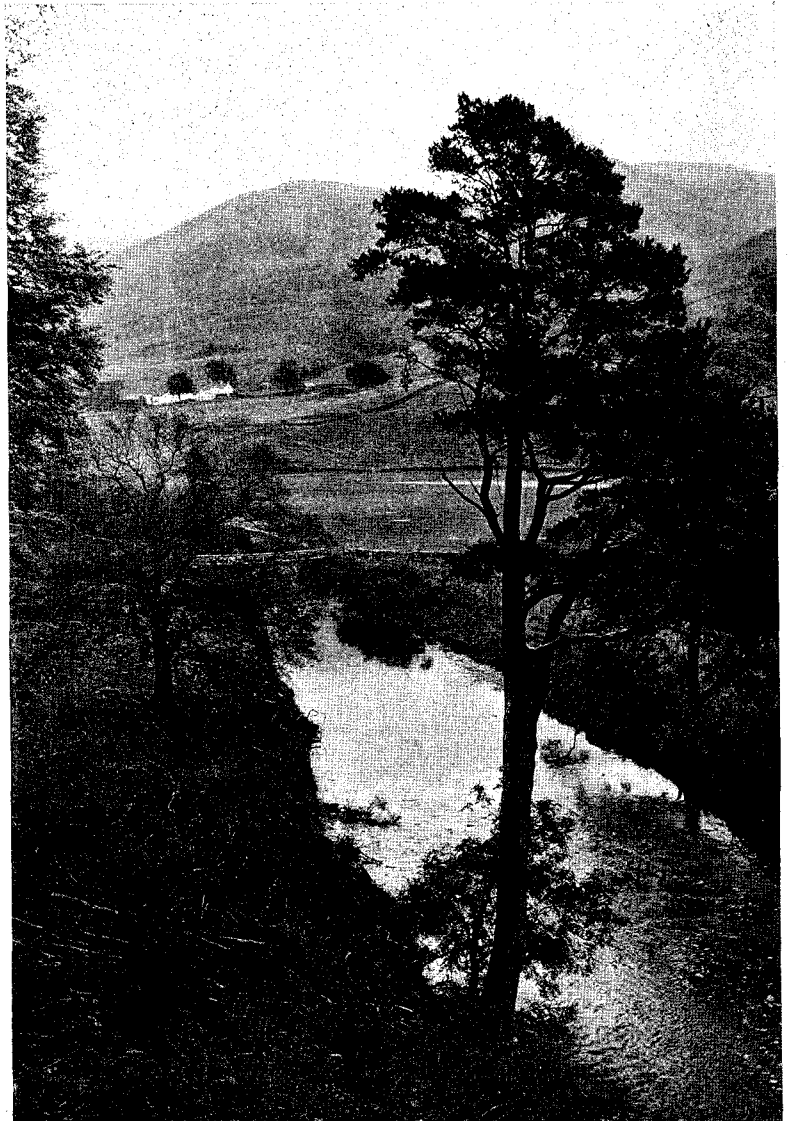
The village worker, now queen, tries to enforce prohibition, and a revolution ensues.

In England the proper queen (a bright young thing) tries to turn the villagers into bright young things. The villagers being villagers and sensible take very little notice of her.

As you will see, the pace is hot and it is too hot for Mr. Raleigh. The young hero is asinine without being funny. The butler is Jeeves-like without being inimitable. The modern girl is too modern, the colonel too Aldwych and the vicar too much like George Robey. I advise Mr. Raleigh to try and restrain himself for the situations are too funny to be even amusing.

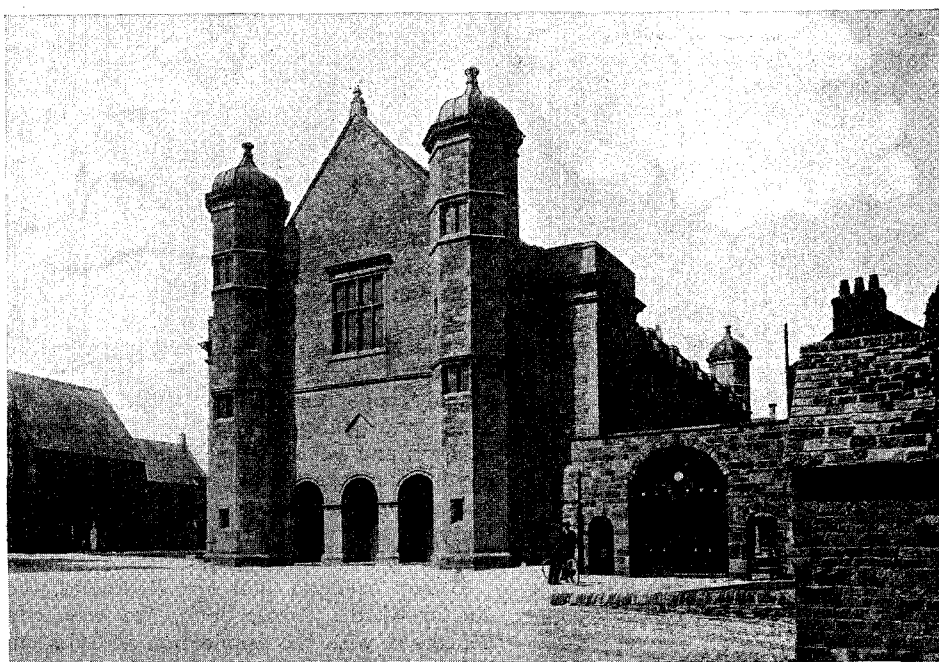
I am one who stands up for the public schools in these days when it is fashionable to run them down, but I do not like to see them indecently paraded. But when Lord Wye (late of Eton or Harrow) takes as his first paying guest F. Mandell Essington (late of Harrow or Eton), and when he is followed by a Duke and another Harrovian and, yet again, the footman is discovered to be a gentleman, one cracks under the strain.

Coupled with the blue-blooded conversation is a singularly uninteresting and unfunny novel written by F. Mendell Essington and read aloud by him to the other P.G.'s. The purpose of this



From *Days and Ways of a Scottish Angler*
By Henry Lamond
(Philip Allan).

IN MOFFATDALE.



From *Forty Years of Uppingham*
By J. P. Graham
(Macmillan).

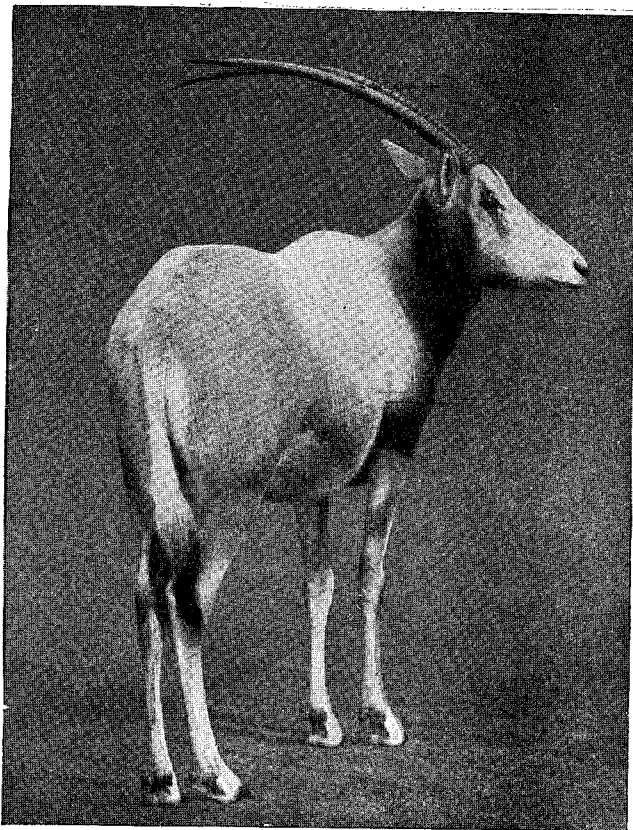
THE HALL.
(Photo: Stocks.)

novel is to raise money for his niece so that she can marry the gentleman footman. If any charitable effort ever deserved to fail, this is it. "The Best Story Ever" says the title. I think we can reply to this with justifiable vulgarity, "Sez you."

OLD TIMES AFLOAT.

By Colonel C. Field. 10s. 6d.
(Melrose.)

An anthology of ancient sea customs, traditions and exploits which will be read with interest by expert and layman alike. It contains much that is not found in history books, naval or otherwise, yet which is intensely interesting for this very reason. By means of a heterogeneous collection of letters, notes and records the author has contrived to present a vivid panorama showing the growth and development of British sea power through the centuries.



From *Big Game Shooting in Africa*
By Major H. C. Maydon
(Seeley, Service).

DONGOLA. WHITE ORYX OF THE SUDAN AND LAKE CHAD.
They, with the Addax, live in far distant, waterless desert country, and are one of the least accessible species.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

The Church and the World.

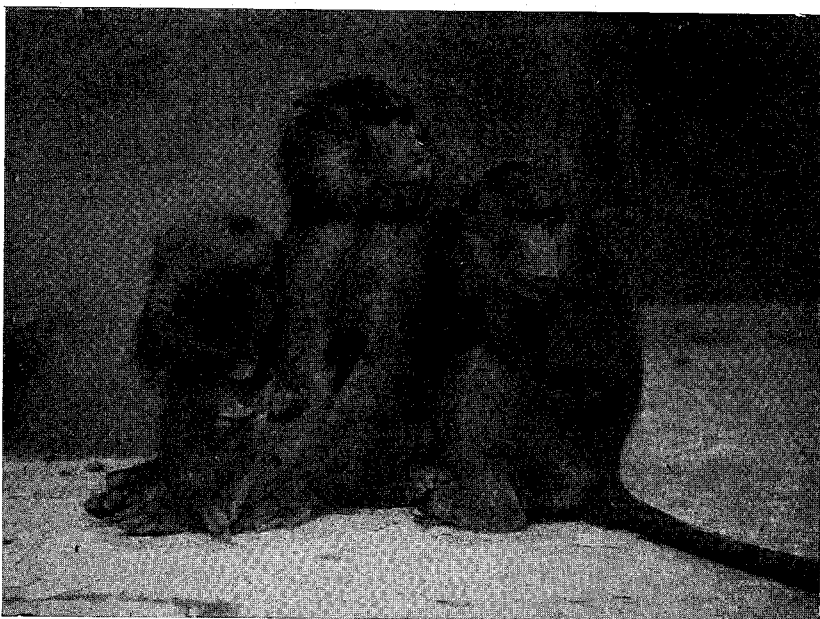
By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Welldon, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington.)

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Powerful beasts with canine teeth as large as those of a lion.

Sorrow, Sin and Suffering.

By T. F. Royds, B.D. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington.)

Death Cannot Sever.

By Norman Maclean. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Worship of the Church.

By Arthur Bellars, M.A. 3s. 6d. (Skeffington.)

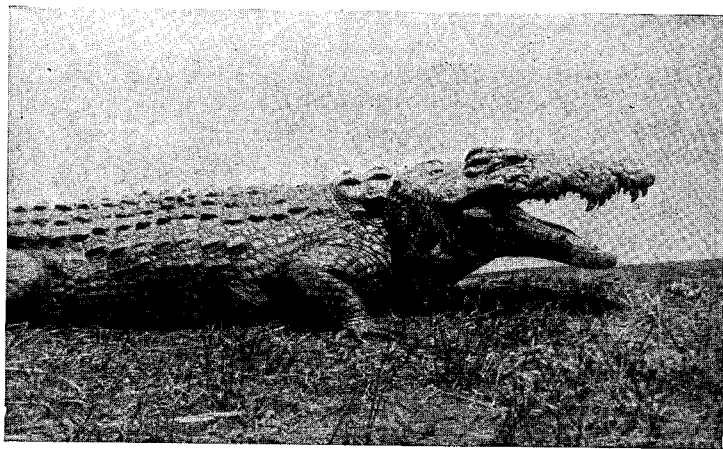
The Apostle John : His Life and Writings.

By W. H. Griffith Thomas. 4s. (Pickering & Inglis.)

by Gilbert Thomas

Action follows thought, and the life of any period is largely conditioned by the ideas of the preceding age. Our present order of society, with its unrest and apparent chaos, is a legacy from the past, and we need despair of to-morrow only if we find no evidence that our thinkers, who will mould the coming days, are failing to profit by experience. If we would try to envisage the future, we must plumb below the surface froth of the moment's events or the moment's political catchwords to the quieter, deeper currents of contemporary thought. And, if we do this, we shall find much reason for hope.

Hard things have been said since the War—and with good cause—about organised religion. But the books before us, typical of many more, show that in organised religion



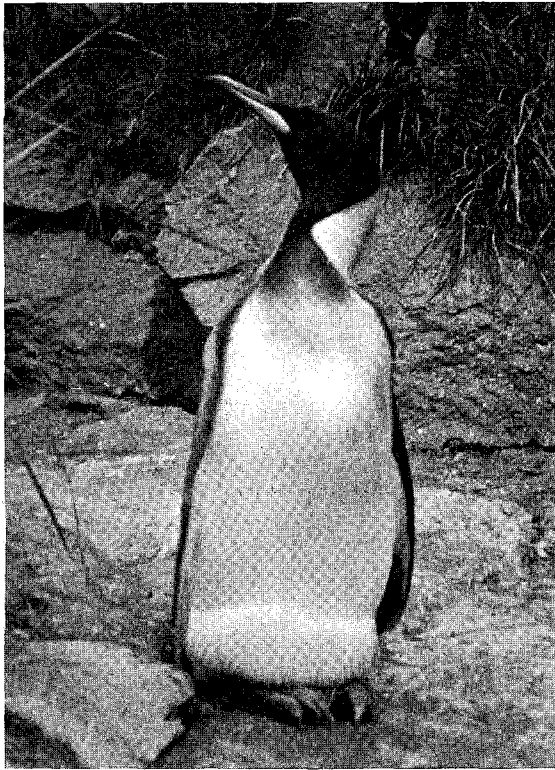
From *The Animals Came to Drink*
By Cherry Kearton
(Longmans).

"... BUT THE EMBODIMENT OF STRENGTH AND INVULNERABILITY."

itself a new outlook is emerging from humiliation and defeat. There is a shifting of evidence from mere taboos, from mere formalism, from mere theology, in favour of a central belief in the Sermon on the Mount, and in the practicability and the necessity of its being translated into terms, not merely of "faith," but of everyday life. What is advocated, of course, is not a freakish, priggish, and self-conscious imitation of first-century Christianity, but an application of the *spirit* of the Sermon on the Mount to modern conditions. The Christian Gospel is no legal code; it gives ample scope for individuality. But its vital and unifying principle—so revolutionary, and yet so simple and sane—is becoming increasingly clear to modern eyes; and of most of these seven volumes it may truly be said that "there is a diversity of gifts, but the same spirit."

Bishop Welldon and Mr. Bourchier, the Rector of St. Anne, Soho, are primarily concerned with the application of Christian values to social life, and with the part which organised religion, and particularly their own Church, may play in that

essential need of our time. The method of both writers is similar. Each of them deals with the theme under such chapter headings as "The Church and Education," "The Church and Sport," "The Church and the Press," "Marriage and Divorce," and "Problems of Childhood." Each displays a vital contact with the modern world, and a courageous readiness to accept new conclusions where necessary. Though a veteran in years, and writing from his mediæval hermitage at Durham, Bishop Welldon is still adventurously young in spirit, though a long life lived under most varied conditions has imbued him also with a wise caution. His sterling independence is beyond praise, and has often provoked the ire of mere partisans in Church or State. Thus, while a fervent advocate of the man in the street, he does not



From A Book of King Penguins
By T. H. Gillespie
(Herbert Jenkins).

VERY PROUD. THE FIRST WEEK OF INCUBATION.

hesitate to chasten and caution, as well as to support, Labour; and a like impartiality marks his utterance on every aspect of his subject. His vision is essentially realistic, well balanced, and "common sense." But the common sense is inspired common sense, the fruit of a passionately sincere and disinterested Christian spirit.

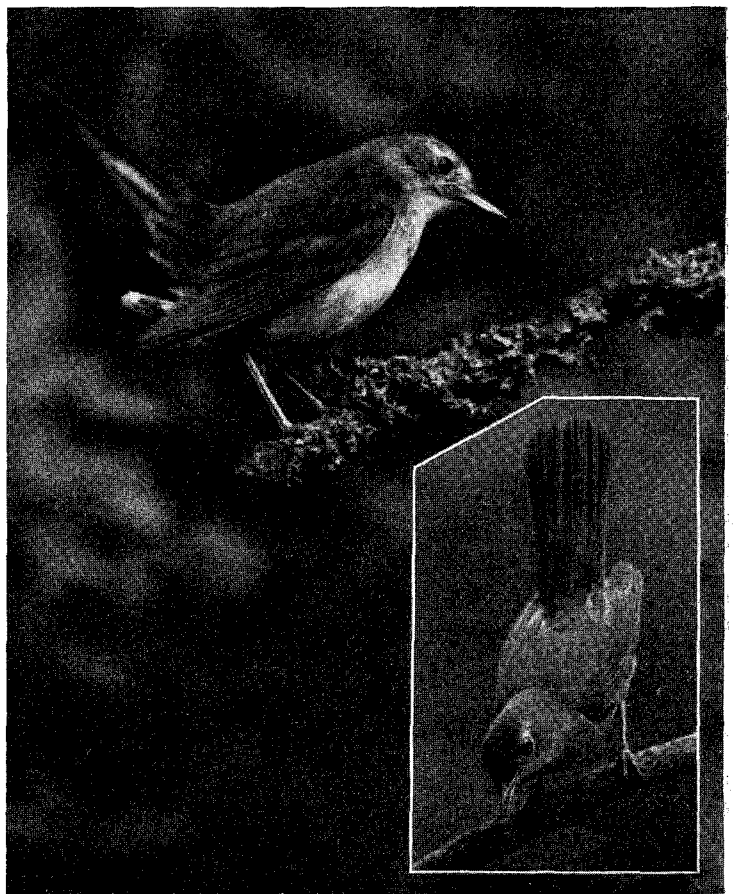
Mr. Bouchier wields a more sweeping brush. Unlike Bishop Welldon, who holds that the alliance of Church with State has practical advantages in a practical world, he pleads for disestablishment and for a complete modernisation of Church forms and ceremonies. His literary style is bolder and more emotional than Bishop Welldon's. He is a Christian evangelist of the future rather than the Christian statesman with his eye on the next possible advance. His aim is to arouse the conscience of churchgoers and "outsiders" alike. But his appeal, while fervent and moving in tone, is wise and solid in substance, and on many questions, as in his pre-eminently fine chapters on marriage, divorce, and birth-control, his ideas are closely akin to Bishop Welldon's. Both writers reveal a deep, full intimacy with the Christ Who made a trumpet call to idealism and self-control, and Who was yet so merciful to the woman actually



From The Joys of Bee-Keeping
By G. Kennedy-Bell
(Herbert Jenkins).

IF BRANCH IS NOT VALUABLE, IT SHOULD BE CUT OFF, THIS SWARM BEING MORE WIDELY DISTRIBUTED IT IS MORE DIFFICULT TO SHAKE OFF.
(By kind permission of Herbert Mace.)

taken in adultery. This well-fused vision of the dual aspect of Christ—the Prophet of Perfectibility and, at the same time, the merciful Realist—is increasingly revealing



From The Nightingale : Its Story and Song
By Oliver G. Pike
(Arrowsmith).

TWO COURTING-DISPLAY ATTITUDES OF THE MALE NIGHTINGALE.



From *Short History of the Oxford Movement*
By Canon Ollard
(Mowbray).

JOHN KEBLE.

itself in religious discussion, and it is among the happiest omens for the future. Only through the true union of idealism and realism can there issue the spirit of Reality.

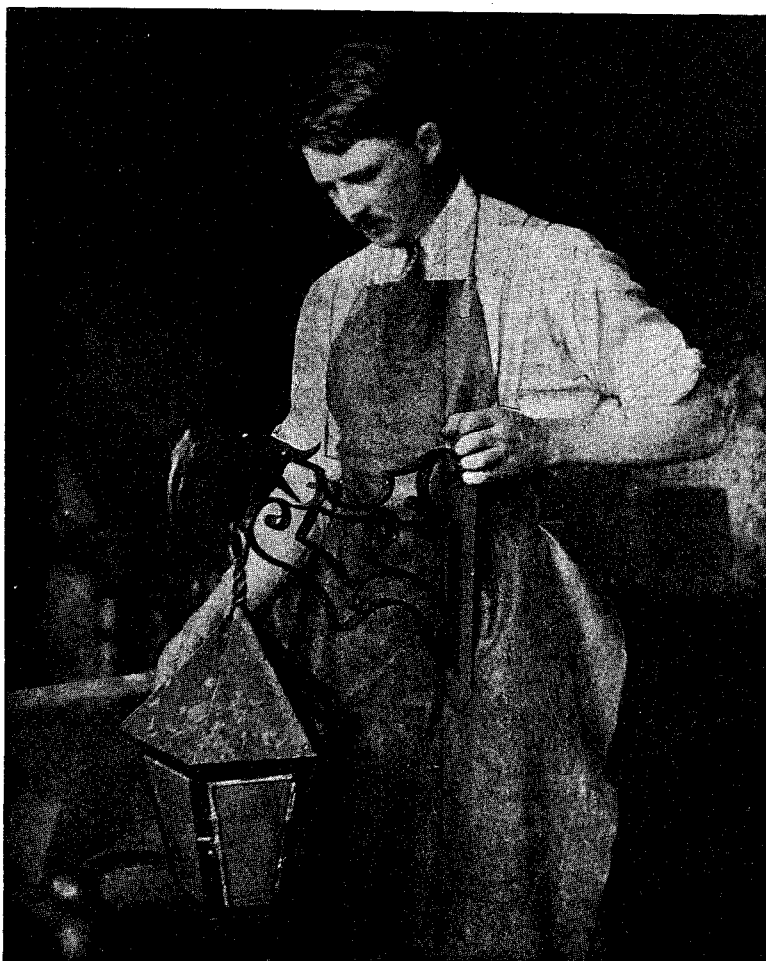
The next three writers on our list move within a narrower compass. But, inside that lesser range, the same earnest purpose is apparent. Canon Clark concerns himself mainly with dogma; but he is no mere theological dialectician. He is honestly seeking to make dogma fruitful in life—"to find out the real message of God to *our* generation." While yielding no easy concessions, he allows that many doctrines, such as that of the Virgin Birth, now lack either validity or importance, and his chapter on the Atonement is a model of concise, clear-visioned, and spiritualised scholarship. Similarly,



MISS ELEANOR SINCLAIR ROHDE.
(*Medici Society*).

in "Sorrow, Sin, and Suffering," Dr. Royds views ancient problems in the light of the best available modern know-

ledge and thought. He stresses the fact that much pain and trouble are avoidable, but argues cogently that an element of suffering is an indispensable element in the divine scheme. He urges, in conclusion, that this world, though it can be greatly improved, is not perfectible. But, while he holds that Time can only be understood by postulating Eternity, he offers us no glib solace, but a thoroughly well reasoned statement of his faith in immortality. That same faith is the whole theme of Dr. Maclean's charmingly written and companionable volume, which presents what our fathers called "the comforts of religion," but reflects the new spirit of sober inquiry and penetrating sincerity which is creeping, to its great strengthening, even into this branch of Christian apologetics.



From *The Din of a Smithy*
By J. A. R. Stevenson
(Chapman & Hall).

THE AUTHOR.

From 21s. to 2s. 6d.

Books for Christmas

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"A compendium of useful information. Commercial men and lawyers will do well to get this handy volume."—*Farmers' Advocate*

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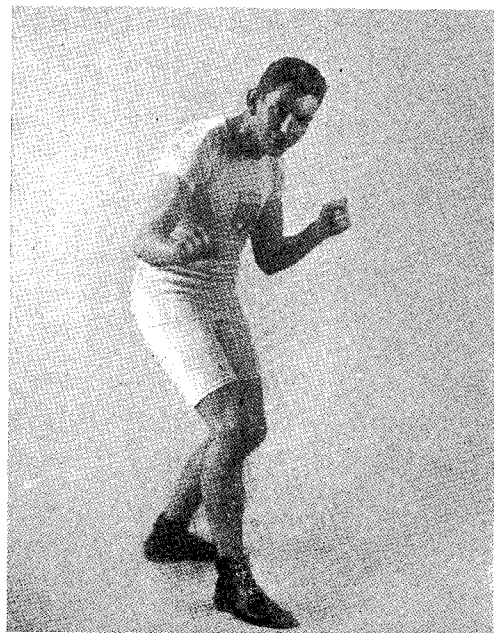
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the triumph of the cause. The writer is very deft at squaring the Sermon with this interpretation of it; and with much that he says no one would disagree. But while one reads, the recollection of many other sayings of Jesus, irreconcilable with this reading, hangs over one, and one wonders what "Hegesippus" will do with these. Presumably his further volumes will tell us. Meanwhile his little book is certainly a stimulus to thought, if only because it sets us asking what the goal is to which these first steps are ultimately to lead us.

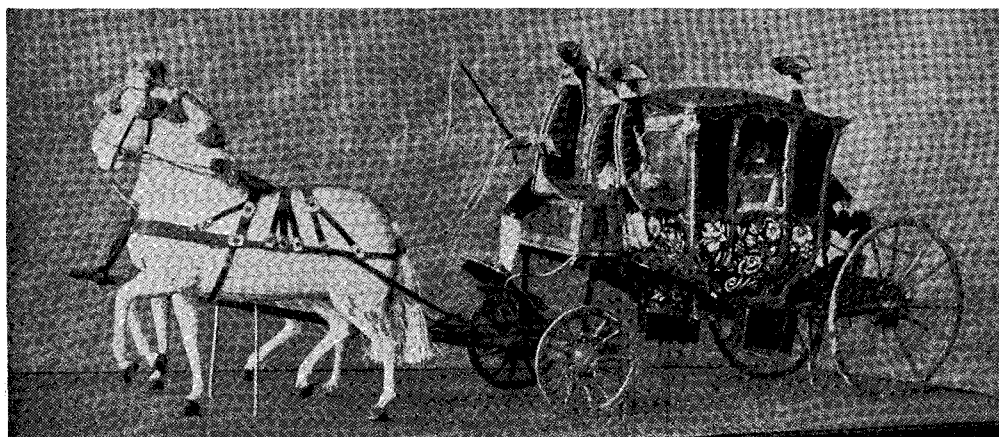
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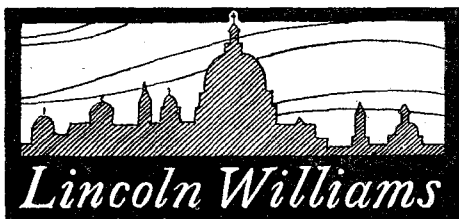


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The Road to Immortality.

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son & Watson.)

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Mr. Roberts's book is not quite the impartial examination it claims to be. It is written to support a verdict rather than to arrive at one. But it summarises conveniently a good deal of useful material and makes some sound points.

For example, Mr. Roberts emphasises that psychical phenomena inexplicable by science should not be attributed to the intervention of "spirits" unless no other hypothesis will cover the facts. This can hardly be said too often; and Mr. Roberts has at least an arguable case for his assertion that the spirit hypothesis is not yet required. But when he concludes his book with the dogmatic state-



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ment that "Spiritualism is doomed to perish by the hand of its own child, psychical research," he reveals his own limitations. It is a picturesque statement, but a rash prophecy—the prophecy not of a scientific investigator but of a topical journalist.

But if Mr. Roberts's book does not rise above the level of journalism, much of it is effective journalism. He sketches the history of spiritualism; describes séance-room technique; deals in turn with physical phenomena, mental phenomena, and trance mediumship; and presents in a final chapter "the truth"—in other words, his opinion—about spiritualism as a whole. The narrative and descriptive sections are terse and clear, and Mr. Roberts's comments are often shrewd. Particularly good is his exposition of the extreme difficulty of securing consistent and accurate testimony from several witnesses of any given occurrence. But in trying to survey the huge field of spiritualistic phenomena and literature in some 200 pages he has undertaken an impossible task. His book is far too sketchy and often gives a misleading idea of the amount of evidence that has grown up round the various aspects of his subject.

Probably he cannot be blamed for the inadequacy of his comments on the physical mediumship of Rudi Schneider; his book no doubt was written before the latest reports on Schneider's phenomena were published. (I refer for example to Professor Julian Huxley's recent article in the *Week-end Review* and to the detailed account contributed by Professor D. F. Fraser-Harris to the October issue of the *Hibbert Journal*.) Also Mr. Roberts is quite right to point out that physical phenomena of this type have no direct "evidential" value; they must be treated—as they are treated by Huxley and Fraser-Harris—simply as examples of the manifestation of bodily forces as yet unknown to physiology. But there is no excuse for his cursory dismissal of "xenoglossy"—that is, the use by mediums of languages normally unknown to them. After noting that "direct voice" messages have been recorded in "Chinese, Russian, Japanese, Italian, and even obscure Balkan dialects," he remarks, "but I am not aware that the messages have ever been very pertinent to the questions asked by the sitter";



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(Hodder & Stoughton).

and goes on to suggest that all such messages have been memorised, consciously or unconsciously, by the medium.

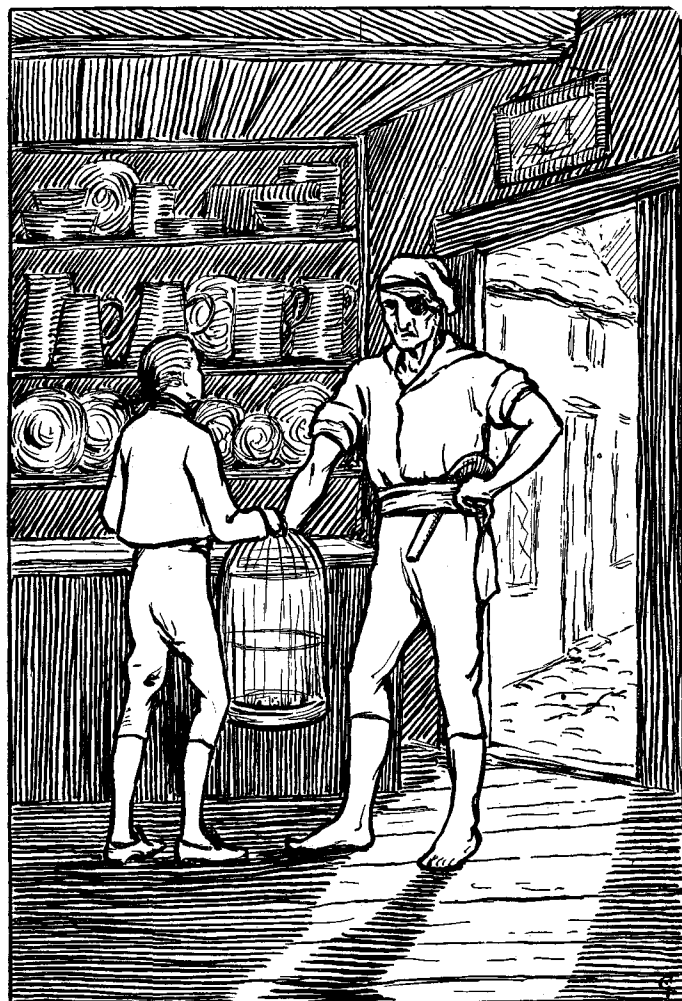
How much Mr. Roberts is not aware of will be appreciated by readers of Dr. Bozzano's book, devoted solely to this language question. Dr. Bozzano is too fond of the word "conclusive," but the cases he cites cannot all be

easily explained away by Mr. Roberts's simple methods. In particular it is surprising that Mr. Roberts does not refer to the celebrated Chinese conversations recently carried on in New York with the alleged spirits of Confucius by Dr. Neville Whyment, a distinguished sinologue who had never before concerned himself with spiritualism. Dr. Whyment has given a brief, cautious and impartial account of these conversations in a small book called "Psychic Adventures in New York" (Morley & Mitchell Kennerley; 1931); he offers no explanation, affirming merely that "I was listening to Chinese of a purity and delicacy not now spoken in any part of China. . . . If this was a



From *The World We Live In*
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A FAMOUS MEDIEVAL WOODCUT
OF ST. CHRISTOPHER MADE
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From *The Keys of Mortallone*
By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch
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"YOU HAVE COME FOR
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hoax, it was a particularly clever one, far beyond the scope of any by the sinologues now living."

To me the normal spiritualist explanation of Dr. Whyment's experiences is almost as difficult as any other. Can we believe that the spirit of Confucius suddenly elected to turn up in New York in order to discuss with a visiting Englishman obscure passages in the Chinese classics? But the problem raised by psychic phenomena are so much more complicated than seems to be recognised either by such hasty sceptics as Mr. Roberts or by the more simple-minded spiritualists themselves. The evidence now accumulated suggests fairly strongly to me that human personality is not totally destroyed by death—that enough survives to permit the communication, intentional or not, of simple messages. But is this survival a true survival of personality, as we understand personality? And for how long, and under what conditions, does the surviving entity (whatever it may be) continue to exist?

It is to readers interested in these more philosophical questions that "The Road to Immortality" will chiefly appeal. Here are collected a series of scripts received in automatic writing by Miss Geraldine Cummins and purporting to come from the late F. W. H. Myers. Miss Cummins, an amateur psychic of a rather unusual type (she has played hockey for Ireland), receives her script in a state of semi-trance, writing rapidly with her right hand while someone sits beside her to place her hand at the top of a fresh sheet of paper when one is finished. Sir Oliver Lodge in his foreword says that the scripts here reproduced seem to him "in many respects characteristic" of Myers; and he also records a message from Myers, received independently by himself via Mrs. Osborne Leonard and "Raymond," affirming Myers's authorship of them.

But the book nevertheless is not specially "evidential"—less so indeed than some of Miss Cummins's other scripts.

It is impossible to prove that these discourses on after-death states did not originate in her own unconscious mind. In any case, they are worth reading for their suggestive and clearly expressed account of the states, or "planes," through which the human spirit is asserted to pass on its long journey towards the final state where time and space are transcended. Particularly worth attention are the references to the grouping of souls to form the vehicle of one spirit; and to the bearing of this conception on reincarnation and "Karmic debts." These are somewhat esoteric ideas seldom found in spiritualistic literature; and the whole book—which includes also some unusually detailed comments on the technique of mediumship as it appears to communicating entities—is much above the level of most of the many scripts similarly received. It is most certainly the work of a cultured and thoughtful intelligence—whoever its author may be.

AN INDIAN MONK : His Life and Adventures.

By Shri Purohit Swami. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

In an introduction of some length Mr. W. B. Yeats compares in importance the "Gitanjali" of Tagore, written twenty years ago, with this book in which Shri Purohit Swami tells simply and without stressing too much the philosophical aspect, of his childhood, his life at the university at which he took his degree, and his struggles mental and moral before deciding to forgo the lure of an ordinary prosperous, material life and obey the urge of the inner self towards the higher spiritual path. He gives us a faithful record of years of meditation, of contemplation, leading to illumination and to still greater heights. For nine years he wandered throughout India, houseless, with a begging bowl, under vow to ask for nothing but food, dependent on the bounty of the devout, and finally in obedience to a command considered by him to be imperative he came to England on a mission, not professing to be propaganda, but free from caste, creed or religion, to relate his experiences in spiritual development in order to help those who might also be striving to realise the divine—for *realisation* is a different matter to intellectual perception.

Reference to Yoga and the mysteries lying behind never fails to arouse a curiosity that is not likely to be satisfied without long and earnest study, many years of patient endeavour and experience, and the good fortune to find the necessary teacher. The Swami tells us that Yogi means 'yoked with God, that is, one who has so controlled his mind as to render it both open and obedient to divine influence.' To attain a perfect control of mind, control of the physical body is also a necessity and the road along which the Holy man of India must travel before he reaches his goal is long and steep.

It is of this road that the Swami tells us. From the family life of an Indian boy of good caste to the final renunciation of all family life he writes simply, with no sensational embroidery, convincingly, and although the Western mind may wonder if a self-abnegation that may even involve ill-health be an important essential to the advance of mankind, if the end be a radiation of spiritual influence in a material world, who is to say what part it may not play in the great scheme of final unification? To the West with its urge towards action, the way of the Yogi may make but little appeal, but were the wisdom of the East to join hands with the vigorous energy of the West then indeed might men be as gods!

Throughout the book there runs a background of limitless time at disposal—of no need for haste. Years with the disciple count only as the sum of achievement. It may be that when the belief has held sway for many centuries that a man has not one life only but many in which to make good, a tendency to regard time as of no value may be a natural sequence. Linked with this attitude of indifference towards what we in the West are inclined to look upon as a commodity not to be wasted, is the fatalism of the East, the passive acceptance of *kharma*, even in

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

the matter of worldly affairs, which certainly does not accord with our own ideas of self-development through the eternal struggle with environment.

For those who look for signs and wonders there is the story of the path by the river Vyāsa Gangā, the mysterious disappearance of the mahātmā, and other incidents, given as examples of Yogic power. But that is not the purpose of the book. I doubt if there be a purpose in the usual acceptance of the term. It is an absorbing and faithful record of a great soul in quest of the realisation of the divine Spirit within, and to either East or West should be read with vivid interest.

ROSE CH. DE
CRESPIGNY.

OXFORD GARDENS

Oxford's College
Gardens.

By Eleanour
Sinclair Rohde.
42s. (Herbert
Jenkins.)

It is a sad thing that the history and antiquities of gardening must be written in the terms of book rather than of living flower. Here and there in cottage garden some old-fashioned form of rose, some plant long fallen from favour lives on, waiting for the eye of the curious gardener such as Miss Rohde or Mr. Jason Hill. Even in Oxford, where gardening has been pursued from the Middle Ages, from the days when the great Abbey of Oseney was built on the ground now covered by G.W.R. goods yards, there is little living antiquity. Strange plants in the physic garden which Miss Rohde describes so well cannot be counted; and even if they have set a bed of pink and white dittany at St. John's, Miss Rohde cannot pass from college to college without sighing for camomile lawns (still planted, she says, in the grounds of Buckingham Palace) or a "knot" garden of the kind that once adorned New College. One can see it in the plate reproduced from William's "Oxonia Depicta," which shows the college arms and the sundial all grown in box. Fashion is always ruthless to gardens, lacking as they do the substantiality of stone. Just as the knot garden of New College was destroyed in Southey's days, so the fine formal garden at Wadham was swept away when the romantic landscape came into fashion, and relaid by a pupil of "Capability Brown." Yet, as Miss Rohde declares, in so many of these old formal gardens

we have lost designs which accorded perfectly with the buildings they adorned, continuing their lay-out as such a good architect as Miss Scott continues it around the new Shakespeare theatre at Stratford. But Miss Rohde's book is not one long sad complaint for times past. In Oxford all antiquity is contemporaneous; from the ragwort in New College Lane to the acacia in the tiny and perfect garden quadrangle of St. Edmund Hall (Miss Rohde has a tear for the destruction of the old Principal's Garden which

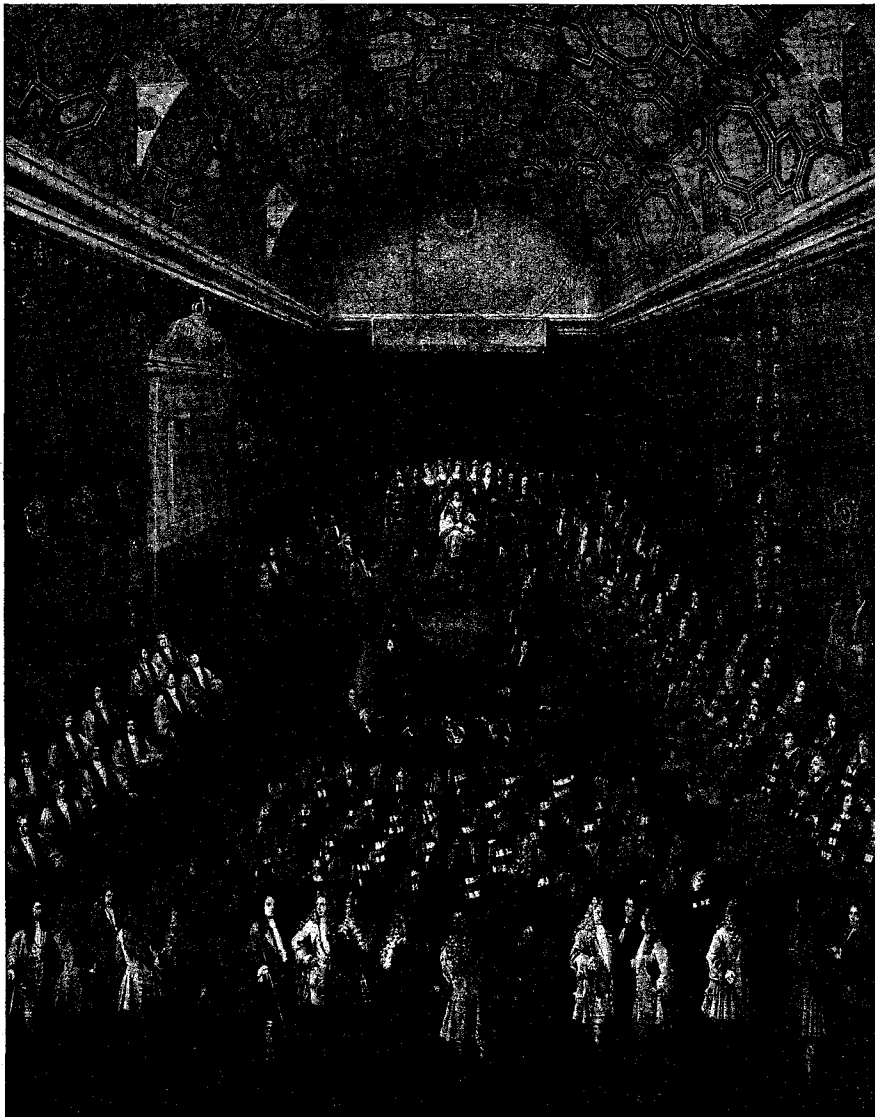
lasted through the long reign of "Dante" Moore whose beard and whether he slept with it inside or outside the counterpane was so fertile a debating subject to Aularians of an earlier day), from the Judas tree in the Warden's Garden at All Souls to Heber's Horse Chestnut or Dr. Kennicott's fig tree at Exeter (Kennicott, an Exeter fellow of the late seventeen hundreds, labelled one of its nearly ripe figs "Dr. Kennicott's Fig." Label and fig were removed by an undergraduate who left another note, "A fig for Dr. Kennicott"), from the Magdalen elms to the *Raimondia Serbica*, sent by Mr. Cowley from Albania for the rock garden at St. John's or the *Silene acaulis* brought back by the Vice-President from Iceland (did he also bring back the purple saudermerger

sheep's marrow?); from oldest to newest, Oxford offers inexhaustible treasures to the enthusiast for border, tree and lawn.

Miss Rohde makes of them a delicious miscellany. She is learned; to say in *THE BOOKMAN* that she knows early garden literature through and through would be superfluous; but she also knows Oxford literature through and through, and Oxford talk and Oxford tradition, as they touch upon Oxford gardens.

If she has missed a quotation from Gerard Hopkins (in "Dun Scotus Oxford") which almost writes her whole book in a single line, she has missed little else; even the gardens of St. Hugh's, Lady Margaret Hall, Somerville and St. Hilda's which are hardly absorbed yet into Oxford, are given their chapter; and throughout Miss Rohde does well in avoiding the easy catchpit of sentimentality.

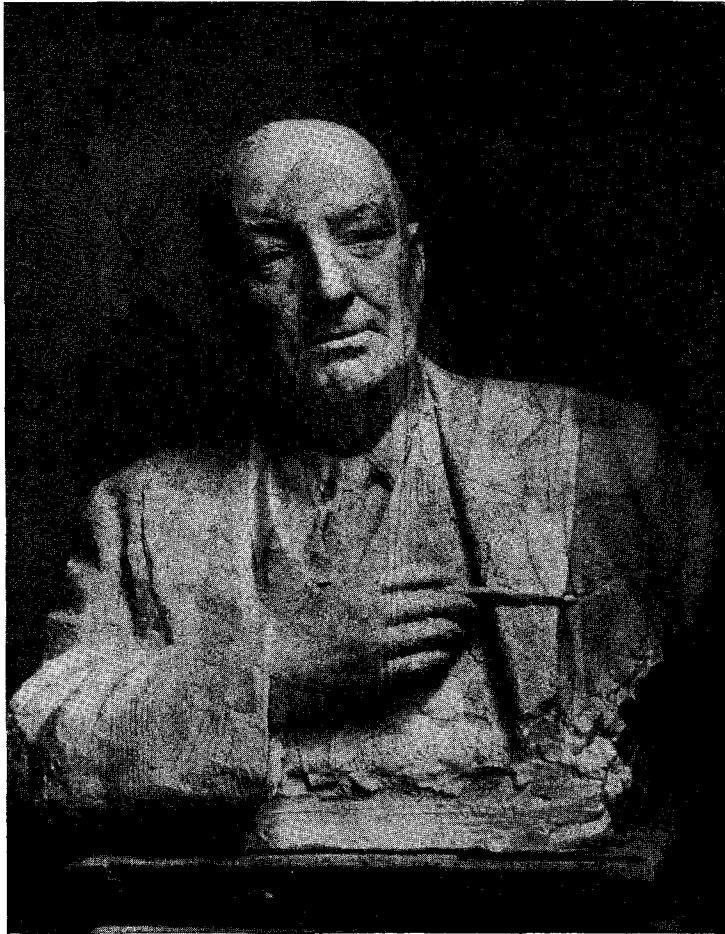
G.E.G.



From *Ramillies and the Union with Scotland*
By George Macaulay Trevelyan
(*Longmans*).

QUEEN ANNE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.
(From the picture by Tillemans in Kensington Palace.)
Bishops on the left. Armada tapestries on the walls.
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FICTION



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A GREAT NOVEL

Death of Felicity Taverner.

By Mary Butts. 7s. 6d. (Wishart.)

by Wynyard Browne

In these days, when advances in the mechanics of printing and the spread of education have swollen the output of novels to a number so unnatural as to be more sinister than ridiculous, a reader turns with relief to a book like this, which is not written merely to supply a demand. It is probably not the fault of novelists themselves, driven as they are by an apparently insatiable and indiscriminating public, that most contemporary novels are nothing but hurried imitations of other more complacent imitations. But we have to be grateful to any novelist who takes the trouble to attempt something more difficult and more valuable. Mary Butts has made such an attempt.

Her work makes a demand upon the reader. It affects him. And though it can easily be read, it cannot easily be appreciated.

"Death of Felicity Taverner" arises directly out of the contemporary situation. The conflict in it corresponds with the conflict in the modern world. Felicity, who was neither understood nor loved by her mother, was married to a Communist Russian Jew, named Kralin, and was killed in a motor accident in France. The younger and more sensitive of her relations, with the help of Boris Polteratsky, an exiled Russian aristocrat, attempt to find out the cause of her death, for which they feel that Kralin and in a lesser degree her mother were responsible. They only find that Kralin has a stranglehold on them and their land (the atmosphere of which pervades the book like a scent); that he intends to turn it into a pleasure resort of the most repulsive and profitable kind as soon as he can persuade Mrs. Taverner to sell him Felicity's house and some of the surroundings as a nucleus; that in order to get the house he will resort to blackmail, threatening to publish Felicity's most intimate papers as material for psychological research. But Boris, remembering an old score against him and his kind, kills him in a cave after pointing out its advantages as a curiosity for trippers. That is a skeleton of the story; and merely as a story it is clearly developed, and towards the end exciting.

In an attempt to describe the quality and effect of the book, the temptation to label the four sets of characters with coloured political labels is very strong. But though it would simplify my task, the result would be misleading. "Death of Felicity Taverner" is very much more than an allegory of contemporary world-politics. Primarily it is not even the political situation reduced to life-size and represented as a struggle between individuals. But all the characters have political as well as psychological significance. Each stands not only for an attitude to the world but for a group in the world. Felicity herself, for instance, who is dead before the story begins, represents the Magical attitude, that is in fact only just dead, and stands for the group who live as though they were in a Golden Age and suffer for their innocence. The words of

the characters have so many echoes, their actions so many possible interpretations, that only several readings of the book in different moods could form the basis for a complete appreciation. And so far I have only read it once.

But it is in no derogatory sense obscure. Miss Butts writes always with clarity, if not always with the precision one expects of prose. But it has to be remembered that the modern novel is, at its best, poetic. It has taken the place of epic and tragic poetry. The problem before the serious novelist can be stated in terms of the difference between prose and poetry. Mr. Joyce first made the problem plain, and he has approached more closely than anyone else to a solution. Miss Butts is among those who are working consciously to that end. This is not the place to discuss technique in detail. It is enough to say that she relies most on metaphor and on heightened and expanded dialogue. Naturally she is not yet quite sure of herself.

Like every writer seriously attempting to overcome technical difficulties, she sometimes fails badly. Too often, when she is feeling the lack of something to take the place of the chorus in Greek tragedy, she resorts unsatisfactorily to general comment or explanation. For instance: "Women like that, whose strength is based on their emotional violence, are apt to lose their judgment in a moment of crisis," she writes. But in the average novel such faults are so frequent as to pass unnoticed.

There is one more serious failure. Her characters, though we are told explicitly the differences between them, talk very much as if they were the same. There is very little realistic detail to differentiate them as Mr. Joyce's characters are differentiated. Miss Butts may have been afraid of breaking the unity of her book. She has not the help of metre which serves to harmonise the most incongruous ingredients. But in a book of so much dialogue

she might perhaps have changed the rhythm slightly for each speaker, and so given her characters a sharper outline.

But in spite of this, reading Miss Butts's book is a valuable experience. It modifies the reader's attitudes to a remarkable extent. People or events can be seen differently in the light of it. The reader is changed as he is changed by poetry that is "alive" or by contact with someone who is more aware than others; whose mind is growing. "Death of Felicity Taverner" is the kind of book about which other books are written.

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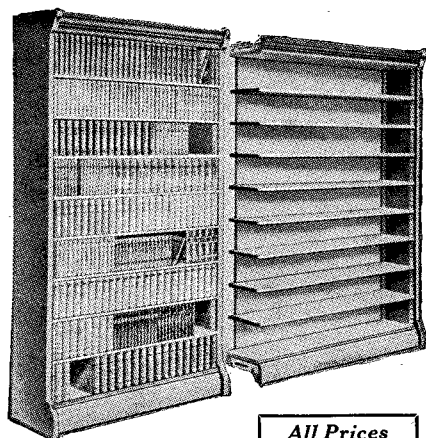
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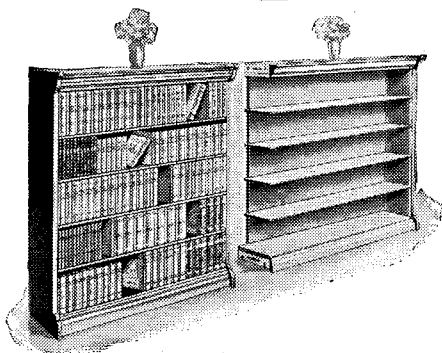
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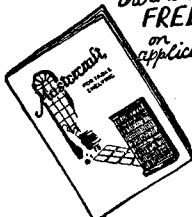
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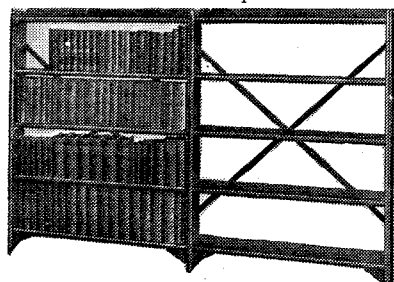


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Perhaps there has never been a time in the history of English literature when the general standard of fiction has been so uniformly high as it is to-day. Few novels are put out by the better houses which cannot fairly be labelled good. And yet, despite the weekly crop of "masterpieces" and writers whose "work should be carefully watched," there is a dullness about this uniformity of goodness. The reason is not far to seek. So many of these passable novels are lacking in that urgency which marks out work of real distinction. They are good but really superfluous, written as they are not because the author is seized by something that forces him to write, but largely to amuse the consumptionist public and thereby, with luck, to line the needy author's pocket.

There are notable exceptions to this general rule. Mr. Galsworthy's work is an excellent instance. It may of course do no more than amuse if merely read to pass the time; but in this case the reader does him the injustice of failing in full appreciation. Not that a work of art should be said to have any fundamental aim or "message." Books written with such an idea in mind almost invariably

fall far short of the best. But a book such as "Flowering Wilderness" can hardly fail to do more than amuse. There is something more here than a mere good story, more than just brilliant and witty conversation, something that sets Mr. Galsworthy head and shoulders above many brethren perhaps technically as well equipped. Open the book where you will, and you will almost certainly find in narrative or in conversation not only a brilliance but a depth, so that the sentence will be as it were a door opening into a corridor which leads to the complex heart of things. Then add to that depth the breadth of scope which has always been this author's own, take passing note of the technical skill which one has come to expect of him, observe his grasp of character, his steady advance with the times he moves in—and you will hardly fail to conclude that "Flowering Wilderness" is well up to its author's best and a worthy successor to "Maid in Waiting."

Beside such polished excellence there is something almost painfully crude in the unashamed depiction of depravity and cruelty to which Mr. Lindsey treats us in "The Bull Calf"; until of course one remembers as one must that the upper classes are far away now, and that Stephen Lynch is an ignorant farm boy who has left home to go with a woman from a fair. Then one suddenly sees how good this book is, a cut above the level of the weekly output. Cruel it may be, but not cruelly so. The author may even exaggerate the filth and depravity of gipsy life (I do not know). Yet here is a novel finely and ironically conceived, vivid and alive, and executed in a style which has vigour, elasticity and colour. This is not a book for mere amusement. Its author has felt too deeply for that.

But amusement has its points as well, among them that the need thereof produced Miss Delafield's "Provincial Lady" and has led her now to appear again. Delightful person that she is, this diarist of a simple existence! And how entertaining she makes it all, without envy, hatred, malice or any other form of uncharitableness setting herself and others before us



From *Jane Hollybrand*
By Edward Edwin Foot
(Gerald Howe).

OUT FLIES THE CORK! THEY
FREELY SLAKE.
AND THUS THEIR MEAL IS
FINISHED.

so that we laugh both with her and at her. The skill of the portraiture is amazing, considering its economy and its invariable kindness of atmosphere; the wit is unfailing, the humour whimsical. The great joy about a book like this is that it demands so little, comparatively, of the reader and gives so much, including laughter without any assumption or insinuation of superiority. A happy, friendly, peaceful kind of book; it does not hurry you along with sickening suspense in your heart; it never shouts at or bullies you, or worries you into believing something you may not want in the least to believe, or anything like that. No, it just slips into hand, eye and brain, and the reader slips as easily and cosily into it, and both run happily on together, till you close it sorry that the end has been reached.

Not so Mr. Bertram's "Three Meet" which is so mighty serious that it seems hard to believe he is old enough to have written eight books before this one. Or is it merely that his hero's capacity for illusion (strangely persistent after war experience, betrayal by a woman he had befriended, and desertion by his wife) so pervades the whole that it all seems as unsatisfactory to the reader as Christopher Quin must have been to his wife? It is unfortunate, to say the least, when the central figure of a novel is rather too introspective and a little irritating in his insistence on creating, let alone harbouring, illusions. This and a tendency to pad out what might have been a far more effective story if told more briefly somewhat mar such virtues of conception as Mr. Bertram's novel possesses. He has background, albeit a little bookish, and he interests by the simple device of keeping a secret till the end. But though quite worth reading this novel is too inconclusive and academic in tone to fan the spark of interest into enthusiastic flames.

Nor does Miss Rea succeed any better, though she is vastly more alive and diverting with her slightly more than cinematic picture of a first night from start to finish. As amusement "First Night" is excellent if ephemeral. It scintillates where it should, in the foyer, broadens into humour in the pit, touches sentiment in the gallery, and generally varies in mood and in *tempo* as the elf of Miss Rea's imagination insinuates himself into the breasts and brains of author, actor, critic, first-nighter and all the other cleverly drawn theatre-goers to whom she introduces us. It has almost as many good points as it has pages—brilliance, wit, humour, atmosphere, emotional skill, verve, gaiety. But there it ends, in brief amusement—the only end it could possibly serve. One looks in vain for anything more than an almost photographic record with its inevitable shallowness. Yet cleverness rarely or never keeps company with profundity and, superficial though it may be, one is grateful for such lively diversion and vivid portraiture as are here.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

Gibbs is probably one of the few writers who can introduce topical politics into his fiction without irritating such of his readers as hold different views from his own. That is of course because he takes the broad aspect of life, and is more anxious to present an historical record of the immediate past in which all standpoints are allowed expression, than to thrust his own opinions on a public which in the main very wisely fights shy of propaganda novels, political or otherwise. In Sir Philip Gibbs the artist absorbs the politician, though nobody is more keenly alive to current events, more skilful at adapting the drama of real life to the needs of story-telling. "The Anxious Days" covers the period when the last Labour Government was in power, and finishes with the election of the present Government—though I don't think even that "old-fashioned gentleman" and "simple soul," Commander Compton, would suggest that the anxious days are yet over. The 1929 Election coincides with the Commander's return to England after many years in the East; he thinks he is coming back to make a peaceful home in the country with his now grown-up daughter. But the daughter is of the modern school and has her career to consider, and though both are eager to be kind to each other, the ex-naval man finds himself at a loose end and a little lonely. We get England between 1929 and 1931 as a background for the Commander's settling-down process in his native land, and nobody can do this sort of thing better than Sir Philip Gibbs; all the important events of those two years blend into the lives of the people of whom he writes; the younger generation is more human, more sensitively drawn than is usual in modern novels, and the Commander himself a natural, lovable and at times rather pathetic figure caught in the whirlwind of the present-day world.

I have no doubt Mr. Warwick Deeping, when he brings politics into his books, means to be as unbiased as Sir Philip succeeds in being; but somehow he is not so adept at seeing other points of view, or perhaps not so adept at contemplating his principal character with that impartiality which tends to make the reader more tolerant than he is inclined to be when sympathy is obviously solicited. Mr. Deeping has acquired a philosophy that you will find in practically all his later works. Briefly it is this: that a



From *Pretty Witty Nell*
By Clifford Bax
(Chapman & Hall).

NELL GWYNN.
(British Museum.)



From *Wild December*
By Clemence Dane
(Heinemann).

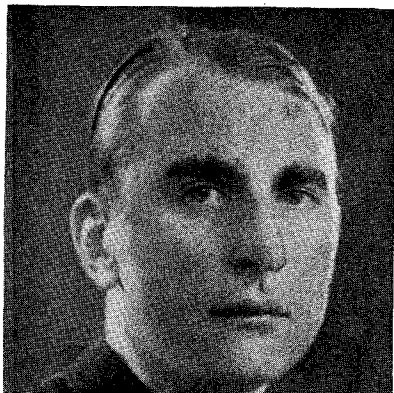
THE BRONTËS.

man should find his job, and do it to the best of his ability, simply because it *is* his job. Smith, in his new book of that name, is such a man. He is a carpenter by trade, a good workman, ambitious to get on. None of your trade unions for him; he "did his work thoroughly, and with an efficiency and vigilance that a go-easy world might have described as ruthless." There was no one to warn him "that he was in conflict with the plain man's inertia." Apparently there was no one either to suggest that trade unionism might possibly have ideals, and when a man was striving to keep up wages he was not just striving for his own selfish ends but for his fellow-workmen, and more especially for his own wife and children. However, although he doesn't understand the ideals of his fellows, Smith is up against them in daily life, and fights his lone hand, with Sybil and their daughter to make it worth while. Opposition to his own kind, a dislike of the crowd, something I am afraid which savours very much of a superiority complex, and a variety of other misfortunes, including eventually ill-health, put the man's spirit to a severe test; he struggles through heroically and Mr. Deeping forces us to admire his courage, even if we may think him in other respects a not very likeable person. In less competent hands, this story of ordinary working-class life could have become humdrum, but Mr. Deeping never fails to be interesting. The only regrettable thing is he does not seem aware that in the working-class all sorts of people are found—idle, industrious, intelligent, unintelligent—just as in better-off circles; and the average British working-man is at all events no more greedy to get something for nothing than those of his socially superior compatriots who work less arduously (or not at all) and get better paid for it.

Mr. Harold Nicolson goes in for politics of a more vigorous and less controversial order. He carries us forward seven years and shows us Great Britain at a moment of supreme crisis. "The British Empire, in that summer of 1939, was anything but a popular member of the community of nations. In fact, never since the distant days of the South African War had we been so universally hated and despised." The Cabinet, three months after the Churchill Government has been ousted from office on a charge of adventurism, have the opportunity of acquiring a wonderful explosive rocket that can travel at the rate of six hundred miles an hour. With the Foreign Office as background,



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RUPERT CROFT-COOKE,
Author of "Cosmopolis" (Jarrold).

of the world massed against it; and then saves it by instilling fear into those four Powers who have no adequate weapon with which to retaliate. Very cleverly Mr. Nicolson indicates what small personal motives may produce big events, how even the men at the head of affairs cannot be sure what results certain actions will bring, and often do the right or wrong thing accidentally. His characters are excellently depicted, and the book is delicate and amusing satire excitingly told.

Mr. Stephen McKenna takes us away from politics altogether into the



FRIEDA HANSWITH DAS,
Author of "Leap-Home and Gentle Brawn" (Dent).

realms of the supernatural. His new book, "Superstition," is the story of a man cursed on the eve of her tragic death by a girl he does not love. She tells him in a letter that everything he loves will die, and his life seems a strange working-out of that malicious prophecy. Dr. Cameron however, who relates the story, refuses to believe the superstition, even when the woman Chiseldon becomes engaged to dies, and then the child to whom he is devoted. The final test is when he falls in love with the doctor's own daughter and she with him, and almost at once she starts to go into a decline. Is it coincidence, or the bitter fruit of the curse of the girl he slighted in his youth? Mr. McKenna works out this unusual and dramatic plot with imaginative insight and the tensivity and subtleness necessary to such a theme. The story is not only something quite out of the common, but one likely



FATHER OWEN FRANCIS DUDLEY,

and a love-affair between Jane Campbell, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and John Shorland, an Assistant Private Secretary, to give a touch of sentiment, the story shows how this invention imperils the Empire by almost plunging it into war, the four great Powers

to direct the reader's thoughts into mysterious and little explored channels. "Lover's Leap," by Mr. Martin Armstrong, is told in three voices. First the voice of Philip, who falls passionately in love with Rose; then the voice of Rose, who cannot respond to his overwhelming, monopolising

love, and so breaks off their engagement; then the voice of Meriel, who loves Philip as he loved Rose, and demands of him more than he can surrender, as he demanded of Rose more than she could surrender. Here is a triangle on new lines; the characterisation brilliantly conceived, the three people vividly alive and true to life.

Vividly alive also are the people in Mr. Norman Lindsay's "Miracles By Arrangement," and though they are true to life, you might be excused for wishing they were not. Mr. Lindsay would probably retort, as he makes his Mr. Gresham retort when accused of talking "detestable modern psychology": "I didn't invent human beings." It is certainly a fact that you feel you might meet Mr. Gresham or any of his family in any up-to-date city of the modern world. Mr. Lindsay places them in Sydney, incidentally revealing that the modern generation of Australia is very like the modern generation of America or England, or at all events like that section which indulges freely in slang and sex talk. Mr. Gresham himself is an admirable study of a middle-aged man who hungers for romance and in a rather cautious and respectable manner tries to find it. The little milliner with the "fair, foolish face" and glib, lying tongue, who complacently helps him in the attempt, is drawn with sparkling derision, and the whole thing is a comedy rich in satirical humour.

PRIVATE VIEWS.

By the Vicomte de Mandnib. 12s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Vicomte de Mandnib is a person who appears to have known everyone and to have been nearly everywhere. He calls himself a "season-ticket holder" between France and England, and he is, as is fitting for one of his lineage, equally at home in both countries. His book, which he calls "Private Views," is a pleasant, chatty book, which, if not illuminating the characters it portrays, at all events puts the reader on excellent terms with them.

R. S. F.



R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART.
Portrait by Elliott & Fry.



NORAH C. JAMES,
Author of "Tinker the Cat" (Dent).



E. V. KNOX.
Portrait by Elliott & Fry.

The Observer

1791—1932

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NEXT SUNDAY**

THE MOOD OF THE HOUR

Friday's Business.

By Maurice Baring. (Heinemann.)

The Warrior Comes.

By W. Somerset Maugham. (Heinemann.)

Stephen Sherrin.

By Katherine Dunning. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Five For Silver.

By Malachi Whitaker. (Jonathan Cape.)

The Furnival Book of Short Stories.

(Joiner & Steele.)

Still She Wished For Company.

By Margaret Irwin. 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)

by Barbara Maxwell

These six volumes cover a wide field of human activity, and it is difficult to assess or classify them fully in a short



From *The Birdikin Family*
By Archibald Marshall
(Dent).

**MR. BIRDIKIN'S FEELINGS
AMOUNTED WELLNIGH TO
ANGUISH.**

space. But one can definitely indicate that they are representative not merely of conditions in the world to-day, but of this generation's response to those conditions, and the effect of their response on methods of novel writing. There is a tendency to take for granted the recognition of unpleasant facts, and, starting from that basis, to narrate in unvarnished, uncomplaining language the consequences of the facts. There appears to be less analysis, less exposition, than was prevalent a few years ago. Thus Mr. Maurice Baring in "Friday's Business" wastes no time philosophising over the perversity and weakness of human nature, but takes us right away into a situation where those faults are operative. Briefly "Friday's Business" tells the story of a young man's love affair set amid the political disturbances of an imaginary kingdom located in Scandinavia. The difficulties and disadvantages of such a milieu are obvious, and it must be admitted that Mr. Baring is not always successful in overcoming the sensations of unreality and general staleness that are apt to beset the political novel. The tale is told with all Mr. Baring's rare charm, and yet, despite ingenious construction and light treatment, the situations lack interest and compulsion.



From *The Prince Who Hiccapped*
By Anthony Armstrong ("A. A." of *Punch*)
(Benn).

That however is probably inevitable in the present world situation, which makes fictional politics and violence correspond to the spectacle of a military tournament witnessed during the Great War.

Strongly contrasted with "Friday's Business" is Mr. Somerset Maugham's "The Narrow Corner." This plain tale of exotic surroundings immediately arouses interest and holds it throughout. Like all Mr. Maugham's work, it is well knit, and the treatment sure and unfaltering. The characters are vividly reported, and their idiosyncrasies described with a sprightly tolerance that tempers the essential bitterness of the narration. Both Mr. Maugham and Mr. Baring choose the simplest and starkest words in which to convey their meaning, but whereas with Mr. Baring the effect produced is one of tenderness and beneficence there is something ruthless as well as direct in Mr. Maugham's brevity. It is an honest and invigorating relentlessness, but it necessarily invalidates his portrayal of sentiment.

There is a marked indication among critics to say of every first novel that it is a remarkable achievement for an initial attempt, but Miss Dunning's "Stephen Sherrin" demands such a tribute. Her study of Sherrin and the Kennedy children is a sensitive and charming piece of work.

Despite a fearless and dispassionate view of life and great skill in presentment, there is something threadbare and derivative about Mrs. Malachi Whitaker's collection of stories "Five for Silver." Perhaps the episodes are too consciously vital or subtle, while the uniformly abrupt opening tends to become monotonous. Mrs. Whitaker is at her best in "The Man with the Harelip," a tale in which the incidents are worthy of her powers of incisive vivid



From *The Prince who Hiccapped*
By Anthony Armstrong ("A. A." of *Punch*)
(Benn).

description and characteristic unexpected turns of phrase. Mrs. Whitaker is not among the writers contributing to "The Furnival Book," a very representative collection of short stories issued by Messrs. Joiner & Steele. All the tales are on a high level, and have been so chosen that taken together they combine to produce unity throughout every diversity of theme. Specially good are Mr. T. F. Powys's "The Key of the Field," Mr. H. E. Bates's "The Hessian Prisoner" and Mr. John Collier's "Green Thoughts."

Rereading Miss Irwin's "Still She Wished for Company" brings home to one still more clearly her exquisite certainty and grace of expression. Indeed in the form and structure of her writing, in her combination of inborn talent with a wide and highly wrought culture Miss Irwin is unique among present-day novelists. She is one of the few, either men or women, of whom it can be said that she is a master of her art.

MEN AND WOMEN IN LOVE

The Bridge.

By Naomi Royde-Smith. 7s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

The Gods Arrive.

By Edith Wharton. 7s. 6d. (Appleton.)

Family History.

By V. Sackville-West. 7s. 6d. (Hogarth Press.)

A Long Time Ago.

By Margaret Kennedy. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Moon in Scorpio.

By Helen Granville-Barker. 7s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Candle Flame.

By Barbara Willard. 7s. 6d. (Gerald Howe.)

The Seraphim Room.

By Edith Olivier. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

She Was Sophia.

By Ruth Manning-Sanders. 7s. 6d. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Which Is Bitterness.

By Beatrice Henry. 7s. 6d. (Barker.)

The Triumph of Time.

By Storm Jameson. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

by Norah Hoult

Most of these novels by women writers are concerned with the personal relationship between man and woman, an eternal theme which in modern fiction is viewed from more and more subtle and complicated angles. No longer is it that he or she loves, or he or she does not love: the question is how much and how little, in what way, and for how long. And so forth. In analysing such congenial complexities, women writers have come into their heritage.

Miss Royde-Smith is a peculiarly feminine artist, interested in details rather than outlines, in personalities rather than principles. Her story, like that of others on my list, is of a liaison, but a liaison hedged about with so many subtleties, and approached with so much delay that the word in its masculine straightforwardness seems out of place.

Andra is the young wife of a timid middle-aged parson. She nearly loses her life in childbirth at the age of nineteen, with the consequence that for many years she lives a cloistered life with her husband in their country rectory. When she is in the middle thirties she goes abroad for a holiday and becomes involved with people whose standards are completely removed from those native to her. This world is free from moral taboos and petty restrictions, and though Andra feels herself to be an outsider she also feels no disposition to be shocked. On her way home she encounters in a railway compartment a French officer who is returning to his birthplace after many years' service in Africa. A three days' idyll in Avignon results, but the

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And of Course

Education and the Social Order

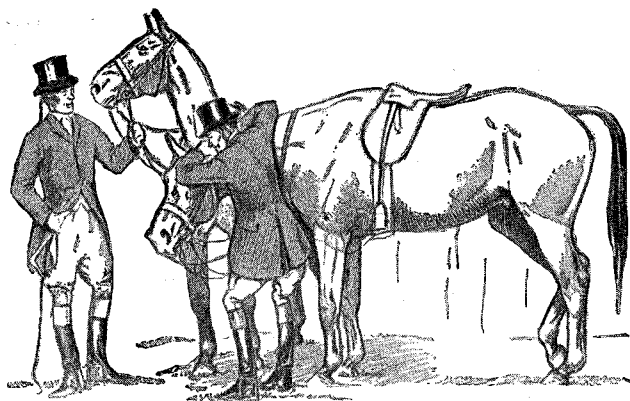
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7s. 6d.

"Challenging and pointed wit."—

Manchester Guardian

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932



From *A'Hunting We
Will Go*
By Brigadier Geoffrey Brooke
(Seeley, Service).

"WHELAN'S BROTHER'S
FUNERAL OF COURSE."

legendary bridge of Avignon leads nowhere, nor does this episode. Andra returns to her placid country home to remember and to find happiness in her remembrance.

But such an outline reflects very badly the exquisite detail of the whole finely wrought story. It is a matter of taste whether such fine embroidery inspires admiration or some occasional impatience.

For Mrs. Wharton's book I confess I have very little patience, since here an intricate relationship is placed in a setting which seems to have neither significance nor reality. We move in circles where the overwhelming importance of a writer of novels is taken for granted. Halo has left her husband, and accompanied Vance in his ways because she believes that he is a genius and that in her he will find true inspiration and criticism. Vance is, it should be said, one of those novelists for whom women put out clean blotting paper with devotion, and who are accustomed to read their works in progress, chapter by chapter, if not page by page, to admiring audiences. He is also a restless genius; sometimes he takes Halo's advice; sometimes he listens to less wise counsellors. And there is of course an experience with another woman. So we read description after description of the artistic temperament disporting itself in New York, Spain, Paris and London. The total effect is curiously old-fashioned, and for all Mrs. Wharton's skill unimportant.

Miss Sackville-West and Miss Margaret Kennedy are in comparison straightforward and competent story tellers. They have done what they set out to do with economy and complete success. Miss Sackville-West's story is that of a possessive middle-aged woman in love with a young rising Labour politician. The contrasts here are broad but real.



From *Irish Airs*
By D. M. Large
(Constable).

THE REUNION.

Evelyn Jarrold is a lovely pleasure-loving woman in the conventional Edwardian tradition. Her lover, Miles, is an iconoclast, impatient of any preservation of the proprieties and passionately interested in his career. The differences between them are more important than the woman's seniority: Evelyn cannot give Miles sufficient length of rope, and the end is a cleavage followed by Evelyn's death of an old-fashioned broken heart.

Miss Margaret Kennedy handles satire with a sure and admirable touch. An old family scandal has been resurrected by the publication of a famous singer's autobiography. Some twenty-five years ago Elissa Koebel, the operatic star, has at the behest of her carefully nurtured tempestuous temperament gone to the North-West of Ireland, to a convenient island, and there met various aunts, uncles and children on holiday. The last arrival is Dick Napier, an overworked doctor who is almost on



From *For Adults Only*
By Beverley Nichols
(Jonathan Cape).

"CORR, DARLING! IF ONLY
I'D KNOWN!"

the verge of a nervous breakdown. He succumbs eventually to the physical bond between himself and Elissa, but as it happens his wife Ellen, gentle and unsuspecting, is spared the knowledge. None of the family can believe that she does not know; but she does not know, and twenty-five years later, when the book is published and her husband dead, it comes into her hands and falls out of them with complete naturalness.

"The print looked small and uninviting and she had left her glasses downstairs. In any case she did not suppose she would care for it. There had been something unpleasant about Elissa Koebel. A silly woman. . . . A phrase caught her eye:

"My soul had become a battlefield. I was torn between Byron, Jesus Christ and Edward Carpenter . . ."

"A very silly woman. She put the book back into the suitcase . . ."

With Mrs. Granville-Barker we return to the characteristically feminine viewpoint, but in this case no one is likely to complain, for here is a writer who is gay, wise and witty and who has given us a wholly delightful book. An intelligent but rather plain young girl and an elderly beauty are friends; perhaps, the suggestion is made, they have gravitated together on the impulse of a natural law. The setting is Rome, and Olivia and Frances entertain among others two young

Englishmen, Alan and Daniel. Daniel is the choice of both women, and each he treats finally with cruelty and indifference. For Frances, the young woman, there is the faithful and admirable Alan, but for Olivia there is nothing more since her life has been a succession of love affairs and admiring suitors. When she herself remarks complacently upon this, Frances replies spontaneously, "How dreadful—never to have belonged just to yourself." Here a fundamental contrast is given in a few words, and it is one of the many virtues of this book that Mrs. Granville-Barker can present in a phrase what most writers need to spend a chapter upon.

"Candle Flame" takes us back to the boudoir. Another awkward tempered artist—a painter this time—keeps an adoring young woman on tenterhooks, while a young man, Konrad, hovers unhappily within call so that Anna may exploit his affection in order to make Blaise, the artist, jealous. This scene goes on till Blaise makes the mistake of succumbing to another woman more wholeheartedly than usual, and Anna decides that Konrad is really the right man after all. Whereupon Blaise commits suicide after slashing his pictures to pieces and mourning for his wasted life.

The other three new novels on my list fall into a different category. Miss Edith Olivier has given us a book whose plot is a novel one, since it is concerned with the lack of a proper drainage system to one of the old houses in a cathedral close. It is not that Mr. Chilvester is neglectful of his house which he loves and serves as others love and serve more human idols. But he holds very decided views upon the modern spirit, and includes in his dislike not only electric light, telephones and bath-rooms, but modern sanitation. He has two daughters—one, Lilian, is an invalid who lives for her painting, and is by way of being a saint; the younger, Emily, wishes with all her heart to be more



From *Diary of a Stage Struck*
By Donald L. Henderson
(Houghton).

SITTING DEJECTEDLY ON
A TROLLEY AT SHEFFIELD
CENTRAL STATION.

modern, to be allowed freedom; but when a young man kisses her she cannot help taking it for granted that he must necessarily want to marry her.

Miss Olivier has made a decorative and appealing pattern of the three lives, the angry old man struggling to fight against ministries of health and corporations to preserve his own ideals, the unhappy young girl, and the elder sister painting peacefully in her attic bedroom. But the sister descends from her bedroom to seek her tormented

sister who has run away and tried to drown herself, and though she finds her, loses her own life; while Mr. Chichester is eventually beaten by the law, and also dies. Emily is left to try and fit into a world which baffles her.

"She was Sophia" and "Which is Bitterness" have this in common, that they belong to a type of not unattractive novel which gives the impression that the author has gone straight to "real life" for the characters, and translated inessentials with precise care. They are realistic without being for a moment convincing, for the author is copying human beings and forcing them to walk in the way of a hackneyed and indifferent plot. Mrs. Manning-Sanders is the more competent writer,

"The Lovely Ship," "The Voyage Home" and "A Richer Dust," by Miss Storm Jameson, have now been collected into one volume, and the whole story of the indomitable Mary Harvey well repays the reading.



From *Pretty Pictures*
(John Lane).

THE COMPLEAT CRIMINAL

Death On the Way.

By Freeman Wills Crofts.
7s. 6d. (Crime Club.)

The By-Pass Murder.

By David Frome. 7s. 6d.
(Longmans.)

Beginning the Adventure.

By Augustus Muir. 7s. 6d.
(Methuen.)

Cottage Sinister.

By Q. Patrick. 7s. 6d.
(Longmans.)

Rabbit's Paw.

By Selwyn Jepson. 7s. 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

The Fourth Dagger.

By Luke Allan. 7s. 6d.
(Arrowsmith.)

by

Francis D. Grierson

The British citizen claims, with not unjustifiable pride, to be the most law-abiding in the world. It is amusing therefore to note his intense interest in the doings of the criminal, both real and imaginary—an interest in which I confess I share very heartily. There is something horribly attractive in a good full-blooded murder, to be honest; one shudders at the crime itself, but the motive which inspired it must always



*From Small Talk at
Wreyland
By Cecil Torr
(Cambridge University Press).*

THE PIXY GARDEN.

vibrate that sensitive life-nerve common to humanity of all classes and creeds. Every man is a potential saint; every man—although few will admit it—is a potential criminal, given an overwhelming motive and an adequate opportunity.

There is quite a crop of really good motive and mystery in the five books on my desk. To begin with, there is "Death on the Way," by Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts, one of the three or four really great criminologists of modern fiction. He has the uncommon knack of being as accurate as a railway timetable, without ever being dull. The simile is appropriate, because the scene of his latest book is a railway line on which Roger Ackerly, an engineer, is cut to pieces by a train. One is of course hampered by the reflection that to reveal the secret of his death—or those of the victims in the other books presently to be considered—would be impossibly unfair to the author; but those readers already familiar with Mr. Crofts's work need only be told that he is at his best. Once again we see the patient Inspector French following the

slightest clues with that dogged perseverance that leads him to his goal in a much more satisfying manner than

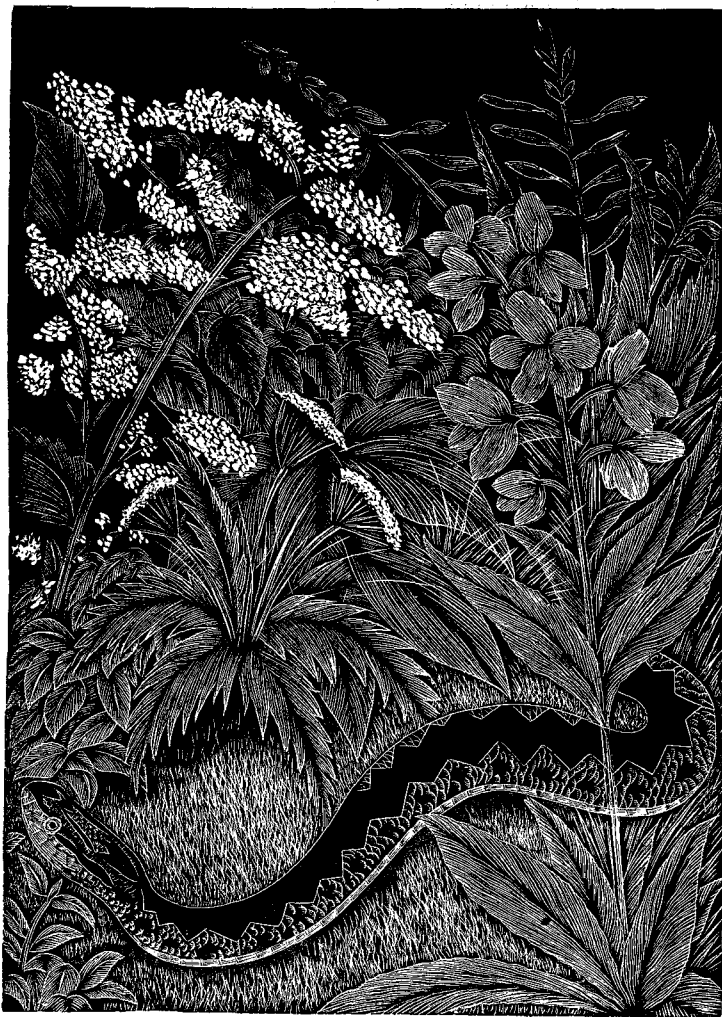


*From Houses and Gardens of England
(Batsford).*

GARDENS AT LEVENS HALL, WESTMORLAND.

the spectacular intuitions beloved by so many other writers of fiction.

"The By-Pass Murder," by David Frome, is in another vein, and a very attractive one. There is a certain pleasant crispness in Mr. Frome's sentences. For example there is Mr. Evan Pinkerton, "a grey, mouselike little Welshman. . . . The cinema and [his friend] Inspector Bull's cases were the two scarlet mountain peaks on the dull, grey, monotonous prairie of Mr. Pinkerton's existence." The story concerns the murder of a famous West End jeweller, Mr. Colton. . . . "The Colton business was small in number of transactions, but large . . . in profits." It was so respectably old that "if a customer paid before a year had passed—so people said—they added twenty-five per cent. for the embarrassment of lowering the standard of their clientele." But in the pleasure of turning a happy phrase Mr. Frome does not forget that it is his business to tell a



From *The South Country*
By Edward Thomas
(Dent).

THE SNAKE CREEPS CARELESS
THROUGH THESE THICKETS OF
BLOOM.

story, and by opening with a motor-bandit hold-up he gives a topical touch to an excellent yarn.

Mr. Augustus Muir, in "Beginning the Adventure," has a more leisurely style. Nicol Chalmers, who tells his own story, runs out of petrol on a desolate road in the Berwickshire coast region, and as the prospect of a shivery night in his car is not attractive, he calls at a big, lonely house to ask for a replenishment for his tank. One foresees that he will at once be mistaken for a mysterious stranger, and that he will encounter (1) a tall man with a sinister smile; (2) a scared man who moistens his dry lips and secretly begs Chalmers to take charge of a small gold box; and (3) a slim, graceful girl of about nineteen, with a friendly smile in her brown eyes. But one certainly does not foresee what happens after that, or why the scared man should entrust the gold box to a total stranger, who is moreover not at all anxious to receive it.



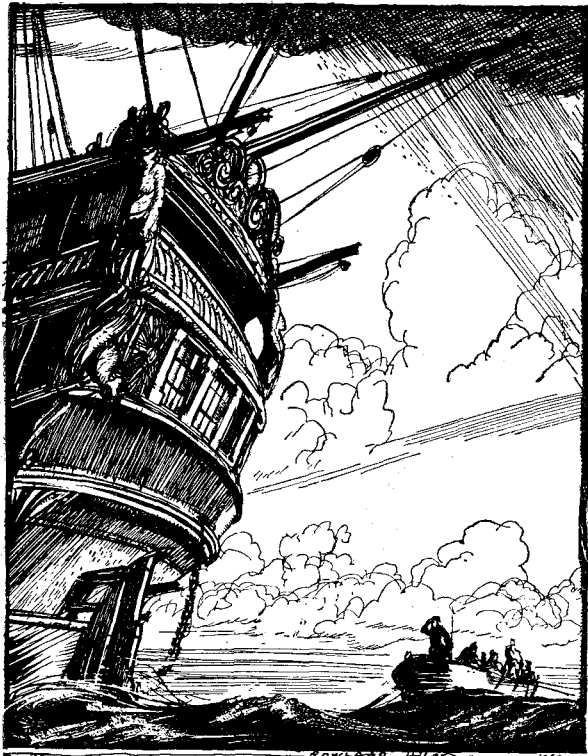
From *Houses and Gardens of England*
(Batsford).

COMPTON WYNYATES, WARWICKSHIRE.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

Mr. Muir is to be congratulated on taking a number of well-known ingredients and making them into a dish the most jaded palate can savour with appreciation.

"Cottage Sinister," by Q. Patrick, is a wholesale affair, with no fewer than four deaths in it. The cottage was formerly known as "Lady's Bower," and the two names together suggest the mixture of amorous and criminal proceedings which provide a job for Inspector

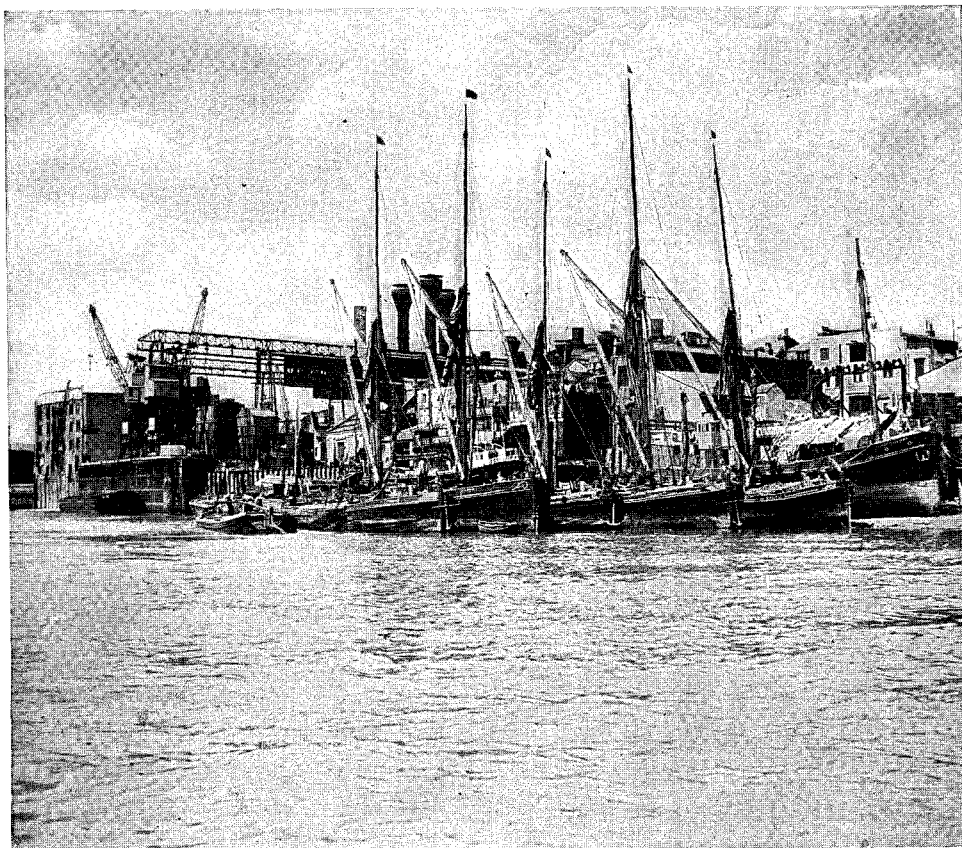


From True Tales of the Sea
By C. Fox Smith
(Oxford University Press).

AN ILLUSTRATION BY
ROWLAND HILDER.

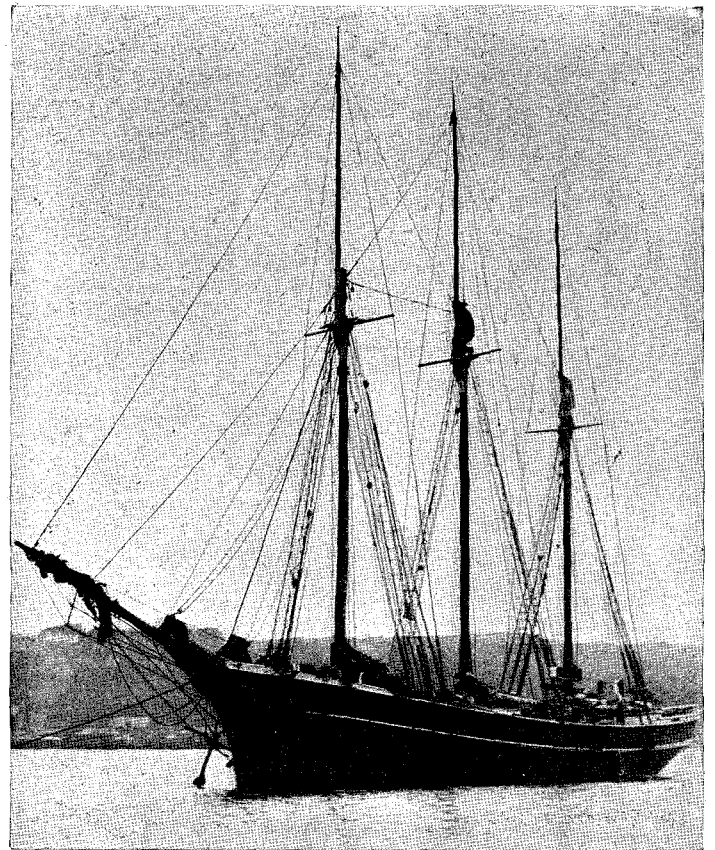
Archibald Inge, known at Scotland Yard as the "Archdeacon." He hated the nickname, but "by a strange anomaly this relentless hunter of men was always being mistaken for an inoffensive hunter of souls."

An unusual story is "Rabbit's Paw," by Selwyn Jepson. When William Passmore is found by the lily pond in the garden of the Great House with a bullet through his head, the local jury returns a verdict of



From No Boats on the River
By A. P. Herbert
(Methuen)

LIMEHOUSE.



From Sea Stories of To-day
By Cyril Hall
(Blackie).

THE "NEPTUNE II" AT
TOBERMORY.
(Graphic Photo Union.)

suicide. But a certain Peter Songe is among a number of people (including the reader) who find that verdict a difficult pill to swallow. Peter is an amateur detective of crime, and he solves a strange problem in the long run; but the solution involves a medical experiment the efficacy of which is at least open to question.

Last, but not therefore least, comes "The Fourth Dagger," by Luke Allan, creator of Blue Pete. This opens with an agonised scream for help from the window of a great hotel. The tale is told by Tiger Lillie, crime reporter of a newspaper, and if he and his friends strain our credulity a little at times, they provide a series of quick-fire adventures which will fully satisfy those who bother less about details than about thrills.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

And Some Others



*From Tales from The Arabian Nights
(Oxford University Press).*

"WHO WILL CHANGE OLD LAMPS
FOR NEW P"

CONTAINING REVIEWS BY
ROSE FYLEMAN, HELEN WILLIAMS, ETC.

SOME NEW CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Peter Duck.

By Arthur Ransome. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Hitty.

By Rachel Field. 7s. 6d. (Routledge.)

What O'Clock Tales.

By Laurence Housman. 6s. (Blackwell.)

Oola-Boola's Wonder Book.

Translated from the German by Ivy Clegg. 6s. (Bell.)

The Cecil Aldin Book.

6s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

Young Yap.

By Olwen Bowen. 3s. 6d. (Mathews & Marrot.)

The Bad Child's Book of Beasts.

By Hilaire Belloc. Set to music by Dudley Glass. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth & Ascherberg; Hopwood & Crew.)

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.

By Dr. James. 7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Tales from the Arabian Nights.

10s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

6s. (Warne.)

Joy Street.

6s. (Blackwell.)

Verse Book of a Garden.

By Fay Inchfawn. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Philibert's Bright Ideas.

Translated from the French of Henri Avelot. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

The Dolls' Journey.

6s. (Desmond Harmsworth.)

Black Tuppeny.

By Margaret Brown and Sheila Hawkins. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The Rectory Umbrella and Mischmash.

By Lewis Carroll. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)

by Rose Fyleman

Each year, among the spate of books for boys and girls that come pouring out a month or two before Christmas, there are usually a few of outstanding excellence, a fairish number of quite good ones and—a great many others.

"Peter Duck," Arthur Ransome's new book, comes definitely into the first category. It is most excellent good stuff from start to finish. I have to confess to having felt a distinct pang of disappointment when the treasure "turned out not to be worth such a tremendous lot, after all." Every boy or girl who is already the happy possessor of "Swallowdale" and "Swallows and Amazons" will go for this tale at once.

When all is said and done, is there anything to beat wicked sailormen and deserted islands and gallant cabin-

boys and sharks and shooting and boxes of treasure? When all these things are mixed up with a handful of jolly boys and girls actually manning a very real boat . . . well, what more could the heart of ten to fourteen desire?

"Hitty," by Rachel Field, is another first-rate book. I came across it when it first came out in the States, over a year ago, and am delighted to see it published here. All little girls will certainly love it, and not a few little boys. "Hitty" is a wooden dolly, and even the far-famed Pinocchio himself did not have more exciting or more convincing adventures. Even the headings of the chapters breathe romance. "Chapter 5. In which we strike our first and last whales. Chapter 7. In which I am lost in India. Chapter 10. In which I am rescued and hear Adelina Patti . . ." these are chosen at random from a list fairly bristling with thrilling possibilities, and it's all quite as good as it promises. The book is beautifully produced and the pictures are as good as the text.

It is difficult to guess how children would react to Laurence Housman's "What-O'Clock Tales." They are definitely a poet's tales, and in many children there is a strain of queer fancifulness, an odd little undercurrent, as it

were, of otherwhereness, which is fed and fortified by just this kind of matter. The very names in this book have a fascinating appeal. Oomtapha, Moozipoo, Burnie-Bee, Ruaranyi—these are not to be withstood. The stories have something of the inevitability of the authentic folk-tale.

Whether Mr. Laurence Housman found them, dreamed them or made them up I do not know, but they are immensely far removed from the commonplaceness of much of the would-be fantastic type of book for the young. The illustrations, by J. R. Monsell, exhibit something of the same quality as the text. They are a little mysterious—a little exciting.

"Oola-Boola's Wonder Book" is translated from the German by Ivy Clegg. It is a little too obviously informative. Remarks such as "Water, however, is almost eight hundred times heavier than air," or "In space there is a temperature

of, roughly, 200 degrees of cold," when occurring in the midst of an exciting adventure, are rather tiresome. Their purpose is pretty sure to be defeated, as they are not likely to make any impression. When all is said and done, the main thing in a story-book is the story. There are some quite good ideas in this book, but old Doctor Oola-Boola, who is the main narrator, is not a very attractive figure. There is a suggestion in the preface that the latter-day child no longer cares for fairy-tales of the purely



From Andersen's Fairy
Tales
Illustrated by Arthur Rackham
(Harvath).

KAY AND GERDA IN THEIR GARDEN
HIGH UP ON THE ROOF.



From *Black Tuppenny*
By Margaret Brown
(Heinemann).

"THEN I'LL TRY ANOTHER GATE,"
SAID TUPPENY.

imaginary kind—that he wants scientific facts and uncompromising realism.

That may well be so, but this volume is not a very satisfactory example of the new method.

Of animal books I find I have three. Here "*The Cecil Aldin Book*" is an easy first. It is of the annual type and a delightful collection. Practically all the pictures are by "himself," also quite a large proportion of the letterpress. The large colour plates are very attractive, particularly the doggy ones.

There is a poem by Humbert Wolfe and contributions by Jack Hobbs, H. W. Austin, P. G. Wodehouse, and Patrick Chalmers.

Games and animals are the principal themes; and there is a sketch of a dog, by Marion Peasly, which is a little masterpiece.

Truly a very acceptable gift for any pet-loving, cricket-playing youngster.

"*Young Yap*," by Olwen Bowen, is about a fox and is quite jolly. Miss Bowen has managed to achieve that happy mixture of nature and fantasy which is so very difficult to get

just right. The pictures, by Sheila Hawkins, are silly and funny and very competent.

Songs from "*The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*," set to music by Dudley Glass, also belong to the animal books. I was astounded to learn that these rhymes of Hilaire Belloc's are thirty years old. The tunes are lively and not too difficult, and the piano part could be managed by even the most techniqueless of mummies. I can imagine these songs being performed, with much enthusiasm and gusto, in many homes this winter.

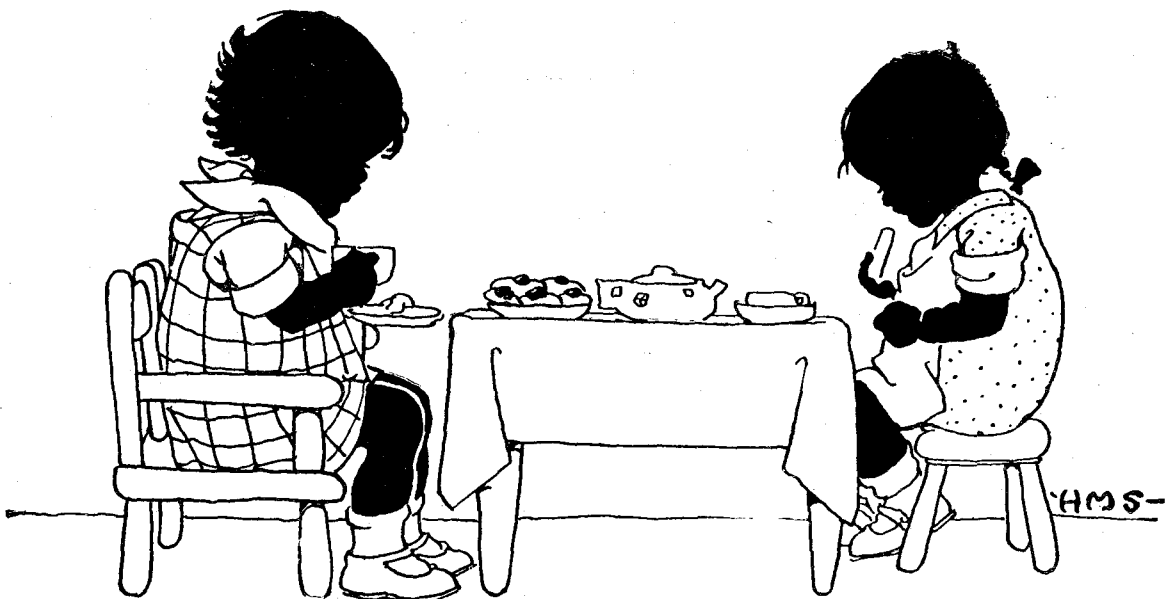
To know something of the Hans Andersen Tales is part of one's education, like knowing Alice or Kipling or even Shakespeare, but I have never yet come across an English translation which had not something of an un-English quality about it. Dr. James's version is no exception. One reads along smoothly and happily for some time and then one is suddenly brought up with a little jerk. One has an odd feeling that the genial Dane is there in person, so to speak, suddenly making one aware of his presence and refusing to be entirely "made over" as they say in America. But this touch of foreign-ness doesn't really matter in the least, it only seems to add to the charm and colour of these most lovable fairy-tales. It is the essential spirit that counts, and that we most assuredly do not lose in Dr. James's version. This would make a beautiful gift-book. The red-rose of the binding and the jade-green of the top edge of the leaves make a delightful combination of gay colour, and the illustrations, by Christine Jackson, are excellently decorative.

"*Tales from the Arabian Nights*" in a cardboard case and with no less than twelve attractive coloured plates by Gordon Mitchell, is also a very handsome affair. It would be a pleasing object for any child to find among its Christmas pile.

I have to confess to a personal distaste of any sort of arrangement of Shakespeare. But there must, of course, be many people who do not at all share this feeling, and they will welcome this new addition of the "*Tales*." Charles and Mary Lamb were a competent couple and Mr. Papé's amiable illustrations suit their work perfectly.

"*Joy Street*" has become a familiar item of the regular Christmas annuals. Number 10 contains as one of its best contributions a pleasantly exciting tale by Algernon Blackwood. There are some of Hugh Chesterman's always very characteristic verses and drawings—his "*Mediæval Carriage*" is a most engaging conceit—and there are several well-known names in the index. But the volume lacks the distinction of some of its predecessors.

Fay Inchfawn's little "*Verse Book of a Garden*" is very gardenish indeed. There is no pose or pretence about it. Here we have a garden-lover and garden-maker,



From *Nelson's Nursery Book*
(Nelson).

AFTERNOON TEA.



From *Playbox Annual*
(Amalgamated Press).

HE, HA! WHAT A FUNNY SCHOOL

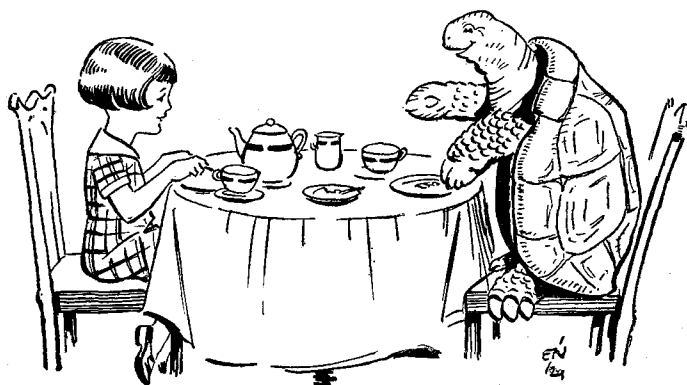
much wider appeal than the title and jacket would indicate. The author sailed round the world in a thirty-two-foot sailing boat alone but for one Polynesian native as crew. He travelled 32,000 miles in all, but when he found an interesting harbourage made a lengthy stay, so that some three and a half years were taken for the complete voyage. Starting from New York, he sailed down to the Panama, out into the Pacific, across to the Pearl Islands, up through

whose thoughts, while her hands are busy planting and tending, take on a gentle rhythm. This is not a book for the small child; but a girl in her teens, with a liking for gardening and a feeling for poetry, would probably like it very much.

For younger children here are three most engaging volumes. "Philibert's Bright Ideas" is a translation from the French of Henri Avelot, who has also made the pictures. To say that Philibert is a very naughty little boy indeed is to assure him of a warm welcome from other little boys.

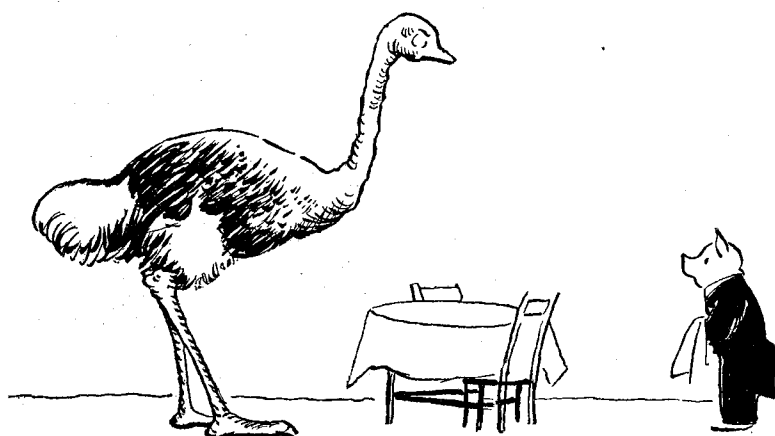
"The Dolls' Journey" is illustrated by photographs. I am not very fond of photographs used this way, but this book has gone a long way towards overcoming that prejudice. The book is delightful. Mr. and Mrs. Fischer are obviously artists, and what is even more important here, artists who understand the child mind.

"Black Tuppeny," the joint work of Margaret



From *Blackie's Children's Annual*
(Blackie).

THE TORTOISE AT THE
BREAKFAST TABLE.



From *Tuffy Tales*
By Peter Fraser
(Warne).

NEXT CAME THE OSTRICH.
(From "The Zoo Restaurant.")

the Indian Ocean into the Suez Canal and back home across the Atlantic.

Mr. Robinson has a keen eye and possesses an inquisitive and receptive mind; he explored remote islands and found himself among strange peoples. Many and varied were his experiences—once he dined with cannibals, another time was held to ransom by an Arab chief—and all of this he puts down in a frank and interesting fashion. He is a descriptive and convincing writer, so that the reader loses his own identity and becomes part of the crew, seeing, hearing and sharing every interesting experience of the three and a half years.

One would like the space to quote from the book itself—that would indeed whet the appetite—but do get this book, for you will enjoy it. For the technical reader an eight-page appendix and two charts are added.

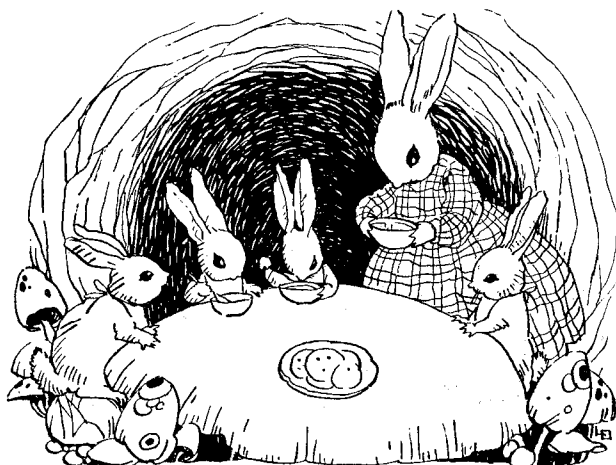
Brown and Sheila Hawkins, is also a very attractive piece of able absurdity.

One more book remains. This, "The Rectory Umbrella and Mischmash," consists of hitherto unpublished sketches and poems written by Lewis Carroll when young. This publication one feels to be in the nature of a pious gesture. The contents, apart from the light they throw on Lewis Carroll's mentality when young, are not of great interest.

DEEP WATER AND SHOAL.

By Wm. A. Robinson. With an Introduction by Weston Martyr. Illustrations and maps. 10s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

To be sponsored by Mr. Weston Martyr is a sufficient indication that the book is worthy of the attention of all sailing enthusiasts; but "Deep Water and Shoal" is above all else a first-class book of travel, and deserves a



From *Warne's Top-All Book for Toddlers*
(Warne).

SETTLED DOWN TO
THEIR TEA.

BUCHAN FOR
CHILDREN

THE
MAGIC WALKING-STICK.

By John Buchan.
6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

by Helen Williams

Every boy dreams secretly of high adventure in which he shall figure as the *deus ex machina*, foiling the plots of the wicked, rescuing the oppressed, hailed by the grown-ups as wiser and greater than they. Peter Pan amongst the pirates was a boy thus favoured. But usually the dream remains a dream. Only in books do lucky youngsters make it a reality. Only in books like "The Magic Walking Stick" can the boys or girls who turn the pages



From The Oxford Annual for Children
(Oxford University Press).

MR. JAPONICA SELLS HIS TRAM.

him a stick for a farthing. And this stick was none other than the long-lost staff of the Prophet Zechariah, brought to Europe after the sack of Jerusalem, which had the property of transporting its owner wherever he wished to be. Chance showed him its powers, and, after a few not very happy experiments due to the inexperience of youth, in one of which, asking to be taken to the Solomon Islands, he was spotted by a band of savages and narrowly escaped with his life, he settled down to plan adventure according to his heart's desire.

His imagination was fired by a report in the paper that Prince Anatole of Gracia in the Balkans, a boy only a little

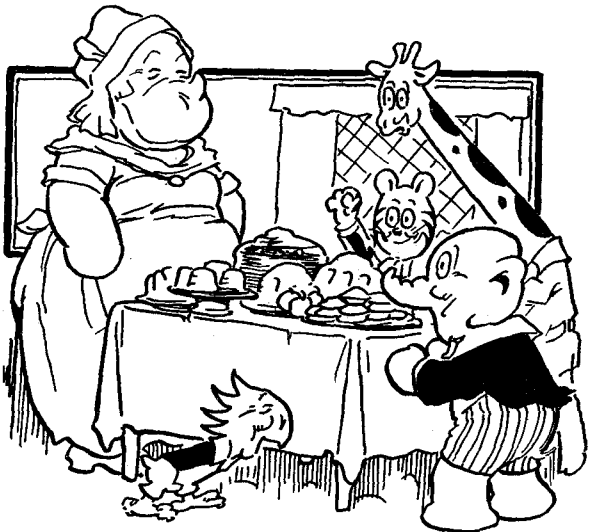


From Chickabiddies' Annual
(R.T.S.).

FATHER BEAR.

vicariously attain to that life of romantic possibility which they too might lead had they only a magic key.

Such a key was found by Bill, a schoolboy of thirteen, who spent his half-term leave and his holidays in the glamour of a fairy-tale existence. Going out shooting with Thomas, the gamekeeper, he met an old man who sold



From Tiger Tim's Annual
(Amalgamated Press).

"I EXPECT YOU ARE
HUNGRY!" SAID
MRS. RHINO.

older than himself, was being held prisoner in a castle by the Mussolini of that country, who aimed at making himself President. Bill loved the pageantry of history, and here was his opportunity to play a part. So to the Balkans, to villain-crossing and to king-making, he flew forthwith with his stick.

Mr. Buchan can tell an excellent story, as adult admirers of "Huntingtower" and "The Thirty-Nine Steps" know very well, nor will he fail now to enthrall a younger public. His book, however, is a little slight. Children of thirteen are gluttons for reading, and, as Bill is thirteen, one presumes that this account of his doings is meant for people of about that age. The author might well have concentrated in greater detail on the Ruritania adventure which occupies almost the whole of the latter half of his book, or, on the other hand, have given more scope to the earlier episodes in which Bill



From Warne's Happy Book
for Children
(Warne).

"MUST A TAPIR BE LIT ERE
RETIRING TO REST P"
(From Zoo Puzzles.)



From *The Tracking of Toby*
By Alfred Judd
(Sheldon Press).

**DIRK SOUSED HEADLONG
INTO THE WATER.**

is wafted, as the fancy takes him, to a variety of strange places on the globe.

Still, this criticism may well be a compliment, since to whet the appetite for more is every writer's ambition, and one might have had much more of this pleasant tale with its likeable small hero.

FLYING—FACT AND FICTION

The Camels Are Coming.

By W. E. Johns. 7s. 6d. (Hamilton.)

Arnold Adair with the English Aces.

By Colonel L. Driggs. 3s. 6d. (Hamilton.)

Arnold Adair with the French Aces.

By Colonel L. Driggs. 3s. 6d. (Hamilton.)

The Pirate Airship.

By John Noy. 3s. 6d. (Hamilton.)

Great Exploits in the Air.

By F. V. Monk and H. T. Winter. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)

The Modern Boy's Book of Aircraft.

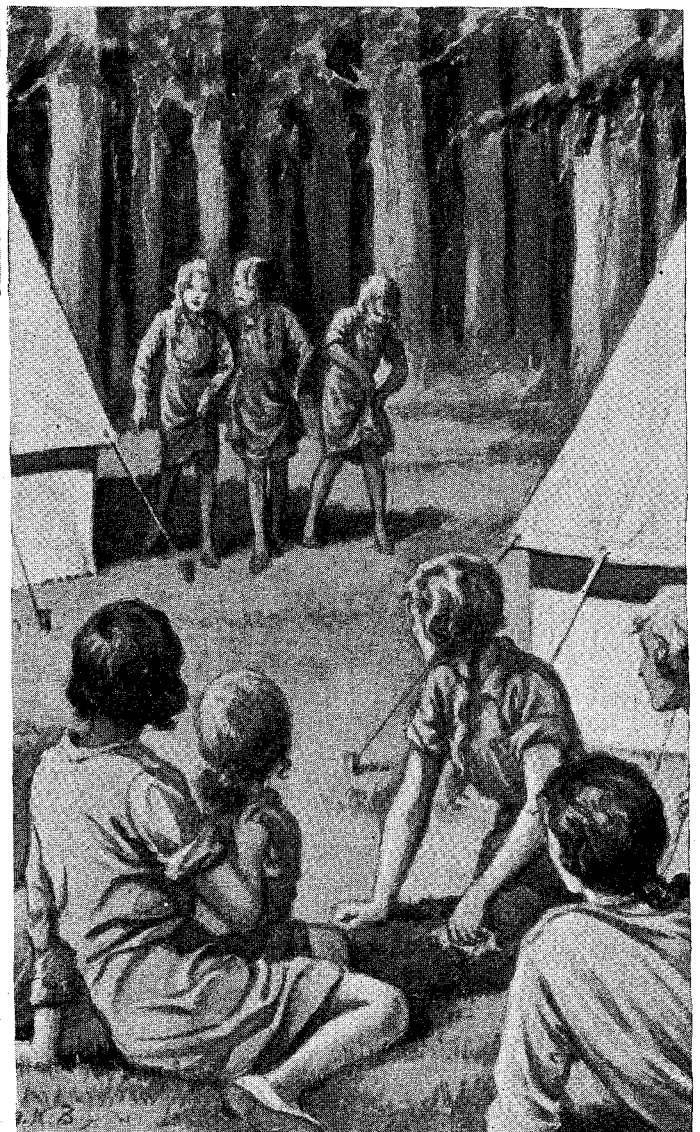
By Various Authors. 7s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

Collins' Aircraft Annual.

By Various Authors. 5s. (Collins.)

Most boys are interested in aeroplanes in some form or another, and the above list caters equally for the adventurous and scientifically minded. In "The Camels are

Coming" we have a fine story of the famous R.F.C. Although the hero is of course a fictitious character, he is only a medium through which a distinguished airman describes the actual adventures that befell our pilots during the World War. The Arnold Adair books are brimful of excitement. The chief character meets with thrilling adventures both with the French Air Force and that of his own country. While hardly as convincing as Mr. Johns's book, it is fine stuff for the average high-spirited boy. "The Pirate Airship" calls for a free use of the imagination. A craft that, in addition to being able to fly, can float on water and be converted into a submarine at will, seems a trifle "steep" even for an ardent lover of the unusual. However it is an enthralling story once the "pill" is swallowed. "Great Exploits in the Air" is in many ways the best of the list. The authors are both well-known experts on their subject, and have managed to combine technicalities with thrills. The final chapter, which deals with the exploration of the upper air, is particularly interesting. The last two books on the list are astounding value for money. Well got up and with an abundance of illustrations, they should make an ideal Christmas present. Of the two "The Modern Boy's Book of Aircraft" is undoubtedly the best, but the "Collins' Aircraft Annual" is very good, among its contributors being such experts as Commander Eckener and Victor Lane.



From *The Chalet Girls
In Camp*

By Elinor M. Brent-Dyer
(Chambers).

**"WHAT 'HAVE' THEY BEEN
DOING?"**

THE EASTER HARE.

By Rose Fyleman. With illustrations by Decie Merwin.
3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

Kinsie was a dear little old woman who lived in a tiny house near woods and fields, and she not only gathered sticks and herbs, but she told delightful stories to children. Alas, Kinsie's stock of stories was small and she soon came to the end, and some of the children asked for new ones, and Kinsie had not got new ones. However, one Good Friday, when walking in the fields, she rescued a lovely white hare from a trap, and took it, almost dead, to her cottage and nursed it back to life. Then the lovely hare proved to be a hare from fairyland, and he told Kinsie most wonderful tales that night before she went to bed. When Kinsie rose next morning, the hare had placed on her best cushion, the cushion she had given him for a bed before her kitchen fire, twelve eggs of all colours, and he told her that if she would break one on the first Friday of each month she would find a story inside. The hare disappeared, but the eggs remained, and Kinsie's fascinating egg-stories are here bound in this pretty little volume, together with charming and fairylike illustrations to set them off. Miss Fyleman, whose writings are already beloved by children, makes here another safe appeal.

HOW YOU ARE MADE.

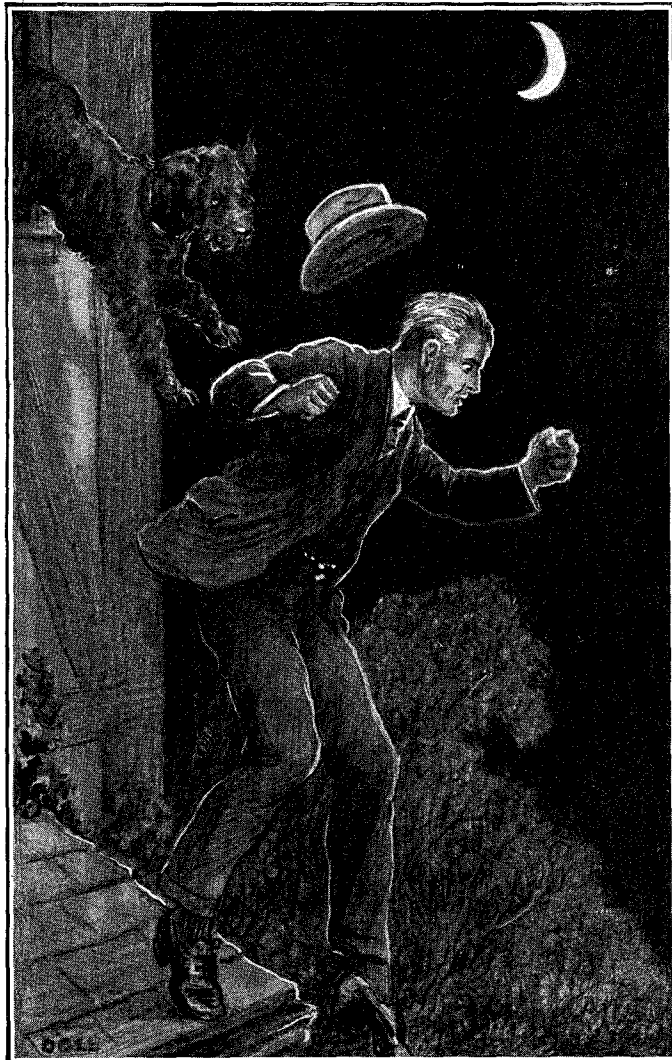
By Amabel Williams-Ellis. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net.
(Black.)

This interesting little book is one of the How and Why Series, the latest of the now fashionable attempts to supply



From *Belle Joins the Brownies*
By H. B. Davidson
(Blackie).

"HE'S ESCAPED—
HE'LL EAT US!"



From *Kerry Blue*
By Heather White
(Pearson).

AS MR. PARKER DROPPED,
KERRY JUMPED BOLDLY
THROUGH THE WINDOW.

scientific and literary information in a tabloid form suitable both for old and young. It is doubtful whether such books can appeal directly either to old or young, but if we may judge by this volume it appears certain that this series will prove of great service in the hands of capable adults for the instruction of the young. Mrs. Williams-Ellis has had the difficult task of giving in some twenty thousand words the outlines of human physiology, embodying the more notable results of recent research. The result is very successful. She is clear and definite, and simple without obvious condescension, and these, we take it, are the fundamental qualities requisite for success in this kind of enterprise. She is also tactful and candid, and her little book will be found most useful by those who wish to impart to the young, without prudery or concealment, the physical mysteries of their being. The little book is very attractive in appearance and has a number of clear and useful drawings and diagrams.

THE BOOK OF MOTORS.

By F. J. Camm. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Collins.)

There can be no doubt that Mr. Camm has at least two great merits as a writer, knowledge and enthusiasm. He writes with gusto on the history and the mechanism of motor-cars, while on the subject of racing and speed he becomes wellnigh lyrical. While probably designed for younger readers there is no doubt that Smith Minor will have constantly to hunt for his book on far shelves. The volume is full of instruction and advice, both of which are

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

reinforced by a great wealth of illustrations, line drawings, photographs and colour plates. Great care has evidently been taken to make the diagrams accurate and efficient.

TALES OF THE IRON ROAD.

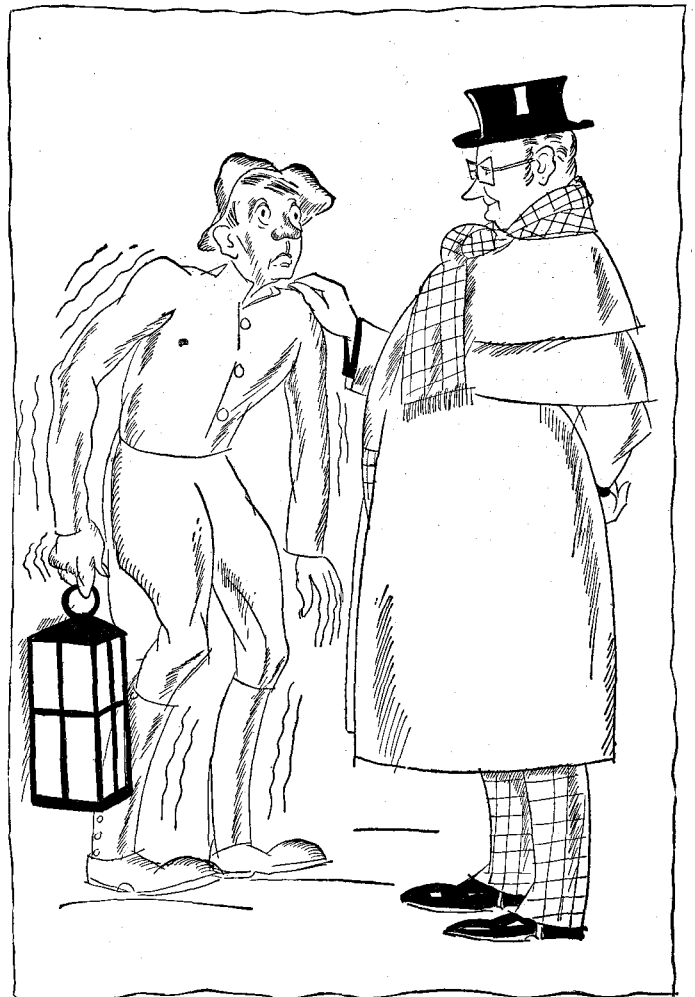
Edited by John R. Hind. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Collins.)

Commercially speaking, railways, we are told, are in a bad way, but for boys at least the fascination of everything connected with the iron road is as strong as ever. There is likely then to be a large audience ready to welcome this alluring medley of fact and fiction concerning railways. There are more than two dozen articles and stories by different writers, the list of which includes Mr. J. H. Thomas, himself who writes on Railway Heroism. The book is lavishly illustrated in colour and in black-and-white, and a boy will be able to see the development of the engine from Puffing Billy to the Flying Scotsman.



From *The Rectory Umbrella and Mischmasch*
By Lewis Carroll
(Cassell).

"AFTER PERUSING THE
PAPER, THE POET
SUDDENLY ROSE TO
HIS FEET."



From *Oola-Boola's Wonder*
Book
By Bruno H. Bürgel
(Bell).

"TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED,"
SAID THE DOCTOR.

THE CHICKS' OWN ANNUAL : 1933.

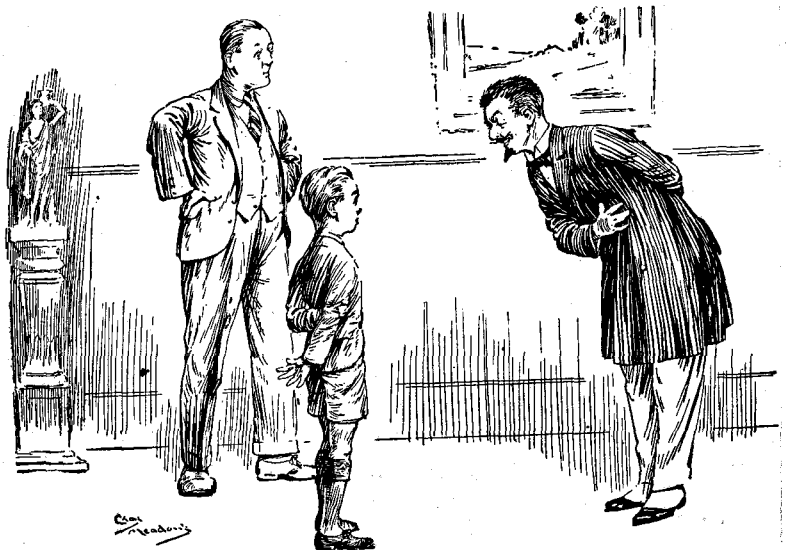
3s. 6d. (Amalgamated Press.)

"The Chicks' Own" is among the most popular weekly papers for youngsters, and its individuality is reflected in this octavo annual, containing a hundred pages of stories, "comic strips," verses, riddles, hints for children's parties, and so on. There are illustrations in colour or line on every page. "Uncle Rupert" has again provided a rich feast for his young friends, and the volume is excellent value for money.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

With illustrations. 6s. net. (Pilgrim Press.)

For fifty-three years "Young England" has appeared in "Annual" form for the joy and entertainment of hundreds of boys at Christmas-time. Nor, we find, do girls scorn it. In truth, it is packed so full with a variety of attractions that there is something to arrest the eye of everyone who turns the pages. There are of course long and absorbing stories, many of them, some of adventure in our own land, some of adventure in wilder parts, some dealing with school life and games, some of old times, some modern and all good. But in addition to this there are articles on things to do, on things that have been accomplished by boys; help, detailed and authoritative, on cricket, football, aviation and so forth. It is impossible to say all that is to be found here, but it is safe to say that with picture and letterpress it is a splendid possession for any boy, whatever his tastes may be.



From *Young England*
(N.S.S.U.).

FRENCH VISITOR (AFTER BEING
INTRODUCED TO JONES MINOR):
"AH, YES, A CHEEP OF ZE OLD
BLOCKHEAD. EES IT NOT SO?"



From *The Girl's Own Annual*
(R.T.S.).

"THE CANADIAN WOMEN OF THE
FUTURE—WHO ARE THEY?"

THE SCHOOLGIRLS' ANNUAL.

3s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

This collection of short stories is excellent value, and can be confidently recommended to those parents and guardians who are "particular" about what their girls read. It is suitable for girls under fourteen whose tastes are fairly simple, but older people also will appreciate the articles on tennis and net-ball by Alison B. Childe, the games mistress at Milton Mount College, and that on hockey by the games mistress at Christ's Hospital Girls' School, Hertford.

That popular author, Christine Chaundler, writes of an escapade of the Lower Fourth, Cinderella among Forms, and there is a story by Sid. G. Hedges, the famous swimmer, in which rescues from a mad bull and from drowning take place in the course of a summer afternoon.

THE BRUIN BOYS' ANNUAL: 1933.

With illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Rainbow.)

This is one of the gay, big books that Christmas brings to give pleasure to children and help to the grown-ups. It is full of stories to read and pictures to look at; it contains verses to learn, and in addition to all other



From *The School Girl's Annual*
(R.T.S.)

enticements it has a real toy inside. This is called "Tiger Tim's Army," and clever fingers can make out of the materials, to be found within the pages of the volume, a neat little sentry-box and an amusing "army" of the "Bruin Boys" to march up and face the sentry. Children will know the Bruin Boys and their comical doings well by the time they have reached the end of this book. They are not beautiful, but there is no doubt they are a cheery group.



From *The Oxford Annual for Scouts*
(Oxford University Press).

A GREEK HOTEL
KEEPER.

THE STORY OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND PRINCESS MARGARET.

By Anne Ring. With many portraits. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

This little volume is a story-book and a portrait gallery combined. In it Miss Ring has revised and brought "up to date" her former popular biography of Britain's best-known child, Princess Elizabeth, and she has added to it an account of the advent and babyhood of the little sister, Margaret Rose, with many first-hand touches and



"OH, CATCH IT, SOMEBODY!"

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

anecdotes of both Princesses. It is a pretty record of happiness and innocence in the midst of a world of pageantry and great doings, and most homes will feel that the nursery bookshelf is not complete without this child-biography of a little girl's nursery days, the nursery days of one of the simplest though most important child in the Empire. The portrait reproductions are delightful, and a valuable possession.

THE TOYTOWN MYSTERY.

By S. G. Hulme Beaman. With illustrations. 5s. net. (Collins.)

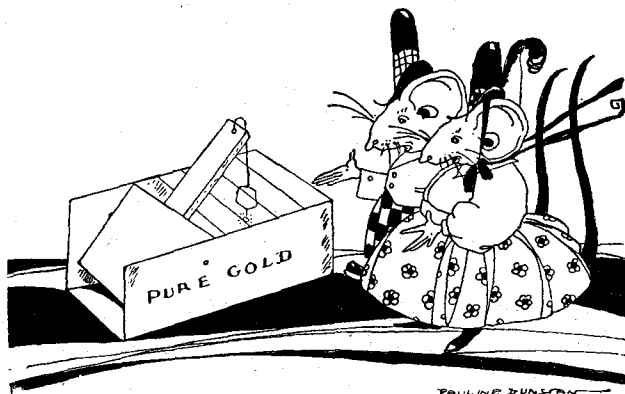
Many a child, during the wireless Children's Hour has listened to Mr. Beaman's stories about the doings in



From *Warne's Pleasure Book for Children* (Warne).

THE DONKEY STOOD AT THE FARM GATE.

Toytown, and here are many of the adventures and puzzling happenings that took place and upset the peace of that small but select district. Ernest the Toytown Policeman had his hands full, and from the moment when, having had his comfortable breakfast and started to cross Toytown Square on his way to the Town Hall, and was horrified to see the wonderful statue of the Mayor painted a brilliant



From *Warne's Top-All Book for Children* (Warne).

A LITTLE GOLD HOUSE.

green, to that thrilling day when rough men set out to catch Father Christmas, the pages of this chronicle are as full as Ernest's hands with the doings of mischievous Dennis the Dachshund and innocent but weak Larry the Lamb. The illustrations are fraught with the talent of simplicity.

THE LONDON DIRECTORIES : 1677-1855.

15s. (Dennis Archer.)

Mr. Charles W. F. Goss, the well-known London librarian, has in compiling this bibliography done great service to all researchers into London's history. As he remarks in his introduction: "Access to collections of Directories is so essential alike to the student of sociology and of topography, the antiquary, the historian, the



From *George and Angelina* By Cicely Englefield (John Murray).

GEORGE AND ANGELINA OBVIOUSLY CAUSED MRS. MOUSE MORE TROUBLE THAN THE REST OF THE FAMILY PUT TOGETHER.

biographer and the genealogist." This book will save all such searchers innumerable hours of labour. Every available directory from 1677 till 1855 is carefully described, so that its contents and the place where it may be consulted can be seen at a glance. A very valuable work.



From *The "Puffer" Story Book* (Ward, Lock).

THE POOR GIRAFFE HE MADE SO STOUT.

CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS KNIGHTS.

By Katherine Pyle. 10s. 6d. (Lippincott.)

The legends of Charlemagne's Court.—The stories of Roland and Oliver, Rinaldo and Bayard, Ogier, Dorindana, and the Hipsgriff told, not as individual tales, but as a narrative. Do legends, fairy tales and tales of knightly deeds charm the boys and girls of our time? Miss Pyle evidently thinks so, and she has in the telling dispensed with unnecessary frilling and concentrated on action, which is after all what boyish hearts desire. To complete her task Miss Pyle provides the eight illustrations in the book.



From Nelson's Chummy
Book
(Nelson).

HUNG UP THE KEY
ON THE NAIL.

THE INVISIBLE WEAPONS.

By J. C. Silber. 10s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

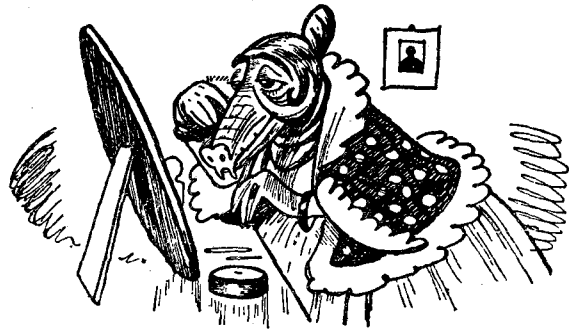
Secret Service, without romance, without revolvers, without excitement, and almost one might say without interest. The story of a German who worked throughout the War in the English Censors' Office. The chapters dealing with the author's own experience are the most interesting part, but he wanders down many paths and by-ways of conjecture and hearsay. In such chapters as "The Little Helpers" Mr. Silber goes at times beyond his own experience into the realms of doubtful history. The author was a brave man—but that does not make his book necessarily an interesting one to the ordinary reader.

PRAIRIE TRAILS AND ARCTIC BY-WAYS.

By Henry Toke Munn.

12s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Munn tells an interesting story of adventurous times, in simple and direct language that half conceals the danger of the paths he has trodden. Foxhounds in Canada, mining in the Klondyke rush, gold seeking in Baffin's Land, and "trading" with the Eskimos are all treated as in the day's work. The author's criticism on the relations of the "Company"



From Crocodile
From the Russian of
K. Chokovsky
(Mathews & Marrot).

MAMMA CROCODILE WITH
MANY "AH'S" AND "OH'S"
RUNS AT ONCE TO PUT SOME
POWDER ON HER NOSE.

and the "natives" bears the stamp of authority and calls the attention of the reader to the problems which "progress" presents even in the Arctic wastes.

PICTURE TALES
FROM THE RUSSIAN.

By Valery Carrick.

Translated by Nevill Forbes. 6s.
(Blackwell.)

This volume originally appeared in 1926. It is not surprising that a new edition has been called for. The Russian temperament is particularly sensitive in its understanding of childhood, and these short fairy and folk tales, in which animals (especially bears, of course) figure prominently, reflect the Russian genius in this respect at its best. The pen-and-ink sketches, of which there are two on each of the 183 pages, are thoroughly in keeping with a volume that is in every way distinctive, and which offers donors to children a safe and pleasant alternative to the more conventional annuals.

THE MONSTER BOOK
FOR CHILDREN.

2s. 6d. (Dent.)

This is an ideal book for children between the ages of about five and seven. The contents are mainly stories ranging from four to ten or twelve pages, and admirably suited to the tastes of boys and girls who have learnt to read for themselves. The writers include such well-known favourites as Mr. Arthur Groom and Miss Mabel M. Stevenson. There are several coloured plates and many illustrations in line; and the volume, printed in large, clear type on stout paper, running to 172 pages, and strongly bound in boards with coloured pictures, is a miracle of cheapness.



From Warne's Book of Nursery Rhymes
(Warne).

"THREE BLIND MICE,
SEE HOW THEY RUN."

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

TALES FROM HISTORY.

By N. Niemeyer. 6s. (Collins.)

What a delightful way of getting the rudiments of history, such a fascinating method could hardly fail to sow the seeds of a genuine love for the subject which will come in immensely useful later on. Eight coloured illustrations of outstanding people and events are also included.

THE SILVER SHIP.

By Lady Cynthia Asquith. 6s. (Putnams.)

One of the most charming of the season's gift-books, and certainly containing one of the best list of contributors. To mention only a few, there are Walter De La Mare, G. K. Chesterton, David Cecil, Susan Buchan, Compton Mackenzie, Lord Dunsany, Hilaire Belloc, besides many others equally well known. Lots of illustrations too, including a number of delightful ones by A. H. Watson, are here, and we must give a special word of praise to the charming cover by Oliver Messel.

BOY'S CINEMA ANNUAL : 1933.

6s. (Amalgamated Press.)

If your boy is a film fan he will be delighted with this book which contains nine thrilling film stories, a galaxy of photogravure plates, and nineteen pictorial articles. These latter embrace a wide range of subjects, and whether a boy's interest centres on the spectacular, the personal or the technical side of film-making, he will find something to his taste. There is a lot of out-of-the-way information



From *Ghost Husky*
By F. Haydn Dimmock
(Pearson).

UNERRINGLY LONG TAM
GUIDED THE TEAM THROUGH
THE BLIZZARD.



From *Janie of La Rochelle*
By Elinor M. Brent-Dyer
(Chambers).

"MA'AM, THEY ARE VANISHED!"

in "Unsung Heroes and Some Queer Film Industries." How many of an average cinema audience have any idea of the variety of jobs dependent upon the making of a picture? You can read about Rennie Renfro, who has sixty-five dogs at the disposal of studio managers "all trained to walk on their hind legs, to obey both vocal and printed signals," or the men who specialise respectively in lions, snakes, flags, weapons or even flies, moths and fleas.

There will be many a heartfelt pang of envy at the account of Jackie Cooper and the "Our Gang" comedy troupe; it is reassuring to hear that Jackie loves football and hated having his hair bleached.

THE PICTURE-SHOW ANNUAL : 1933.

6s. net.

Film journalism is not remarkable for its quality, but this comprehensive survey of the best pictures of the year will undoubtedly find a welcome. It is a convenience to have the latest portraits of your favourite film stars of both sexes gathered together in book form, and the information supplied with them will be useful and interesting for future reference.

There is no index, but a few articles are interspersed between the portraits which are however the main feature of the volume.



From *Anne of Queen Anne's*
By Ethel Talbot
(Warne).

"THE QUEEN'S FARTHING,
LITTLE ANNE, DEAR,"
WHISPERED OLD MISS
PERRIN.

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 15s. (Harrap.)

Surely such a title as this needs no recommendation, especially when it is illustrated by Arthur Rackham. And here we see some of his most delightful and characteristic work—wizened old women, gnarled old trees which assume all manner of grotesque expressions, quaint, vivacious mice, beetles, etc.—while the full-page coloured plates are a sheer joy.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

By Gertrude Hartman. 10s. 6d. (Routledge.)

This book is primarily intended for, and written for, the intelligent ten-year-old boy. But do intelligent ten-year-old boys read books about the world we live in? It can generally be said that only intelligent, or at any rate imaginative, boys read anything at all, apart from what is forced upon them. And even then, all but the exceptionally clever and precocious race avidly through the pages of adventure books and adventure stories in the more successful boys' magazines, though, naturally, if they are given a copy of "Treasure Island" they will find it equally satisfying, being to them little different from the ordinary monthly serials. When they are confronted with a book like Miss Hartman's they are first attracted by the pictures, and these in their turn incite them to go back and start at the beginning. It belongs, in fact, to the kind that they should read, won't go out of their way to read, but will read if it is put into their hands. But it depends almost

entirely on the skill of the author whether they are bored by the book and how much they will remember when they have reached the end. This is where Miss Hartman succeeds, for she has committed none of the faults one expects to find in books of this sort.

The book is really more accurately explained by its sub-title, "And How It Came To Be," for the author has, quite rightly, devoted most of her space to tracing the world's development. She begins by describing the atmospheric changes of the earth—with a welcome digression into the realms of elementary astronomy to serve as an explanation—and then tells of the first manifestations of life on land and sea. Continuing to the advent of man, his early struggles, his superiority over animals, his discoveries—the use of fire, the cultivation of the soil, the first boats—she proceeds to give an account of the building up and the destruction of empires and the everlasting change in "the march of civilisation." She concludes with a survey of the more outstanding inventions of modern times.

Books of this kind must be well, and profusely, illustrated. This book contains about two hundred illustrations. Miss Hartman is to be congratulated particularly on her choice: the pictures are excellent, some are reproductions of very beautiful work. The book is not long; while covering an astonishingly wide range the author has chosen the salient events and features of each period described and has not made the mistake of compressing a wealth of detail into too small a space, so that the reader can continue comfortably, without his interest suffering from a surfeit of material and fact. Miss Hartman writes well and simply; she can be understood by the youngest reader and yet manages to avoid conveying the impression that she is for ever "writing down" to a juvenile public.

Definitely one of the better books of its kind.

RUPERT JARDINE.



From *The Oxford Annual
for Boys*
(Oxford University Press).

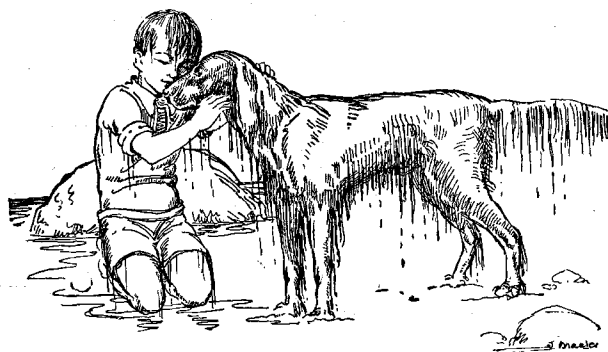
THE SLED DOG HAS A
HEALTHY APPETITE.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

WARNE'S BOOK OF NURSERY STORIES.

2s. 6d. (Warne.)

All children love a story at bedtime, and this collection is particularly suitable for ending the four and five-year-olds' perfect day. They will find nothing to arouse excitement



From *By Fireside and Candlelight*
By Mary Entwistle
(N.S.S.U.).

"GOOD ROVER! YOU ARE
THE BEST DOG IN ALL THE
WORLD," SAID JOHNNY.

or alarm, but simple tales of ordinary children with pets and toys and happily ending adventures.

A rather unusual and piquant effort by Norman Hunter explains why a Duke and a Marquis were found sitting



From *Warne's Book of Nursery Stories*
(Warne).

HE SAW A TINY PERSIAN
KITTEN.

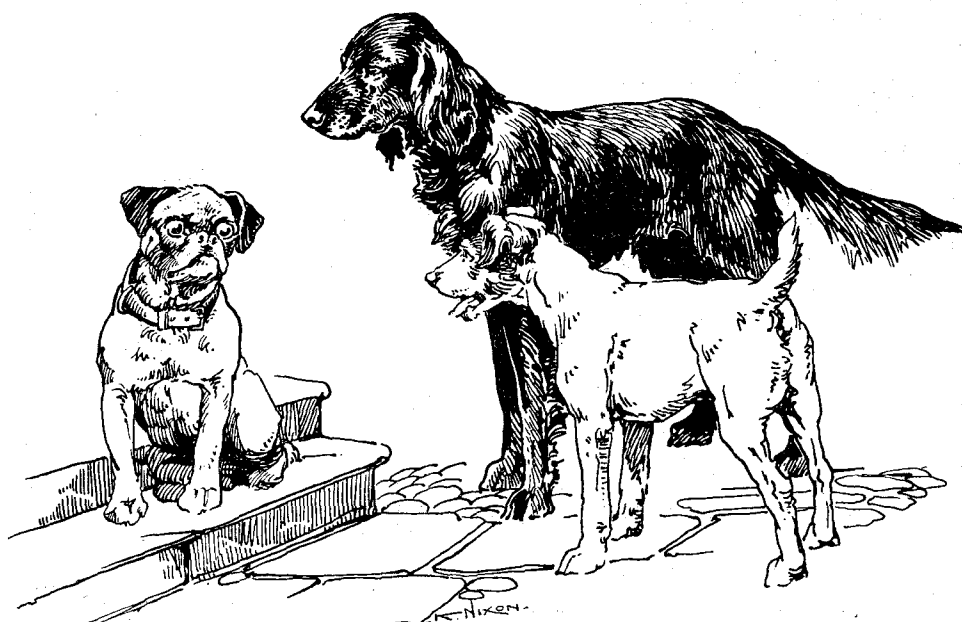
side by side on a dusty kerb in the High Street of Clickton-Pughole, and a child who is temporarily tired of his toys cannot do better than follow the advice of Jean Morton in "How Paddy Made a Thatched Cottage."

There are eight brightly coloured plates and numerous black-and-white illustrations.

THE FAVOURITE STORY BOOK.

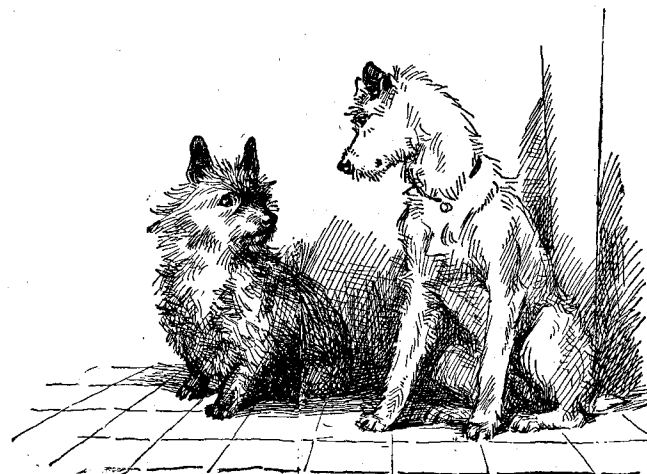
2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

This belongs to the popular series of "Bumpy Books." Have you ever seen a Glow-Worm Elf? Well you will if you peep into this book. There it is sitting on a mushroom keeping watch through the night to keep the Cross-Patch Pixies away. All sorts of other delightful creatures are there too and jolly children.



From *The Favourite Story Book*
(Ward, Lock).

"HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?"
THEY SAID.



From *Gentlemen Prefer Dogs*
By Eleanor Wallace
(Gerald Howe).

"I SETTLED DOWN BESIDE
MISS DOOLEY."

JACOB EPSTEIN.

By L. B. Powell. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

When "Genesis" was exhibited in London, one came away from the gallery with an uneasy feeling that one of two things must be all wrong. Either Epstein was a hooligan or else the whole business of art criticism, art-dealing and art-appreciation was stupid, pretentious and rather wicked. The critics all said entirely different things about "Genesis" and that lent colour to the latter theory. Epstein is a disturbing person and people who write about him are apt to look foolish. It will be easier in fifty years time perhaps to decide how "Day" and "Night" and "Rima," those cruel stabs in the complacency of modern London, came to be carved; how far Epstein was the child of his time, how far its prophet.

Mr. L. B. Powell has succeeded no better than others who have written about the sculptor. Indeed he is less interesting than some and is constantly hiding his thought in platitudes and jargon. There is far too much about "intensity of imagination" and "sublimity of conception," about "highly organised synthesis of experience" and "unencumbered awareness of significant things." Even in the chapter on "Epstein in the Studio," which ought to be interesting, we are put off with stuff about the room being "vitaly pregnant with art."

But there are forty good illustrations accompanied by a chronological list and the book is agreeably produced.

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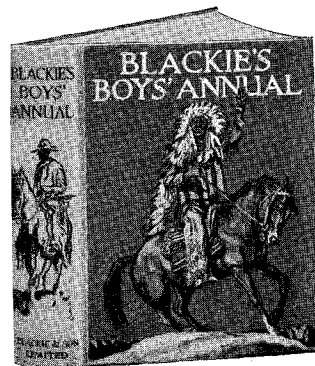
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

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By Eleanor Wallace. 5s. (Gerald Howe.)

If you enjoy slightly sentimental fiction about dogs, which is by no means the same thing as liking the animals themselves, you will probably like this book. It is the pleasantly written adventures of Remus, the God, and the Girl. Nothing happens much and Remus is credited with all sorts of human powers which I have never observed and should greatly resent in my own dogs; however, this is necessary to the existence of the book, which will doubtless prove a popular Christmas gift for certain kinds of people. It is amusingly illustrated by Miss Wilma Hickson.

SEA-STORIES OF TO-DAY.

By Cyril Hall. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

The nine chapters of this book, finely illustrated with eight half-tone pictures, make up a very fascinating volume of adventure and heroism on the sea. Mr. Hall has diversified the contents very skilfully and has wisely drawn them from very modern times. There could not be a finer story, for instance, than the wonderful journey of sixteen hundred miles made by the crew of the *Trevesa* in the ship's boats, after their vessel had foundered in the Indian Ocean. Then again, boys will thrill to read of Shackleton's adventures in the *James Caird*, or of how Captain Barbour safely reached Oban after being blown across the Atlantic from Newfoundland in 1930. After all, facts like these are better than any fiction, and we cordially wish this gallant chronicle the success it merits.



From *Exploring in Nature's
Wonderland*
By Freda Le Pla
(Alston Rivers).

**SOMETIMES PLAYING
HIDE AND SEEK AMONG
THE BLUEBELLS AND
WOODRUFF.**



From *Jill's Curmudgeon*
By Anne Macdonald
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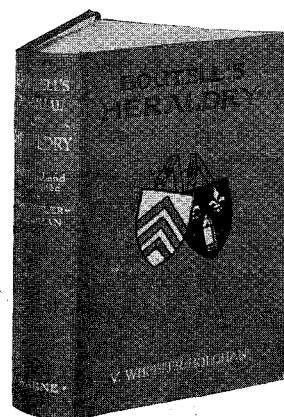
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The illustrated edition of Mary Webb's all too small heritage is very nearly complete. This makes the fifth volume and once again Norman Hepple has been responsible for the illustrations. One of the four coloured plates will be found elsewhere in this number and there are also quite a number of black-and-white illustrations and equally pleasing small decorations.



From What O'Clock Tales
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Blackie's still stand in the front ranks of those who provide lavishly for the youngsters at Christmas time and here is proof that their quality does not lag behind. Large in size and brimming over with excellent fare this volume will make hosts of new friends as well as retain the old ones. One glance at the contents page shows a number of well-known and reliable names.



From The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children
By Kenneth Grahame (Cambridge University Press).

A BOY'S SONG.

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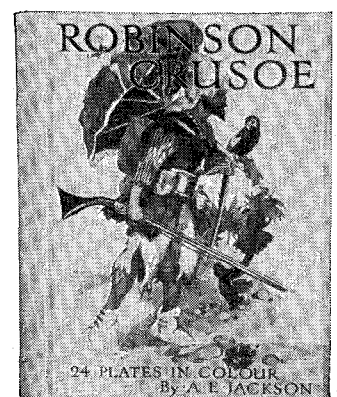
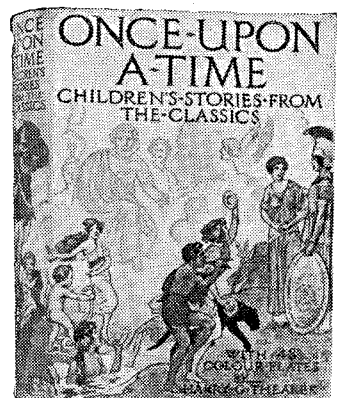
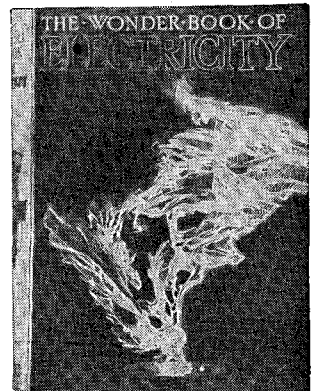
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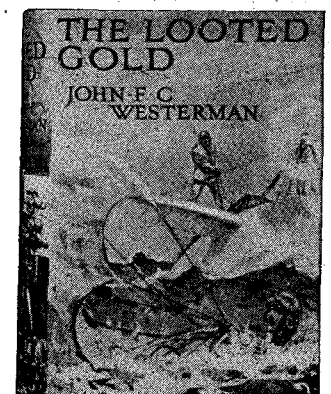
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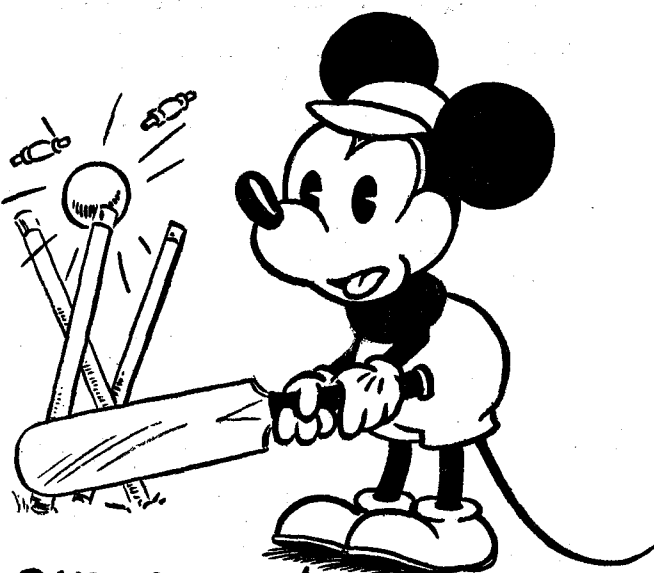
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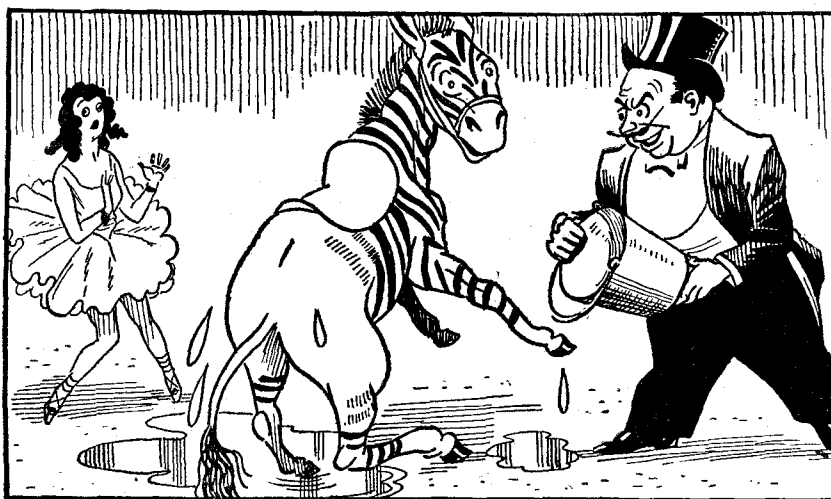
"All the queer and thrilling things
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MARY WEBB : HER LIFE AND WORK. By Thomas Moulton.
5s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Mr. Moulton has made a fascinating book of his authorised biography and literary estimate. He illustrates in his survey of the life the spiritual and technical growth from essay to verse and the novel. Nature was ever the "Spring of Joy"—her first book, of nature essays. Mrs. Webb's often precarious health had its compensation in the manner in which it fostered and furthered her literary powers. She had to get away from the adolescent influence of Jefferies and Sharp before she found herself the "Shropshire Lass." Her verse was often an echo, yet "Going for the Milk" is a piece only a woman on something of a par with a Hardy could have composed. In her fiction there is the brooding fate. "Summat strong and drodsome druv" her characters "as drives us all." A proud Salopian, she was never happy except when "round the Wrekin," as they say, though towards the end of her short life, literary London paid her tribute in Hampstead. Mr. Moulton's description of Mrs. Webb as market-woman is exquisite in its intimate perception; pathos and drollery.

EDGAR WALLACE. By His Wife. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.
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With such a theme, of seventeen years as secretary and wife-secretary, Mrs. Wallace can be said almost to out-Wallace Wallace. For all his wealth of creation, he himself was the noblest Roman of them all. Pride in belonging to Fleet Street, in the ability to turn out the requisite number of words to time—Mrs. Wallace has acted as express messenger too—was uppermost in Wallace's mind, even when his spate of fiction was at its most torrential, and stage and screen were claiming more and more of his attention. It is illuminating to know that Wallace considered his West African stories his best fiction (and there is work in them, good craftsmanship, which has scarcely had its due) and that he never dictated one line of the plays, but wrote them in longhand. "M'Lady," his first play (1921), was a fiasco. His innumerable cups of tea, and his Carrolline and Lear letters to his children, his generosity—Mrs. Wallace gives a hundred facets of a lovable man. In his work, if he was no god, he was a Titan, and from Pelion piled on Ossa. Some of his writing will remain individual and arresting.

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

PLAYBOX ANNUAL.

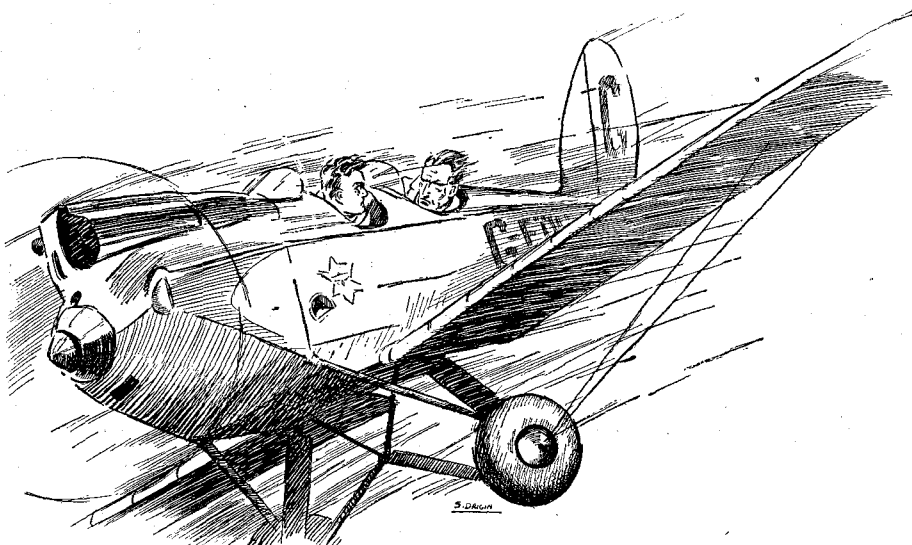
6s. (Amalgamated Press.)

You know what to expect when you see the jolly cover of this Annual, and you will not be disappointed when you peep inside. It is worthy of its long tradition which is saying no small thing, for this joyous feast of good things has delighted countless boys and girls during the twenty-five years of its existence. Of course those old friends the Bruin Boys take a good share in the fun—just look at their antics in the Editor's office—and there are heaps more besides.

TIGER TIM'S ANNUAL.

6s. (Amalgamated Press.)

The Bruin Boys again are up to all kinds of mischief, page after page shows them at their merry pranks, while a splendid easy-to-make toy model of their theatre is given with each copy of this Annual. What a jolly crew they are, you should not miss the picture of them carol-singing, and in addition there are quite a large number of all kinds of stories and endless pictures both black-and-white and coloured.



From Warne's Pleasure Book
for Boys
(Warne).

**DOWN, DOWN THEY RUSHED—
HELPLESSLY, AS IT SEEMED
TO JACK.**

cast," is well worth reading. But the rest of the book is nicely written dope. You can lean back in your arm-chair, confident that you need not think another thought until the book is done; then perhaps you may wonder: But what is the value of it all? Mr. Morton writes charmingly but has nothing whatever to say. Still, for those who want a rest, "Blue Days at Sea" is to be recommended.



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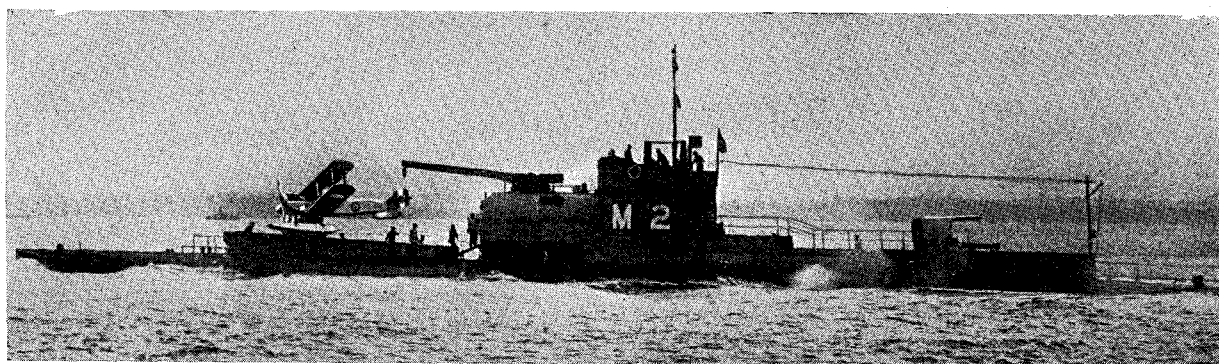
All sorts of devices have been used in stories for revealing the hiding places of secret treasure, but Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has struck something fresh in this thrilling narrative of the son of a Bristol pewterer who ran away to sea. The

BLUE DAYS AT SEA.

By H. V. Morton. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)

"Blue Days at Sea" is a collection of essays divided into three parts, about men, about women, and about places. The first part, which is really an account of Mr. Morton's visit to the Home Fleet, gives some pleasant and new information about the Navy, and the sketch "The Out-

only clue to the treasure he had was, not a map, not a mysterious document, but the chatter of a grey parrot. The eagerness of a seaman to buy the parrot when it was put up for auction aroused his suspicions, and so he went out after reckless adventure, and found all that he sought. Boys and girls who love a good exciting tale will revel in this one.



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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS [1932

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

By Eleanor Graham.
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What Miss Graham did for the festive season in her "Welcome Christmas" last year she has now done for the whole year round. And what a wealth of fascinating matter she has gathered together. All manner of quaint customs, legends, games, jokes, recipes, they range far and wide geographically as well as in age. Not only do we read of the customs

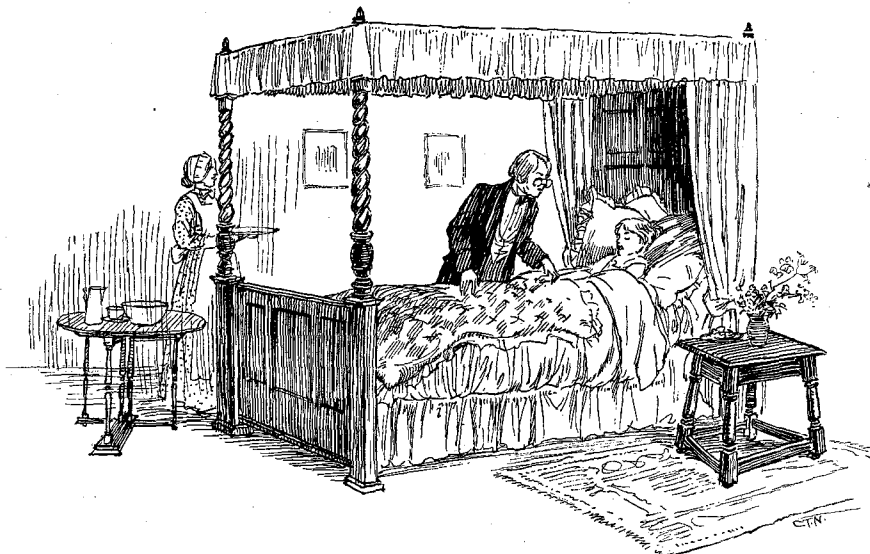


"GARLANDS WE'M USED TO
MAKE, MISS LUCY," SHE SAID.
From *High Days and Holidays*
By Eleanor Graham
(Benn.).

Priscilla M. Ellingford. This book has added not a little to our store of general knowledge, and is undoubtedly one of the essentials for the nursery library.

From *Mother Bunch*
By Madeleine Nightingale
(Blackwell).

themselves, but the variations through which they have passed and the several names by which they are known in different parts. Added to all this, for the sake of the younger ones, are interspersed fascinating tales of the jolly Rose family. The delightful illustrations have again been done by

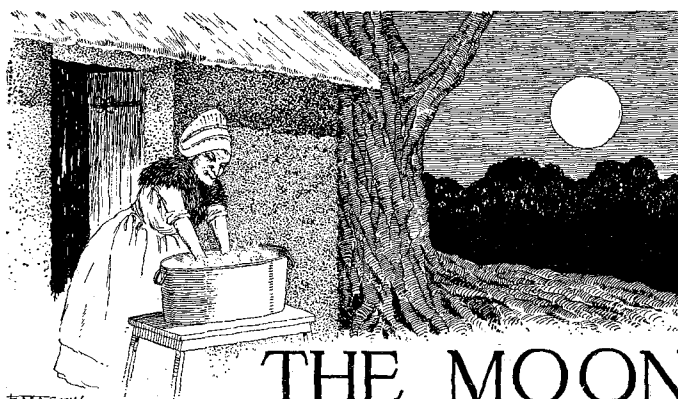


"WHY, IT WAS DR. SMITH!"

THE SAILORS' NELSON.

By Admiral Mark Kerr.
18s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

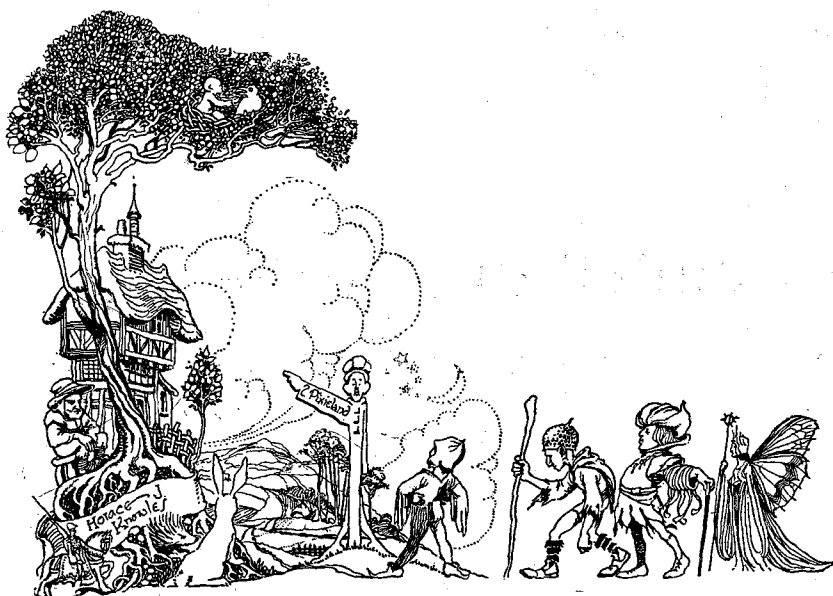
It might be thought that there were books enough already about Nelson, but it is probable that all who read



From *Breton Stories*
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(Black).

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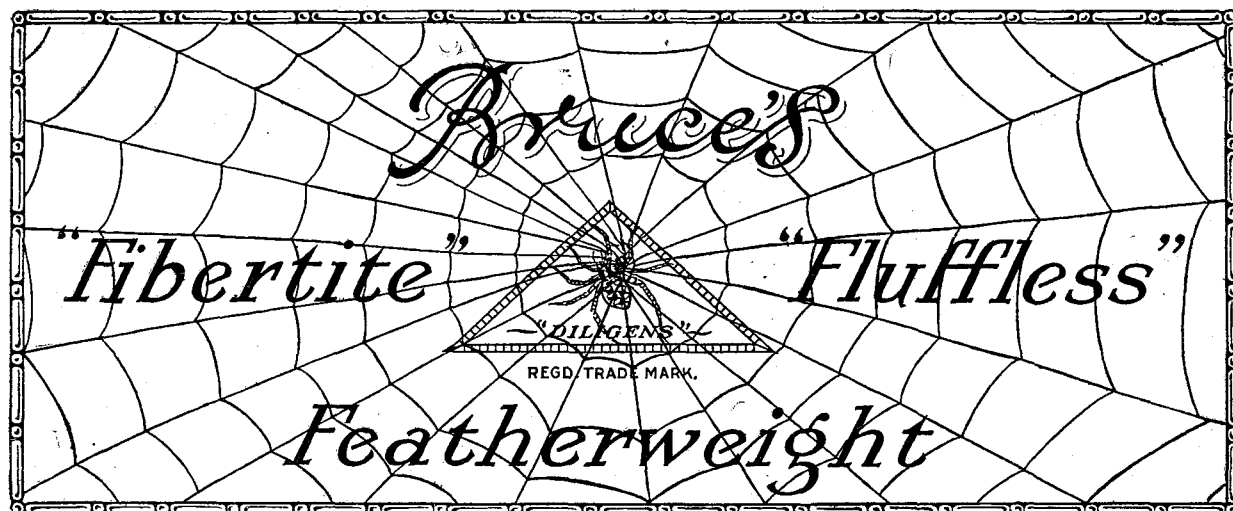
Admiral Mark Kerr's new book, which he very appropriately calls "The Sailors' Nelson," will think him abundantly justified in adding to the number.

A certain amount of the book—too much some may think—is devoted to technical discussion of Nelson's battles, and particularly to the old question of the attack at Trafalgar. Judging as the most ignorant of laymen, I feel the author makes out good case for his view as against that taken by Corbett and others. The bulk of the book however is a picture of a very human and delightful Nelson, giving us a portrait, more attractive perhaps and truer to life than most that we have had of our great national hero.

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By Alexander Bone.

Illustrated with wood engravings by Freda Bone. With an Introduction by H. M. Tomlinson.

7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

The author takes the title from his experience of seeing a photograph in the Press of his old ship, resting high and dry in a ship's graveyard in London's sailor town, her bowsprit pointing ashore. Recollections of thirty years' sailing are embodied in this book, and not all the memories are pleasant, as is indicated in his dedication "To Foreign Parts that taught me to like Home."

The earlier sketches vividly portray the many and varied characters that formed the ship's company in the old wind-jammers. "Sails," "Cookie," the captain's wife, the skipper's children, "Pot" and "Kettle," make good company.

Throughout the book, whether in "foreign ports," at our own East End Dockland, rum-running or in a "sailors' pub," the author entertainingly recounts, in delightful prose, stories and studies of a seafaring life spent partly in the sailing-ship era and subsequently in steam; from early days in the famous *Shenandoah* to a mine-sweeping flotilla in the North Sea, and finally with the "highjackers" in Rum Row.

H. M. Tomlinson's introduction and Freda Bone's woodcuts combine to perfect this admirable production.

CHILDREN'S TOYS OF YESTERDAY.

Edited by C. Geoffrey Holme.

7s. 6d. (*Studio*.)

This is one of the most interesting publications which the *Studio* has ever published. It shows in pictures the toys children have played with from the days of ancient Greece until the days of Queen Victoria, and emphasises the fact that whatever changes history has brought, it has not affected the things in which children delight. Those interested in the Queen's Doll's House as a record of our civilisation for posterity will welcome the illustration of the "Art Room" of the well-known Dutch Doll's House of 1700, which was intended as a model of that period. Another famous Dutch Doll's House of the same period, illustrated in this book, is that contained in an inlaid cabinet and made for Peter the Great but refused by him on the grounds of expense, while for those interested in our own country there are three photographs of the famous model in the London Museum, depicting Piccadilly in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

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In this book the principles underlying the modern examples of this most ancient art are expounded chiefly in illustrations. Mr. Wade points out and illustrates the elementary truth, so often ignored by creators of stunts, that "No amount of 'stunt' and grotesque treatments will be satisfactory unless they are based upon a sound knowledge of letter designing." This is an indispensable book for the commercial artist.

SKETCHING IN PEN AND INK.

By Donald Maxwell.

7s. 6d. (Pitman.)

The illustrator of so many of that charming series of the "unknown" counties here explains the secrets of his art for those who wish to gain success as pen-and-ink artists. For those who admire Mr. Maxwell's sketches the book is also the treasure house, in that it contains a very great number of his illustrations, while at the end there are representative drawings by other well-known artists in the same genre.

THE PENTAMERONE OF GIAMBATTISTA BASILE.

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The *Pentamerone* is the earliest collection of European fairy stories in existence, and for this reason appeals almost equally to the scholar, the folk-lore expert and the lover of good tales.

THAT PIG CLUB SUPPER WAS TO
REMAIN A HALLOWED MEMORY
NOT IN WILDASH ALONE, BUT
IN ALL THE SEVEN TOWNS OF
ALEMOOR.

But since it was written in the Neapolitan dialect, so archaic and local that even Italians have neglected it, it has remained practically unknown in England. Since its original publication early in the seventeenth century there have been only three complete editions—a German translation made by Librecht in 1846, the English one by Burton in 1893, and the Italian by Benedetto Croce in 1925. It is this work of Croce's which has been translated and annotated by Mr. Penzer. Beside the tales themselves are many illustrations, the preface by Croce, a full bibliography extending to over a hundred pages, which is of the utmost importance to collectors and, most important of all, a "folk-lore" addenda in which the correspondences between Basile and Grimm are noticed and various *motifs* analysed. There is also an essay on the "Folk-Tale Since Basile," by Dr. Stith Thompson.



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FAIRY TALES FROM WONDERLAND.

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These stories are familiar to a large and appreciative public in Holland and Germany and we fancy it will not be long before they are widely enjoyed over here. There is just sufficient difference about them to make them stand out from the usual run of fairy tales. Moreover the book is delightfully illustrated by John Hassall, a recommendation in itself.

WORDS AND NAMES.

By Ernest Weekley. 5s. (Murray.)

Professor Weekley may almost be said to have made a corner in words. Certainly no one writes more delightfully or entertainingly than he on etymology. In his new book he is concerned with one particular aspect of words—the way in which proper names have become part of our ordinary vocabulary. Many such as Mrs. Grundy and Tommy Atkins, and boycott and welching are familiar to most of us, but a great deal of the book contains surprising information—such as for instance the classification in the scale of virtue of men's and women's names. The book is fascinating.



From *The Bruin Boys' Annual*
(Amalgamated Press).

"GIVE EACH OF THEM A NICE BIG DOSE,
PORKY BOY," SAID MRS. BRUIN.

IRISH AIRS.

By D. M. Large. 5s. (Constable.)

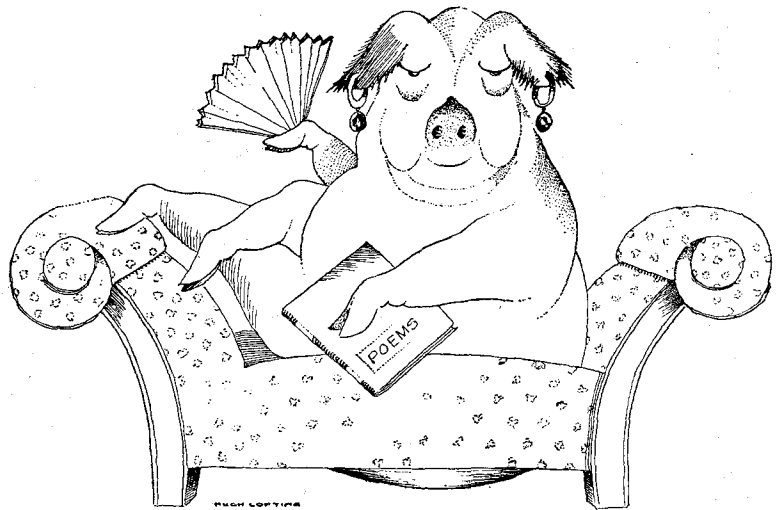
A book of charming sketches of Irish village life, which might be described as a cross between the Irish "R. M." and George Birmingham's unforgettable Ireland. It is illustrated by George Morrow, who has caught excellently in line the spirit of Mrs. Large's pictures in prose.

LEAP-HOME AND GENTLEBROWN.

By Frieda Hauswirth Das. Illustrated by the author. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

Mrs. Das writes an odyssey of a tribe of the sacred grey Hanuman monkeys which abound in some parts of India. There is a "serious shortage of vitamin X, Y and Z." King Gentlebrawn convenes his monkey parliament.

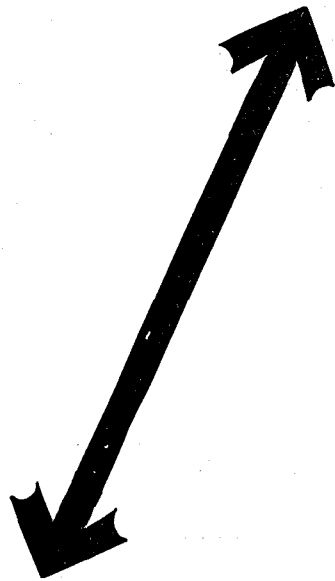
There is a migration and a raid on a village moneylender's hoard of rice during the famine. The monkeys attend the festival of Puri, the Lord-of-the-World, Jaganatha enthroned. There all is as dust, but dust that is sacred, man, beast, stone, all creatures are equal. The tricks of



From *Gub-Gub's Book*
By Hugh Lofting
(Jonathan Cape).

the monkeys in the temple and the bazaar make the liveliest reading. Jungle ways, with prowling leopards and snakes, provide thrills by the score. And thrill is used in no perfunctory sense. There is a primitive starkness in the writing and in the manner in which the jungle fauna and flora encompass the mind. The sands of Mahanadi prove the undoing of the tribe, already half dead of thirst. Leap-Home, young and something of a coward, deserts his tribe. It would be unfair to detail his atonement for his cowardice. Mrs. Sarangadhar Das has written a tale perfect in its kind. It is not too much to say that it is unique, a masterpiece. The human element, both Indian and European, materialist, Yogi, tourist, is woven into the magnificent tapestry with a deft hand. Character sketches of a few lines remain graven on the mind, raja, rane, untouchable, Sitabai, emblem of new womanhood in India and womanhood still æons old. One hardened reviewer has smiled and chuckled many times over these pages—and a tear has been forced to his eye at least once.

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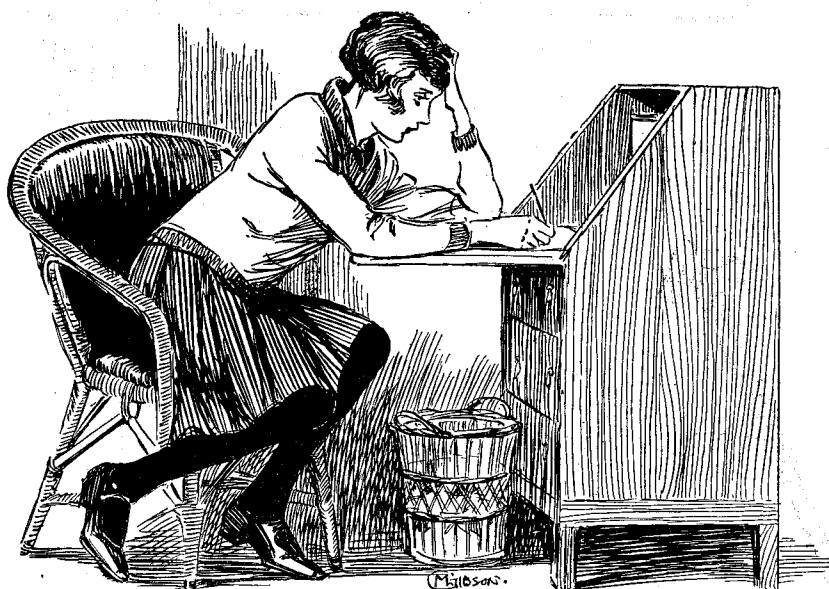
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of many boys and girls who are too young to read prepared selections from the plays. It is generally in vain to cavil at the contents of a selection, but we confess to some surprise at the inclusion of "Measure for Measure" and "All's Well that Ends Well." It is not that the accounts of these dreary plays are not very tactfully handled, but the fact is that in rendering them suitable for juveniles the anonymous compiler has had to alter them almost

beyond recognition. There is a capital foreword by the late Dr. Furnivall, and a number of very alluring illustrations by Mr. Bacon and other artists.



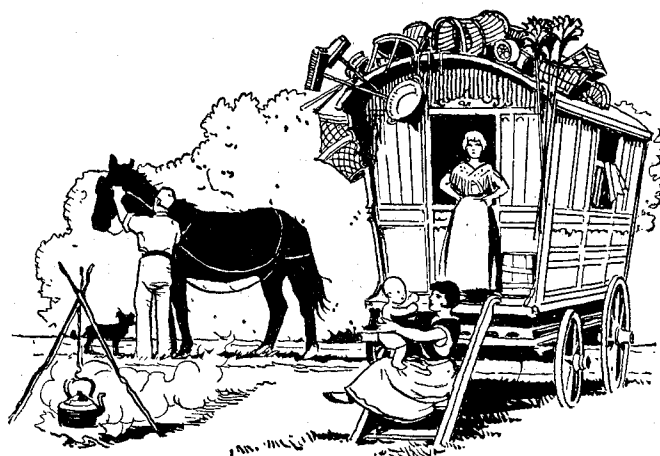
ORLANDO—FROM "AS YOU
LIKE IT."

From *Shakespeare Tales*
for Boys and Girls
(Raphael Tuck).

TWILIGHT STORIES.

By Gladys Peto. 3s. (Shaw.)

Miss Gladys Peto has not only done all the pictures in this fine big volume for children, but has written all the stories as well. The book will appeal to girls rather than to boys, for most of the stories are about girls and the illustrations are in that charmingly decorative style, dainty both in line and colour, which many girl would-be artists try to imitate. Some of the coloured plates, such as the one of little girls at a party, are exceedingly attractive.



From *John and Mary*
and Tommy
By Eleanor McLaren Brown
(Oxford University Press).

SHE DANCED HER BABY
ON HER KNEE.

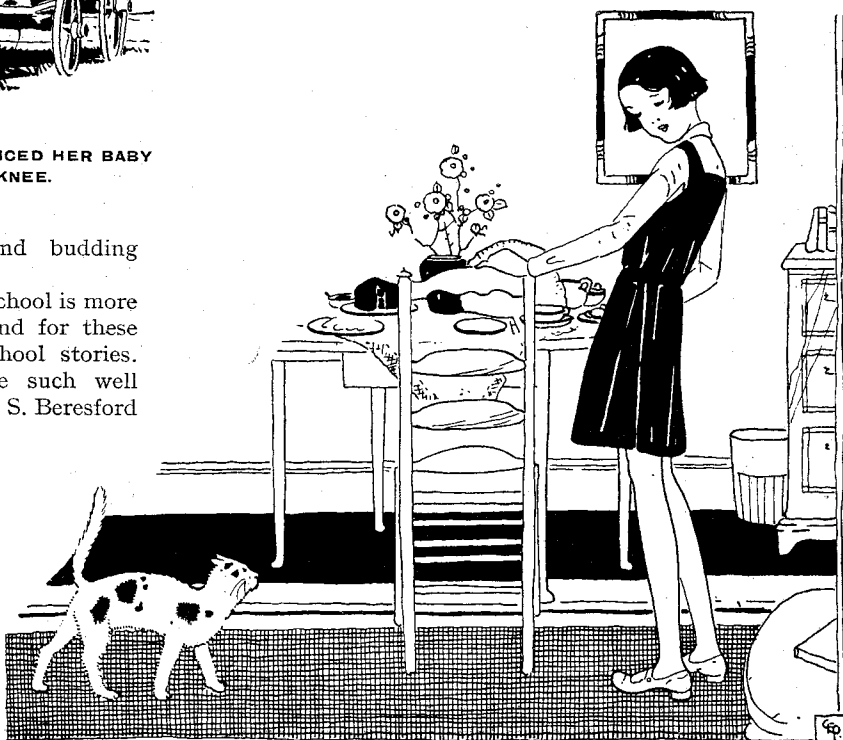
times, these amateur detectives, pilots and budding politicians are still in their 'teens.

There are some girls to whom the world of school is more absorbing than any other scene of action, and for these A. E. Seymour provides three excellent school stories. Numbered among the other contributors are such well known names as May Wynne, Leonora Fry and S. Beresford Lucas.

SHAKESPEARE TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

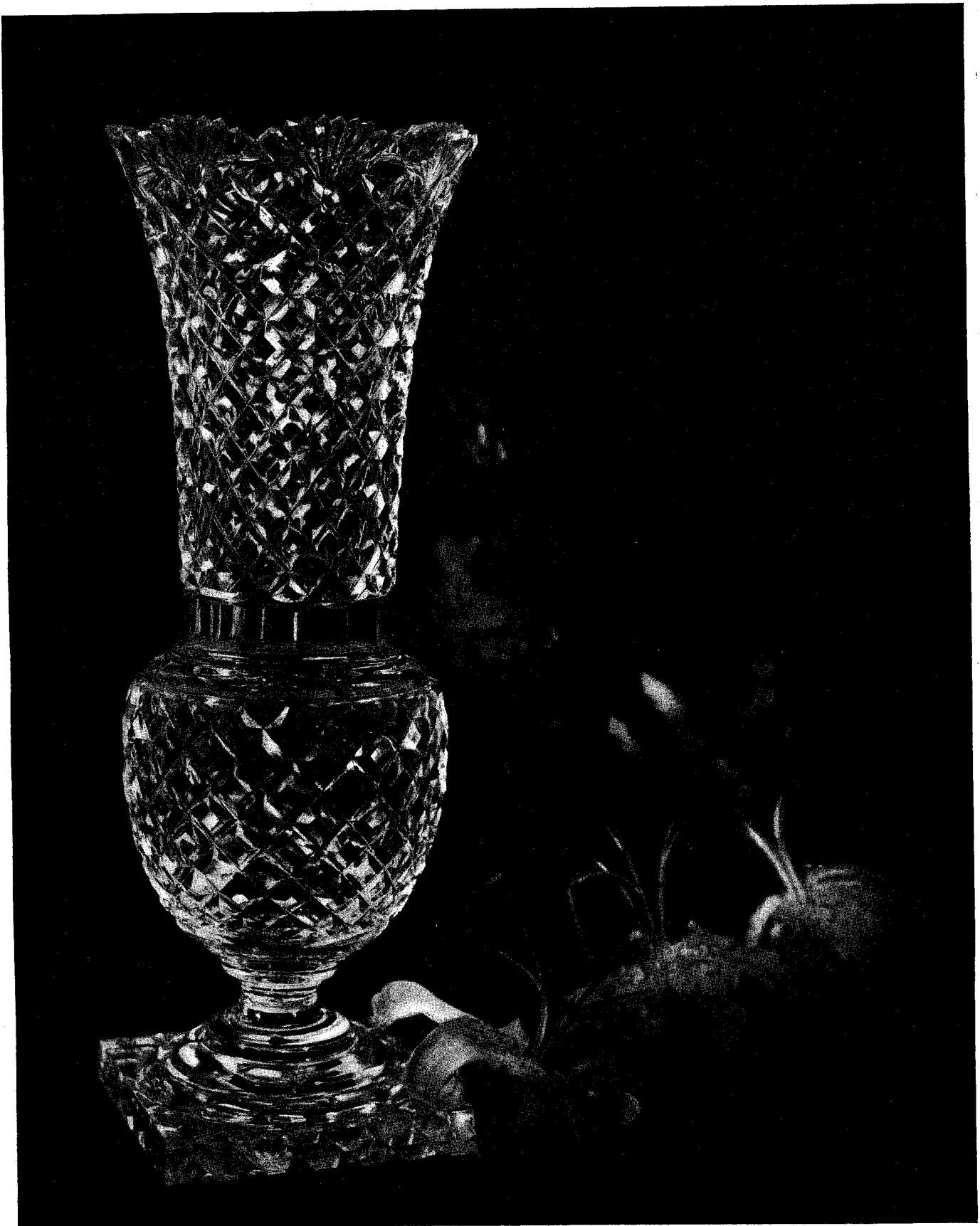
Illustrated by J. H. Bacon and others.
3s. 6d. net. (Raphael Tuck.)

This is a simply written epitome of twenty-one of Shakespeare's plays, profusely illustrated in colour and in black-and-white. The book will no doubt whet the appetite



From *Twilight Stories*
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35I

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

WINGED HORSES.

By Roger Chance.
7s. 6d. (Lovat Dickson.)

Mr. Chance has essayed the difficult task of rendering in the form of a novel the glory that was Greece at the close of the fifth century B.C., and of what lay under the glory. Here is love and war, and much of the authentic Attic salt and liveliness is in the athletic narrative, particularly of course in the dialogues which, platonic or otherwise, are a vital part of his scheme. He has succeeded in making his account of Spartan ruthlessness and Athenian intrigue the more memorable by his restraint and lucidity. The book is by no means a Madame Tussaud's or Wardour Street version. Almost frieze-like, it is worthy of its theme.

THE WONDER BOOK OF ELECTRICITY.

5s.
(Ward, Lock.)

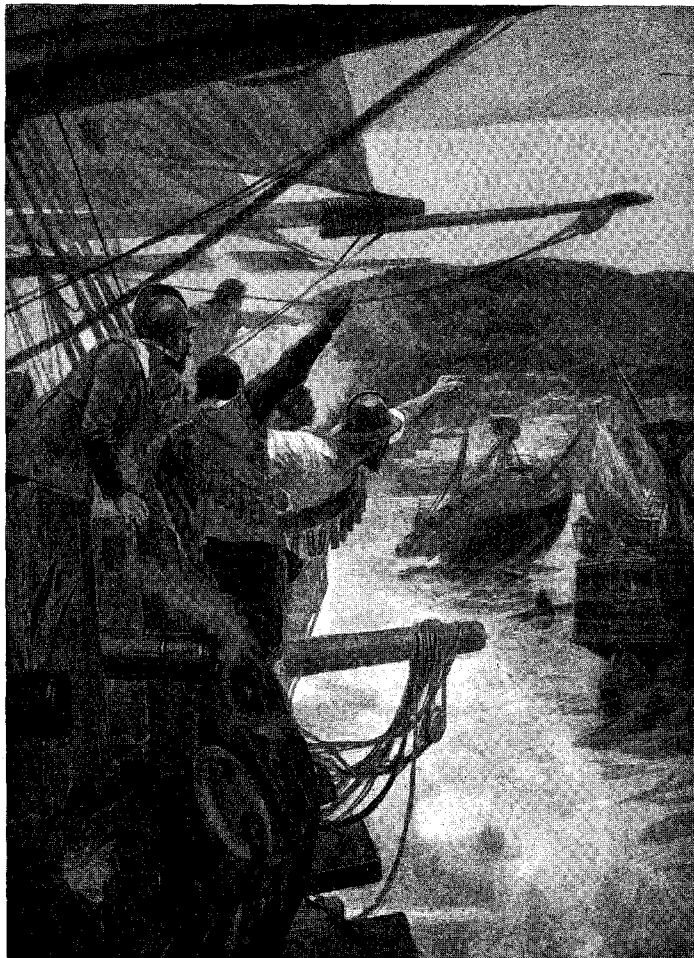
This has been a very popular series from the start, and has always kept well abreast with the march of progress. Eight coloured plates, three hundred illustrations and a most fascinating list of articles by Professor A. M. Low and other eminent authorities make this latest addition as valuable an asset as any of them. There will be small response from the boy who is fortunate enough to become engrossed in it.

EIGHT BELLS.

By Lieut.-Colonel W. P. Drury.
7s. 6d. net.
(Rich & Cowan.)

An excellent yarn with its vignettes of life in far-flung ports, on bomb-ketch, frigate and battleship of the line. The Petronella of the first part is a delightful and endearing minx, and her love-story

is devoid of sentimentality. Perhaps the device by which the book gains its title might have been less obviously a device, and the humour less like comic relief. But the characters have the breath of life, even though they are handicapped by the occasional intrusion of the supernatural—and the long arm of coincidence.



From *Tales of Empire*
By J. E. Ray
(Sheldon Press).

THE BRITISH SEIZURE OF JAMAICA, 1655. PENN AND VENABLES SINKING THE SPANISH FLEET.

(From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville,
by permission of the London Electrotypes Co.)

THE SCARLET STRIPE.

By "Taffrail."
7s. 6d. net.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

This purports to be the record of a naval surgeon both in the War and afterwards. It makes breathless reading, though told in the unpretentious manner of one to whom being torpedoed, suffering privations in an open boat for eight days, being captured by pirates in Chinese waters, and rescuing a Russian girl from her persecutor, was all in the day's work. Three of the most thrilling episodes are vouched for as true, and the rest of the story is convincingly actual. This is a book that in the reading warms the heart with its glimpses of good comradeship and unquestioning heroism in the face of overwhelming disaster.

DECLINE AND FALL OF THE LABOUR PARTY.

By John Scanlon.
7s. 6d. (Peter Davies.)

A most brilliantly written and scathing indictment of Labour policy leading up to the crisis of 1931, by one who has had a very intimate knowledge of the labour movement

from the beginning. The bitterness of his attack is directed chiefly against the leaders of the movement. Its lesson to one reader, at least, is that Labour can never be successfully led by anyone who has risen from its own ranks. The book is one of the most important political publications of the year.



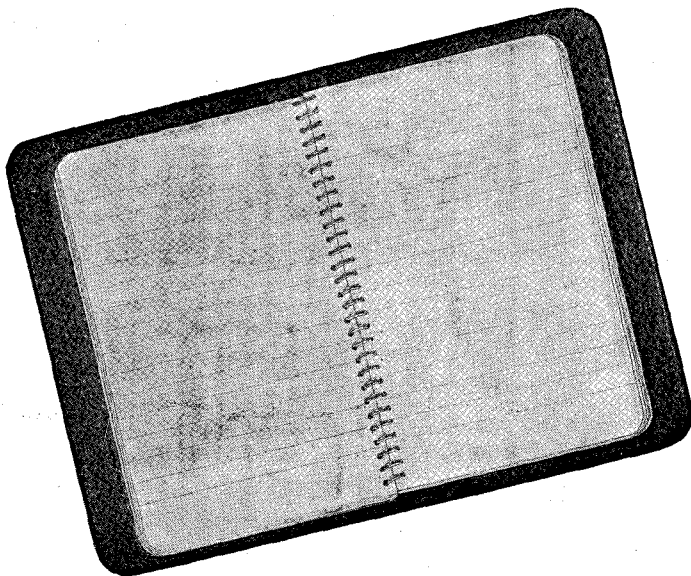
From *The Wonder Book of Electricity*
(Ward, Lock).

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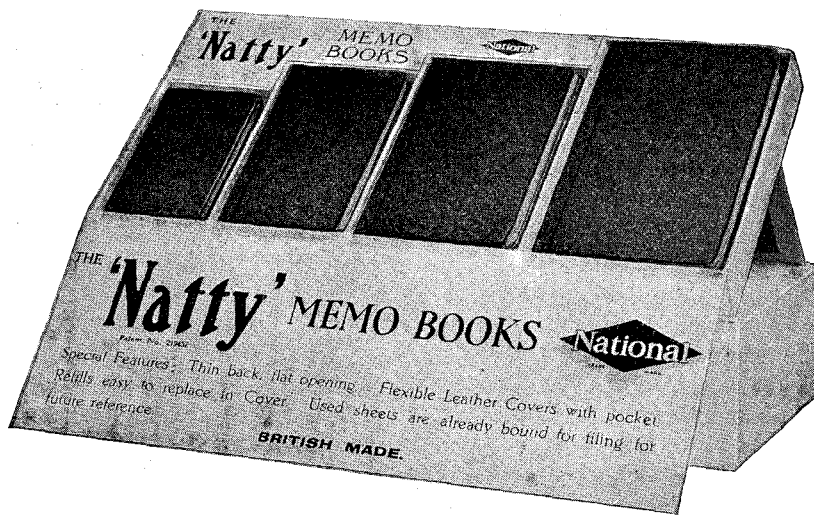
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

THE CHILD'S OWN LIMERICK BOOK.

By Langford Reed. Illustrations by J. P. Sayer. 5s. (Archer.)

Mr. Langford Reed has had the happy idea of using his gift of composing limericks to brighten history, geography and zoology. For instance, if you remember what the bad boy of Omdurman did, is it likely that you would forget that Omdurman is a city in Sudanese Africa? especially as such useful scraps of information appear in foot-notes.

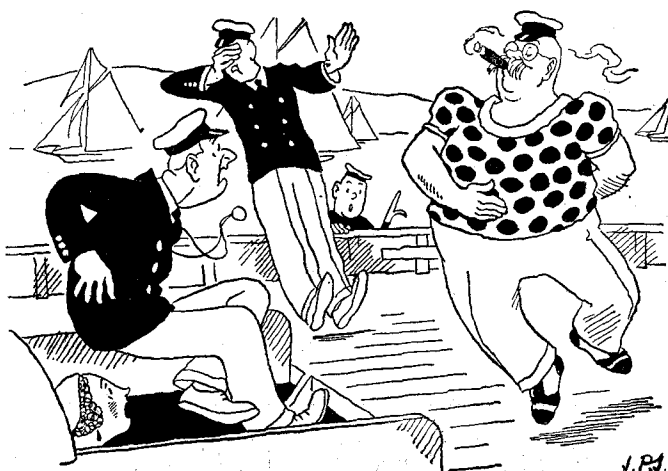
There are also some nomenclatory limericks, and if any recipient of the book finds that his name is omitted—even should his name be Agamemmon, Abimelech or Bartholomew—Mr. Reed is willing—or should one say rash enough—to promise to supply the deficiency.

Taken in single doses, and limericks are better thus, they will give rise to many a hearty laugh, while a straightforward perusal of the book makes one marvel at the consistent quality of Mr. Reed's invention.

GRACE DARLING AND HER TIMES.

By Constance Smedley. 18s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

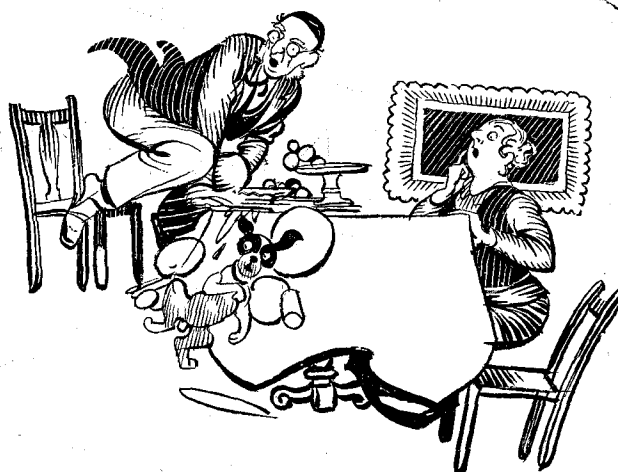
I rather question whether the size of Mrs. Smedley's new *Life of Grace Darling* is justified by the importance



From *The Child's Own Limerick Book*
By Langford Reed
(Archer).

THERE WAS AN OLD GERMAN
AT COWES
WHO APPEARED IN AN ELEGANT
BLOUSE.

of the subject or from the general interest in it. Without in any way detracting from the glory of the heroine's achievement, it is permissible to doubt whether anyone wants to know every minute detail of her life, still less the details of the lives and careers of the quite unimportant and uninteresting people whose lives touched hers. This means in effect that Mrs. Smedley's hard research work would probably have received a greater reward if she had made a smaller book out of them. I am bound to confess that I was thrilled by the account of the actual rescue of the victims of the wreck. If the book goes to another edition, I suggest that Mrs. Smedley should consider again her dates. George Eliot and Jane Austen strike one as a queer pair of contemporaries, and the relative positions of



From *So This is Science*
By H. F. Ellis
(Methuen).

ASTRONOMER AND HIS WIFE
REGISTER AGITATION.

Queen Victoria and Dickens and Thackeray want revising. While in this vein may I also register a protest against the vulgar use of "re" for "concerning" except in legal documents.
R. S. F.

DIARY OF A STAGE-STRUCK.

By Donald L. Henderson. Illustrated by A. R. Harrison. 5s. (Houghton.)

This book has something of the cheerful inconsequence and underlying good sense of the famous "Diary of a Nobody." For all its latter-day spirit of superficiality which finds sentiment abhorrent, despite an English equivalence to an Anita Loos-ness, it is not without a touch of the "At the Breakfast Table" series. "It has just crossed my own mind that Kent is a very nice county indeed, and that I, too, am very fond of cowslips and little country cottages. So what's to stop me, when we get on board the train, taking her along to the restaurant car . . ." So neat a turn rightly crowns an account of the ups and downs, the hazards, the behind-the-scenes, of a theatrical touring company.

I REMEMBER.

By J. J. Bell. 7s. 6d. (Porpoise Press.)

In this book the Glasgow of the seventies and eighties lives again. Mr. Bell remembers what the history books usually forget—the everyday life of the common people, their business, homes, entertainments, joys and sorrows. Gently ironic, humorous and sympathetic, he possesses the rare gift of making the most commonplace events appear fascinating, of turning the most ordinary life into a high adventure.



From *The Oxford Annual for Girls*
(Oxford University Press).

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From Margaret Tarrant
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'TIS TIME FOR ALL MY
WOODLAND FRIENDS.

THE MARGARET TARRANT BIRTHDAY BOOK.

THE ROSE FYLEMAN BIRTHDAY BOOK.

3s. 6d. each.

(Medici Society.)

What could be a more delightful gift for the festive season or even any time of year, than one of these most attractively produced books. In the first there are twelve plates in colour by that real artist of fairyland, Margaret Tarrant, while the quotations are selected by Frank S. Coles. The second book has a Rose Fyleman quotation for nearly every day and is illustrated throughout by Muriel Dawson and Margaret Tarrant. They are both delightful, but perhaps we should add that the second is intended for the tiny tots and the first for those a little older.

SAYS HE.

By Dum-Dum. 3s. 6d. (Constable.)

Despite Dum-Dum's almost Americanese title he is, as is seemly in a contributor to *Punch*, as English as they make 'em. By the way, he pleads for the adoption of the *Pinafore* ditty, "He is an Englishman," as our national song. Facetious he is—there is a paper on Lepine, "Of facetious memory" graved on a Faversham tombstone—but feately facetious. "Braces are recondite things." Talking of night-caps, he comments, "They boiled port. The man who would boil port would boil his mother like an egg." On golf (in Uganda), on operatics, football-cum-music, on making the landscape harmonise with gasometers—much meant, one fears, sarcastic, but without the slightest bitterness—Dum-Dum is irretrievably dyed with the woad. Wodehouse, one might say.

GOOD NEEDLEWORK GIFT-BOOK.

6s. (Amalgamated Press.)

Here are myriads of ideas. Those who know what they want are sure to find it, and those who do not will find plenty of suggestion. Probably the latter are largely in the majority for we are generally on the look-out for something fresh in this direction, and those who possess this alluring book will be well occupied for a long time to come. The ideas are not only well illustrated but thoroughly explained and in most cases the transfer designs are procurable at the addresses given. We can hardly imagine a more welcome gift to the devotee of art-needlework.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ROLLING STONE.

By Norman Norman.

3s. 6d.

(Lincoln Williams.)

Mr. Norman, Tpr., Legion of Frontiersmen, has had a life full of romance, and that of the most thrilling order, in late Victorian England, Australia, Canada, before the mast and in the Great War. And he has a happy knack of making his account of it all read like real romance. His ability to turn to almost any kind of job and get away with it brought him all kinds of adventures, which lose none of their real humour in the telling. Quite a number of good photographs are also included.



From Magic Flowers
By Barbara Todd
(Medici Society).

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

MOONSHINE AND MAGIC.

By Alison Uttley. With illustrations by William Townsend. 6s. net. (Faber & Faber.)

With gay cover-boards, and a wealth of pictures inside, here is a volume of nearly thirty stories that are like no other stories the children have had told to them before. Humans and shadows, animals and insects, trees, winds, flowers, all are touched with magic which is made to seem beautifully "everyday" and real. Grandfather can come out of his clock, and Cuckoo come out of his, and have a day off together; a tree can walk about; a zephyr can play tricks; indeed countless things can happen that might, seemingly, happen any day if children only keep



From **Young Hopeful**
By Jennie Dunbar
(Herbert Jenkins).

**JOHNNY WON THE
PILLOW FIGHT.**

their eyes open and their ears ready to hear. One thing we are very glad about, and that is that the bull, who has always been imagined as a clumsy fellow in a china shop, has his reputation saved and his character cleared by Alison Uttley. His conduct in Miss Timpitty's china shop was incomparable. The pictures are full of the details children love.

MOCK UNCLE.

By Brenda E. Spender. Drawings by J. H. Dowd. 6s. (Country Life.)

It is difficult to praise too highly this delightful story of Little Pitters, Jimsey, Ruffie, Jeremima, the Distin-



From **Nelson's Jolly Book
for Boys**
(Nelson).

**THE LANGUAGE OF
TRACKS AND TRAILS.**



From **Moonshine and Magic**
By Alison Uttley
(Faber & Faber).

guished Ancestor and the Uncle who came to spend Christmas at the wrong house. It is told with such tenderness, such humour, such understanding, it might almost have been written by Barrie. The characters are wonderfully alive, both in the story itself and in Mr. Dowd's sensitive pencil drawings. Author and artist combined to produce that admirable book, "Important People," and now they have scored another brilliant success, one that will endear them to children and grown-ups alike.



From **Mock Uncle**
By Brenda E. Spender
(Country Life).

NELSON'S JOLLY BOOK FOR BOYS.

3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

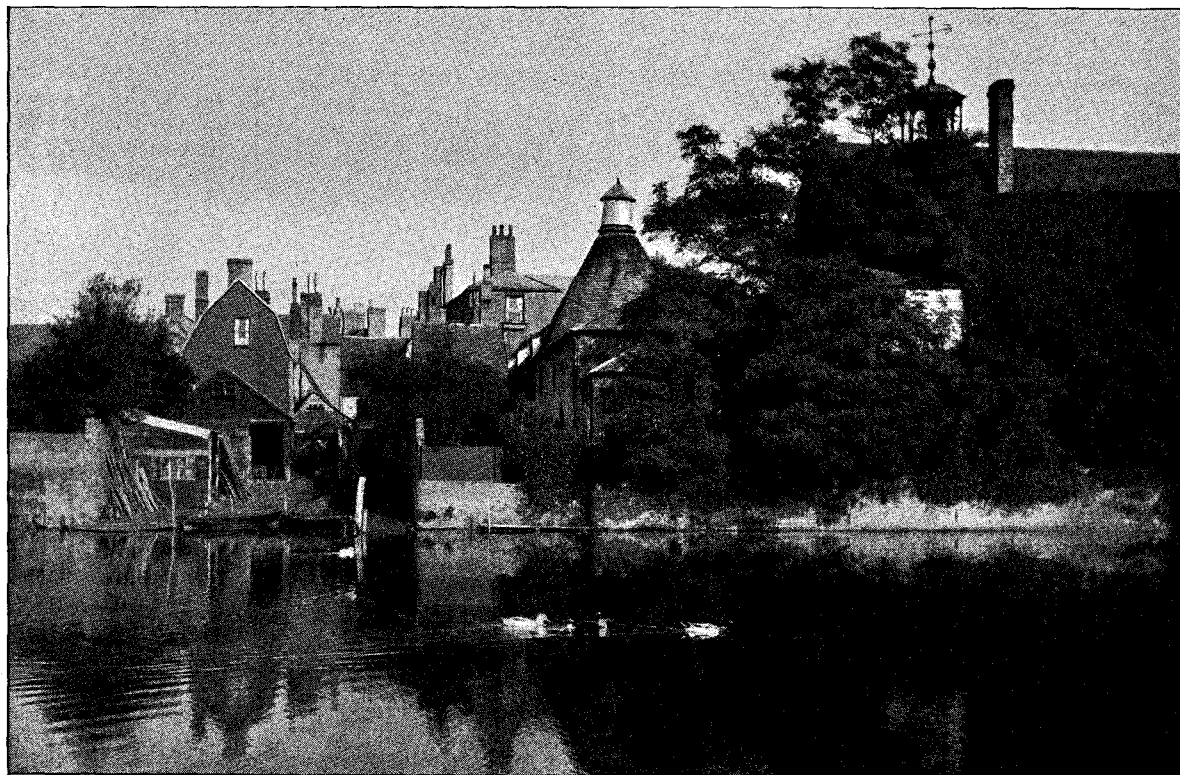
Is your boy a scout? If so, he can pick up some useful hints from Major Gorman about indoor scouting and sack sports. Does he revel in school stories? Here he will find plenty, with boxing, cricket, haunted dormitories and firework displays as the central idea. Or does he prefer tales of heroism and adventure? Here are pirates, smugglers, rescues from drowning and a brave episode of the days of William of Orange. Humour is provided by Edmund Burton in "'Stinks' goes into Business," where a so-called cold cure is found to have a marvellous effect on bald heads. Most tastes usually attributed to small schoolboys are catered for and the volume is well printed and illustrated.

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DOG BOOKS OF THE DAY

A Dog and His Master.

By Coulson Kernahan. 2s. 6d. (Epworth Press.)

Our Friend: The Scottish Terrier.

"Our Friend, the Dog" Series. Edited by Rowland Johns. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The Bunch Book.

By James Douglas. 6s. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

Scotty: The Adventures of a Highland Fox.

By Frances Pitt, M.F.H. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)

by Major A. J. Dawson

The trouble with our dog books remains what it has always been. The most informed authorities are rarely accomplished writers, and the best writers seldom have technically expert knowledge of dogs. Gratefully we cherish such doggy writings as those of Mr. Kipling and Mr. E. V. Lucas; but they could probably divert us, if they chose, regarding the differential calculus or blight in turnips. When however a full man of letters—poet, essayist, critic, story-teller—truly has practical knowledge of dogs and dog-keeping, and presents us with his long-garnered learning in book form, the result is something to be welcomed by every lover of the "First Friend." Such is Mr. Coulson Kernahan's gift. Ostensibly the record of a dog, it is in fact an illuminating study of human-canine relations, more truly informing than many technical handbooks, and, albeit well printed and bound, presented at a price which, having regard to its quality, should win it place on the shelves of every dog-owner.

Readers whose hearts go out to Mr. Coulson Kernahan's "Shanny" will derive special satisfaction from the little volume issued at the same modest price under Mr. Rowland Johns's editorship. "Our Friend, The Scottish Terrier" is not a monograph for the fancier, but a useful little guide for admirers—

especially for would-be owners—of the cloddy little Diehards fra' Aberdeen. Some of the counsel it offers, as on "How to Buy a Pet Scottie," may have a slightly babyish ring for experienced ears; and its treatment of the vital matter of feeding—"... one good meal at night and an 'eleven

o'clock' of warm milk in the morning..."—is hardly either sound or adequate. But its general and descriptive passages are helpful, and it should appeal to many novices.

"The Bunch Book" concerns another Terrier type: the much-loved Sealyham, and will be treasured in many a home by virtue of its generous allowance of drawings by Cecil Aldin: that admirable portrayer of dogs whose pencil can convey a whole laughable chronicle of canine daily life in a few strokes. "The reason I asked her to spell Sealyham may seem frivolous to you. But I happened to have met a man named Seely, and I disliked him more than any man I have ever known. If Sealyham had been spelt Seelyham all would have been finished. ... As it was, I could put up with Sealyham. ... It may be said that Bunch and I might have been separated for ever over a gangrenous punctilio of vowels." That is very much Mr. Douglas's way throughout; and if it does not happen to suit your mood, the book's illustrations almost surely will—a most rewarding collection.

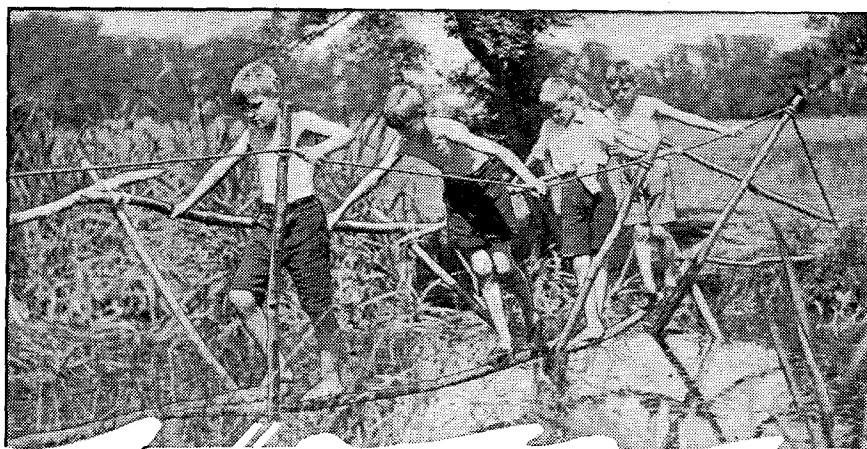
"Scotty" is not strictly a dog book, but the quite charming story of a Highland fox's adventures, recorded by a sympathetic artist (one may say by two artists, for the many illustrations by Persis Kermse are admirable) and M.F.H., whose earlier animal studies have won deserved esteem throughout a wide circle of readers. Withal,

Scotty was nurtured as and among dogs in puppyhood, before ever he heard the call of the wild among his native fells; and his story as here most skilfully unfolded does really make a delightful dog book, enriched by hunting life and lore, and by first-hand insight into the experiences of a fox. This stirring open-air tale should win



From Rivals of the "Rampant"
By Stanton Hope
(Sheldon Press).

IT PROVED TO BE A RAKING
BROADSIDE FROM ONE OF
THE PRACTISING SHIPS.



From The Scout Annual, 1932
(Pearson).

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

special favour in the present-giving season, distinguished as it is by exceptional knowledge of its theme and authentic literary quality in its writing.

THE AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF CHRIST.

By Kazimir de Proszynski. Edited by J. H. Schonfield. 5s. ("Search.")

Very little has been written in English of the shroud of Turin. The vestment was lost during the early Christian centuries. The relic came to light again in Constantinople in the eleventh century; the oldest unquestionable documents date from the fourteenth century. As M. Proszynski says, the result of the photographic experiment will be more appreciable when the phenomena of radiations themselves are better understood. There are many things in heaven and earth uncomprehended in our philosophies. Mr. Schonfield contributes a good historical supplement.

LAUNCH : A Life-boat Book.

By Major-General Seely. 1s. paper, 2s. 6d. cloth. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"The circumstances must be these: it must be winter; it must be dark; it must be a storm; the service must be arduous and prolonged. All these conditions fulfilled . . .



THE FOX WAS A NOBLE SIGHT.

From Scotty
By Frances Pitt
(Longmans).

you receive the sum of thirty florins." So General Seely concludes his moving story of the origin, growth and achievements of the Life-boat Service. This is the maximum "compensation" permitted to men who voluntarily put boats out to sea in tempests which shatter great ships. Money is voluntarily raised for this service, to make it second to none, and to cherish our national

ideal. And men are found, ready. A life-boatman himself, General Seely has done gallant work, this book not least. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales recommends the book especially to those inclined to lose confidence in our future. It will, he states in his introduction, put courage into them.

BLACKIE'S BOYS' ANNUAL.

5s.

It is questionable whether the modern boy, who has lately come in for some of the publicity usually reserved



From The Empire Annual for Boys
(R.T.S.).

THE LASH CAME DOWN, AND WITH
A STRANGLED SNARL THE BEAST
DROPPED BACK.



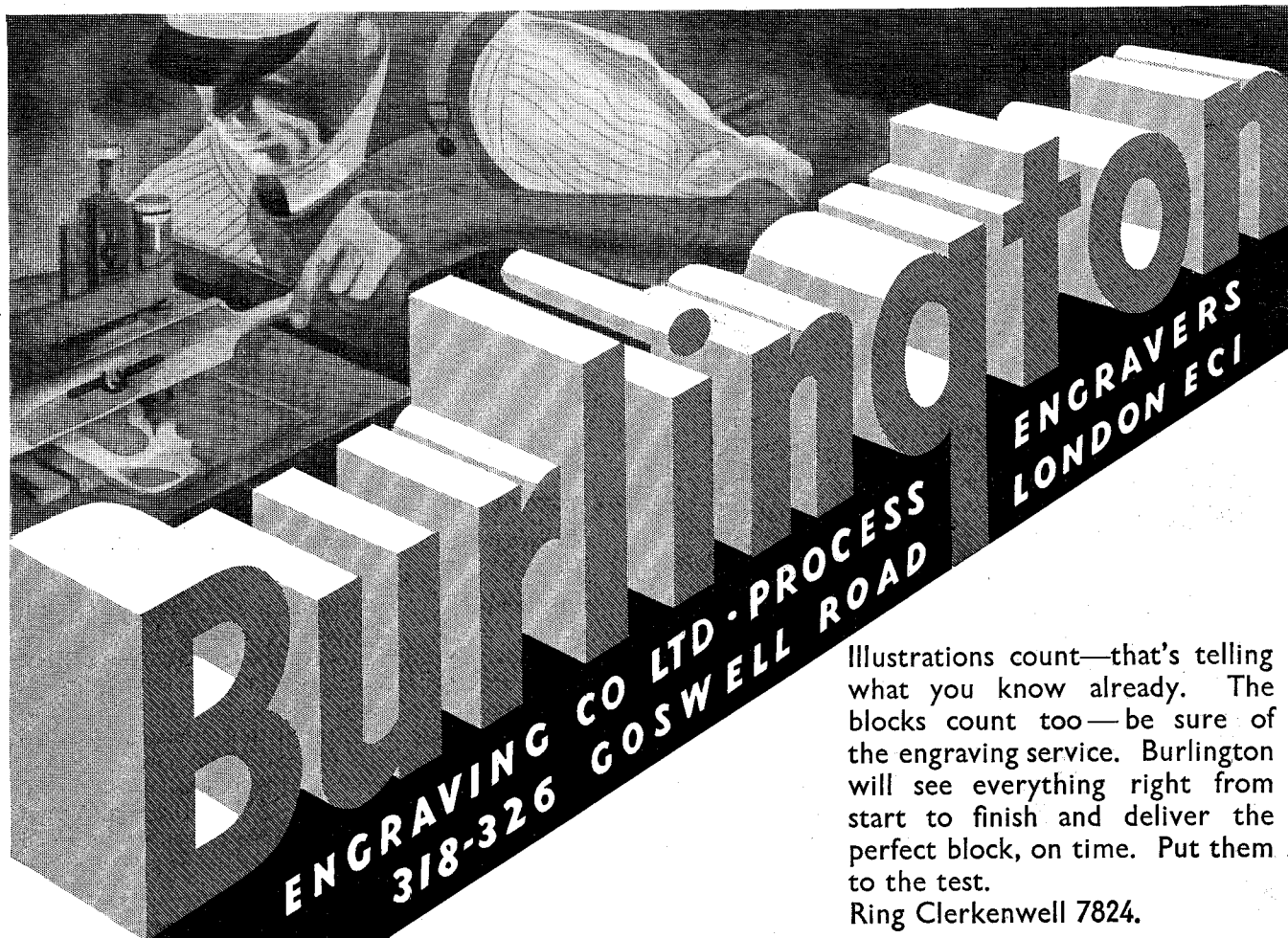
From Blackie's Boy's Annual
(Blackie).

for the modern girl, really likes school stories. From one or two strictly unofficial censuses it would appear that at any rate after the age of twelve he prefers stronger meat. This capacious volume is filled with a judicious mixture of school stories, tales of adventure and informative articles. Some of the pictures display perils as fearsome as ever man survived, and there is a good old-fashioned flavour about the production in which strangely enough one finds no mention of aeroplanes. Here is a splendid Christmas present for a boy of average intelligence and one which will keep him entertained during many a winter's evening.

FAREWELL, MISS JULIE LOGAN : A Wintry Tale.

By J. M. Barrie. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Farewell, Miss Julie Logan" is a gem. Sir James Barrie is, to apply one of his own phrases to the miniature, "in flourish, or, as the English say, in blossom, a word with no gallantry intilt." His fantastic tale, communicating something very by-ordinar, so grips the emotions with more than a "gliff of pleasure" that to tell of it in everyday language is to bewray it. He puts a spell on words, on the reader, as well as on his Rev. Adam Yestreen in the snowlocked glen, who, resolved to speak at a Friendly in the Smiddy, against superstition, finds himself in the midst of an amazing adventure. This is the quintessence of Barrie. The story itself is beautifully rounded, and with the roguish surprise (or two) which is his hallmark.



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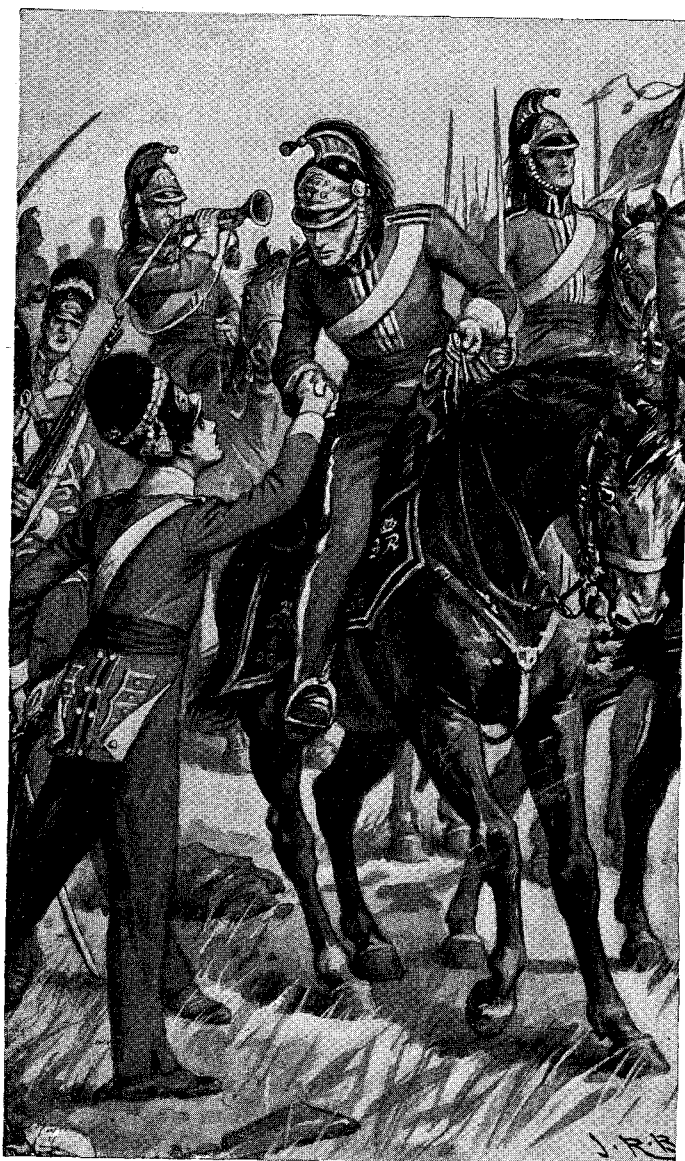
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From *Blakeny of the
"Slashers"*
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(Chambers).

"SHAKE HANDS, ARCHISALD. WE
HAVEN'T BEEN VERY GOOD
FRIENDS OF LATE YEARS, BUT
ON SUCH A DAY AS THIS . . ."

MAGIC AND MIND.

By E. J. D. Radclyffe. 2s. 6d. (Black.)

This little book is the latest addition to the excellent "How-and-Why" Series, which aims at presenting modern knowledge in a form acceptable alike to young and old. Mr. Radclyffe here deals with the magical beliefs and practices of primitive man, and relates them to modern custom. The book contains a wealth of tersely summarised historical data; but it is challenging as well as informative. The author is among the steadily growing number of anthropologists who see something more in primitive magic than ignorance or superstition; and he realises that the modern scientific mind is often the prey of hallucinations different from those of our early forefathers, but no less deadly.

THE "EGYPT'S" GOLD.

By David Scott. 12s. 6d. net. (Faber & Faber.)

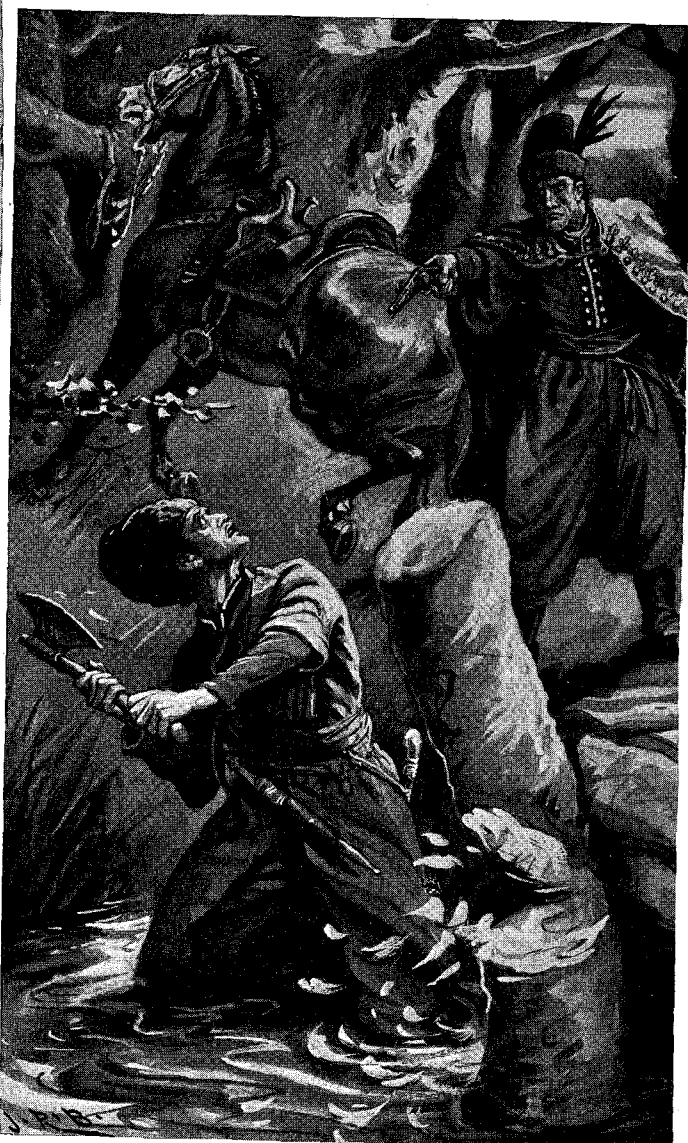
This is the story of the actual recovery from the sunken P. and O. liner *Egypt* of the £1,000,000 in gold and silver that went down with her in May, 1922, after she had collided with the steamer *Seine*, near Ushant. "Never," says the author—and we can well believe him—"in all the history of marine salvage—perhaps in all the history of industrial enterprise—have men pitted their wits and

their strength with such boundless tenacity, with such generous courage, with such admirable faith, against the ungovernable power of the elements." But this book is not just an account of a stupendous feat of marine salvage, nor is it merely a story of adventure and peril under the sea, but something broader in scope than any or all of these. By the time he has laid down the book the reader feels as though he knows each member of the *Artiglio's* crew personally, and counts each one a friend. "Charming" is perhaps scarcely the word to apply to such a book as this, and yet, as most who read it will agree, it is not so inappropriate after all.

THE WAY OF THE LANCER.

By Richard Boleslavski and Helen Woodward. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Mr. Boleslavski was an actor before he joined the Polish Lancers on the Russian front. This may have enabled him the better to dramatise the fearful imbroglio of war, and to knit his often gruesome episodes into some cohesion. This could not be a pleasant book, even with the spirit of the *preux chevalerie* of old Poland that infuses it. It is a true and graphic account of war under almost savage conditions—and of the coming of the Russian revolution. It is, in its implications, more epic than the mightiest of the impressionistic works which have graced or disgraced war on the Western Front.



From *A Wave-Worn Rock*
By David Kerr
(Chambers).

OSTAP LOOKED UP WITH
A START.

Service . . .

THE knight of old dedicated
his services to his lady fair.

So throughout the ages
has service been pre-eminently
sought. Most of the famous figures
in history dedicated their services
to an ideal, giving of their best and
striving to achieve perfection.
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

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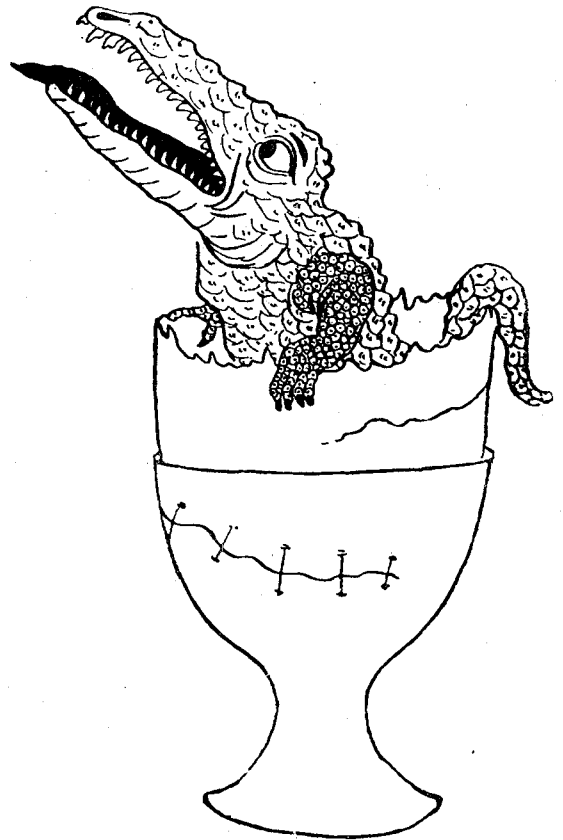
By John Thorburn. With illustrations by Arnrid Johnston.
6s. net. (*Country Life*.)

Richard Underwood, Esq., undertook to keep (and it seems entertain) his two young nieces, Helen and Henrietta, while their father and mother went to India and back, his main help being for this arduous undertaking that of Miss Prisms, their governess, and his own futile imagination. The stories that Uncle Dick told are amusing and fascinating, and will show animals in a very fresh light to other children, as they did to Helen and Henrietta. The light in which Helen and Henrietta are shown reveals two very mischievous and sometimes most exasperating children. But Uncle Dick, and even Miss Prisms, were very long-suffering and forgiving; and no doubt the children were, in the main, lovable, though the manner in which they often addressed their uncle was not we think very much to be admired. Miss Johnston's illustrations are a genuine pleasure.

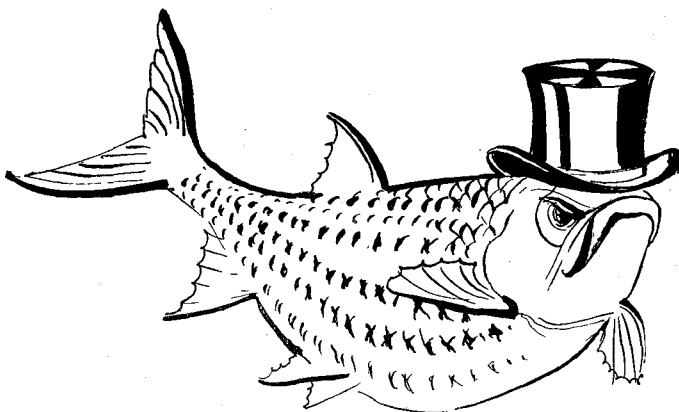
QUEENS OF CRIME.

By Leonard R. Gribble. 18s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Mr. Leonard R. Gribble is one of those people who can tell a thrilling tale without trying to paint the lily. In "Queens of Crime" he sets down in scholarly—but never pedantic—phrases the amazing careers of some of the world's most notorious women criminals. There is, of course, the famous poisoner Marie de Brinvilliers, the French *marquise* who practised on hospital patients before getting to work in earnest on the people she wished to remove from her path. Mary Bateman, the "witch" of Yorkshire; the German



From Songs from the Bad
Child's Book of
Beasts
By H. Belloc
(Duckworth).
**GREEN, HUNGRY, HORRIBLE
AND PLAIN
AN INFANT CROCODILE.**



From Three's Company
By John Thorburn
(Country Life).

UNCLE RUPERT.

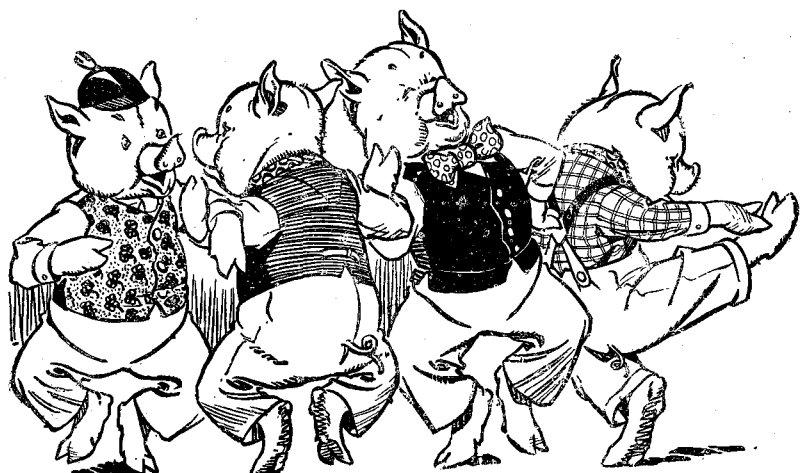
Carradale of Glasgow, 1,982 tons registered. But its value, and its beauty—if Captain Harris, and Captain Sir R. Burton Chadwick, who contributes an introductory letter, will permit the term—lie not so much in the description of the voyage as such. Rather it is in the feel of the ship that he gives, without any belaboured sentimentality, the domestic economy of the sea in the nineties. Men then worked never less than twelve and often twenty-four hours a day. Indeed it is the reader in whom sentiment is occasioned by this unvarnished tale, chockful of a humour of a type not unduly below "Mr. Midshipman Easy." Even the meanest landlubber cannot but realise the truth of Captain Harris's statement that liners look down on the seas. The old ships looked at, and up at the seas, roaring towards them. And for some odd reason this one terse phrase of many causes a little heart-ache for the days that are no more.

"Bluebeard," Gesina Gottfried; Marie Lafarge, Elizabeth Brownrigg and others—they are all presented with a masterly touch. Mr. Gribble says, very properly, that he has not indulged in "pages of purely fictitious conversation of a highly melodramatic nature"; but his very restraint has enhanced the interest of a valuable addition to the criminologist's library. The book has for frontispiece a charming portrait of the author, drawn by Mr. Victor MacClure, himself a criminologist of no mean skill.

DAYS OF ENDEAVOUR.

By Captain James W. Harris, R.N.R. With pen-and-ink sketches by S. A. W. Gammell, A.R.E. 7s. 6d. (Heath Cranton.)

This is a first-hand account of a voyage, taking just over twelve months, round the world in a sailing ship, the four-masted barque



From My Story and Picture Book
(Warne).

**A LONG-TAILED PIG, OR
A SHORT-TAILED PIG.**

"What name?" he began



From *Mystery in the Windflower Wood*
By Flora Klickmann
(Putnam's).

"WHAT NAME P" HE BEGAN.

here is another volume concerning it and its birds and flowers and animals and persons, which will be a joy to the young—and, we think, to the older ones, too. It begins with the mystery of a lost holly bush in which Mrs. Thrush had built her nest and hatched her three children. In a mysterious manner the bush disappeared in a night leaving Mrs. Thrush on the ground. But in our opinion the hero of the book is the dear, mischievous, lovable, clever "Mac," who wins all hearts, including cook's, and emerges triumphantly from false accusation. A very charming item in the volume is the clear plan-map printed on the covers inside, so that every child can see where everything happened. For animal-loving children this book is a treasure.

MYSTERY IN THE WINDFLOWER WOOD.

By Flora Klickmann.

With illustrations and coloured frontispiece by H. M. Brock.
5s. net. (Putnam's.)

The Flower Patch among the hills has already become a very real place to countless readers, and now



From *Jungle Babies*
By Edyth Kaigh-Eustace
(Cassell).

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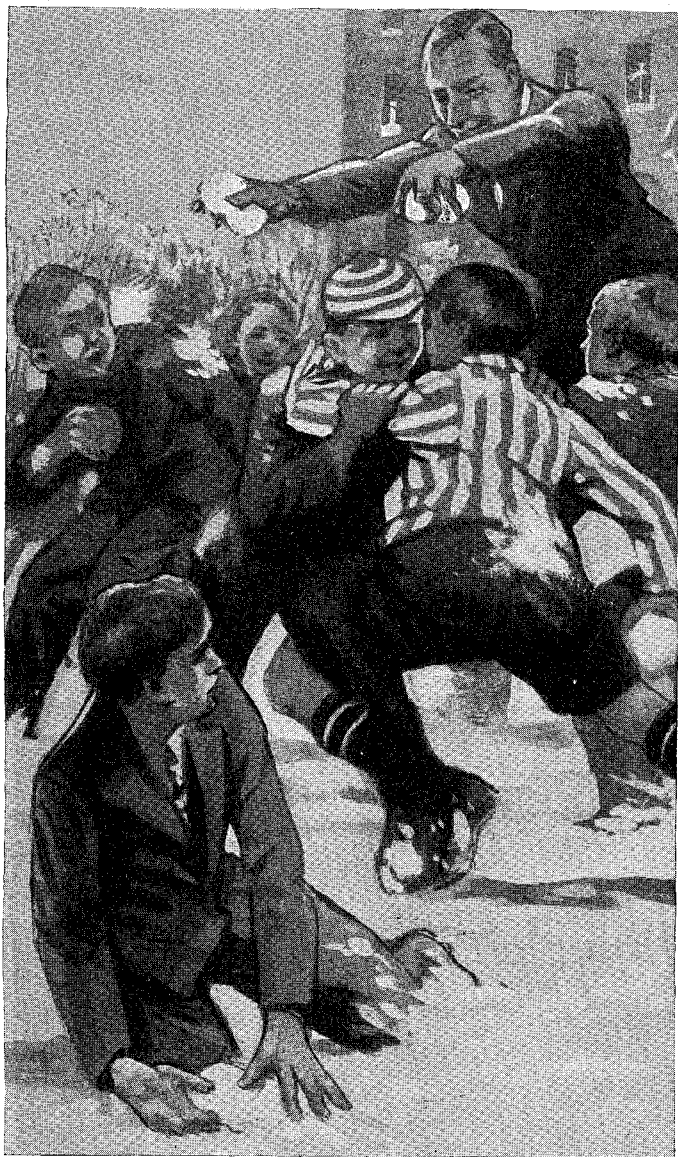
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From *Keep Smiling*
By D. Stapleton
(Chambers).

IN A MINUTE THEY WERE IN THE
THICK OF A SPLENDID FIGHT.

THE AMIR'S RUBY.

By Percy F. Westerman. 3s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Blackie.)

As a story-teller for young people Mr. Westerman is equally at home on land or sea or in the air. The present volume is a capital instance of his skill. The task committed to his hero, Colin Standish, was to fly to Bakhistan, on the frontiers of Afghanistan, and bring back to England a priceless ruby. Naturally all the "crooks" of Europe got wind of this enterprise, and the description of Standish's aerial voyage home is as thrilling a story as the heart of boy could desire. The "crooks" crossed his path in the most unexpected places and in the strangest of disguises, but Colin won through and brought the ruby safely to its new owner. At least he thought he did—but there is a crowning surprise in the end, when the "crooks" for all their cunning are cleverly circumvented. Colin did all that was wanted, but it was not what he thought he had done.

PARABLES FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

By Kenneth G. Grubb. 7s. 6d. net. (Butterworth Press.)

Parables in stories and revelation in mountain, plain, and cataract are the constant subjects of this book; a record of its author's journeyings almost, it would seem, throughout all penetrable parts of the southern half of America.

These very extensive travels were accomplished in the interests of Protestantism; and their immediate purpose was a spying out of these southern lands with the view of ascertaining the possibility of some one or other form (Mr. Grubb is not specific in this regard) of the Protestant

beliefs replacing those of Roman Catholicism. The general result of this survey appears to have been favourable to his hopes. Though, in this, his opinion differs greatly from the view of many Protestant missionaries, including that of a Bishop of the Church of England. It is true that the author's optimism is founded largely on the future, when the effects of immigration and racial intermarriage shall have produced "a cosmic race," but he surely gives too great importance to the isolated case of the German colony in the extreme south of Brazil. That colony maintains the manners and characteristics of the country of its members' origin several generations ago, and German is the language most used even by the native tribes of the surrounding districts.

If, as some cynic has said, morality is a matter of geography, may not different forms of religion be matters of racial or individual temperament? Mr. Grubb shows a full appreciation of the great work of civilisation done by the Jesuit Fathers at San Ignacio, near to the great waterfall of Iguazu, though he suggests a disapproval of their methods. If that disapproval be based in any way on the absurd and fabulous evidence by which Spanish Viceroy, jealous of the extent of the power and influence acquired by these members of the Society of Jesus, procured their expulsion, research would enable him to do even fuller justice to these exceptionally able and pious missionaries.

Mr. Grubb states the fact, not generally known, that, taking height, breadth and annual fall of water together, the Falls of Iguazu are the greatest in the world; greater than those of Niagara or the Zambesi Victoria Falls.

GORDON ROSS.



From *The Amir's Ruby*
By Percy F. Westerman
(Blackie).

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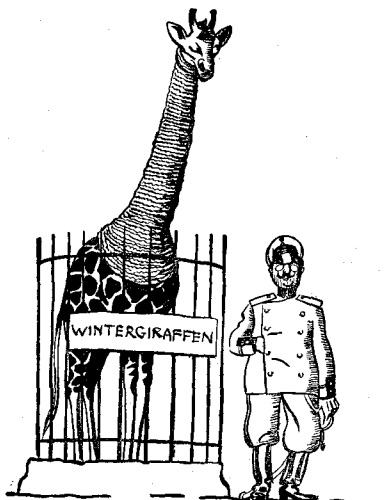
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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

THE RIGHT HON. J. H. THOMAS.

By H. R. S. Phillpott. 10s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Phillpott's account of the errand boy of Newport, Mon., who became an engine cleaner, trade union official, labour leader, M.P. and Cabinet Minister, is called an impressionistic sketch. But it deserves the name of biography; it fills 212 pages and contains many illustrations. Mr. Strube and Mr. Low by their caricatures prove how beloved Mr. Thomas is by his fellow-countrymen; his dress shirt is as renowned as the Disraeli curl, the Gladstone collar or the Chamberlain eyeglass. His pet name of Jimmy is on a par with Dizzy, the G.O.M. and Joe. The great heart of the British public rarely opens but to the worthy. Even Mrs. Sidney Webb has been heard to call him Jimmy in public.



From *And Now All This* (Methuen).
By the Authors of "1066 and All That"

DENMARK AND THE DANES.

By Ethel Carleton Williams. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Intending visitors to Denmark cannot do better than accept Miss Williams as their guide. She writes not only with knowledge of the country, but with love for its people and insight into their character. Moreover she possesses both

historical vision and a keen eye for natural beauty. Sixteen illustrations and a map enhance the value of the book.

A HUMBLE FISHERMAN.

By Morley Roberts. 10s. 6d. (Grayson.)

Mr. Roberts, who has written many novels about other people, now for the first time writes about himself. In



From *Charlie the Fox*
By John Budden
(Country Life).

A SHEPHERD SILHOUETTED
ON THE SKYLINE.



From No. 10, Joy Street
(Blackwell).

SO ZIPALONG'S FATHER
OPENED HIS TREASURE
BOX AND EMPTIED THE
CONTENTS UPON THE
FLOOR.

these essays he reveals himself as a solitary for whom fishing is not merely a craft or pastime, but a philosophy of life. He never lets slip an opportunity to dig slyly at Izaak Walton; but perhaps it would be an injustice to neither to bracket their names together.

IN DEFENCE OF CHILDREN.

By Dora Russell. 7s. 6d. (Hamilton.)

Mrs. Russell here writes with the usual clarity and force about all those problems of education, family life and the squalor in which our poorer classes live whose importance lies chiefly in the effect which they have upon children. The inertia and stupidity of authorities dealing with the working class, the awful results which psychology has shown to lie in parents' love or parents' harshness, the jealousy of children amongst themselves, and the often disastrous effects of a well-behaved child when removed from the nursery are written of fluently, and Mrs. Russell states her case (which seems roughly the reverse of the idea of original sin) as well as possible. No doubt the book will create much discussion and in many of her attacks upon muddle-headed thinking she will have most intelligent people behind her. That many readers will be found to emulate her untiring patience with children is deplorably unlikely.



From *Through the Hollow Oak*
By Frank Egan
(Denis Archer).

THE SCHOOLMASTERS.
(Illustration by J. P. Sayer.)

THROUGH THE HOLLOW OAK.

By Frank Egan.

6s. (Denis Archer.)

Mary had been wishing that she could have similar adventures to "Alice in Wonderland," had even tried to get down a rabbit-hole, and then she spied her favourite old hollow



From *The Child's Own*
(N.S.S.U.).

**PETER GETS
THE MESSAGE
THROUGH.**

oak, where she and John had often played all sorts of games. But to-day it had a door with a knocker, and she soon slipped into that world of faery where the birds and animals talk like humans. It is all delicious fantasy and whimsical

humour, and the numerous drawings by J. P. Sayer are no less delightful. One could almost imagine it was a sequel to "Alice."

THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN AND OTHER LONGSHOREMEN.

By W. W. Jacobs. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MY FUNNIEST STORY.

7s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)

Mr. Jacobs's night-watchman tales have taken their place amongst the classics of humorous literature by now, and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton in collecting fifty-seven of his sea tales into an omnibus volume have given us a thousand pages of solid good humour.

The stories are selected from "Deep Waters," "Sea Whispers," "Captains All," "Night Watches" and "Ship's Company," and it would be invidious to pick out the best, as Jacobs is like beer—there is none bad, but some is better than others.

When an author contributes his funniest story to a collection of funniest stories he commits himself and lays himself open to the risk of the reader putting down the book and saying, "But I thought you said your funniest story."

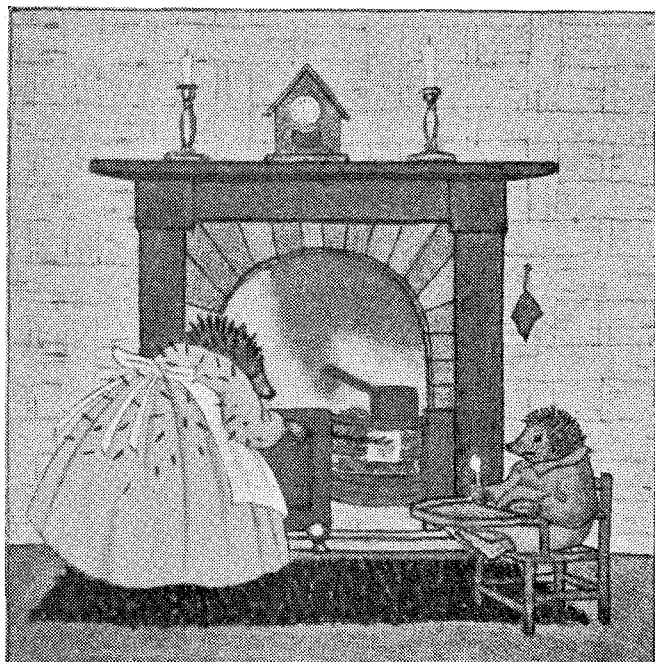
There are of course very few authors who can be said to write really funny stories, that is stories that you will really laugh over, and in collecting these stories together Messrs. Faber & Faber have run the risk of including many tales which although otherwise excellent can hardly be said to be "funniest."

H. G. Wells, P. G. Wodehouse, Harry Graham, W. W. Jacobs and Ian Hay are among the really funny writers, and it is surprising to find such authors as Austin Freeman and Gilbert Frankau amongst the humorists. There is no tale in this volume which is not worth the reading.



From *Nelson's Children's Treasury*
(Nelson).

"BLESS US!" CRIED HIS
WIFE, "HOW WELL YOU
MANAGE EVERYTHING!"



From *The Story of Fuzzypeg the Hedgehog*
By Alison Uttley
(Heinemann).

**FUZZYPEG WAS SITTING IN
A LITTLE CHAIR, WAITING
FOR HIS BREAD AND MILK.**

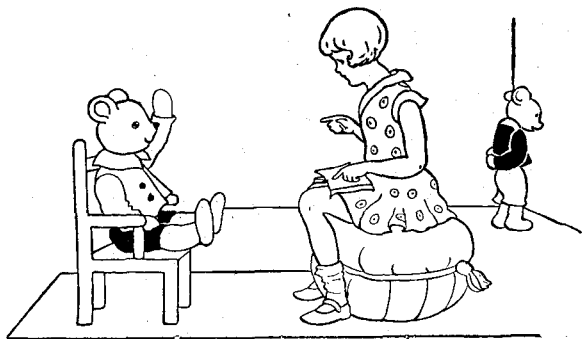
THE STORY OF FUZZYPEG THE HEDGEHOG.

By Alison Uttley.

With many coloured pictures by Margaret Tempest.

2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

The delightful fashion set many years ago by Miss Beatrix Potter's small books for small children, is being most ably followed by Alison Uttley and Margaret Tempest.



From *Warne's Happy Book for Toddlers*
(Warne).

**BRUIN ALWAYS
KNOWS HIS
LESSON.**

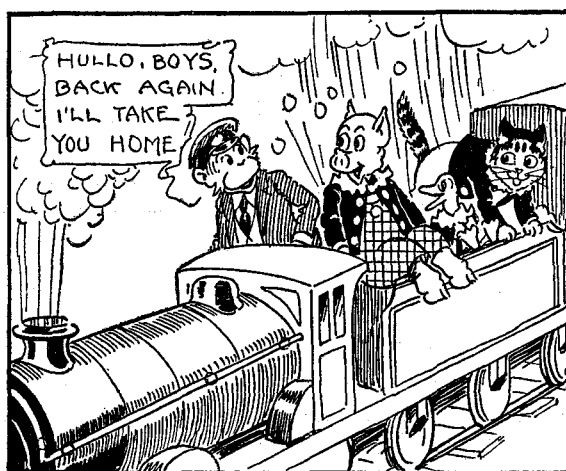
This simple story begins with the dawn of Fuzzypeg's first birthday, and in clear sentences chronicles the doings of the happy day, and continues with small adventures till the terrible day when Fuzzypeg, out alone on an errand, is caught by a young human and secured beneath a flower-pot. The chronicle we may at once say ends happily. But in addition to the charm of the story, we have here the truly beautiful coloured pictures, so delicate, vivid and detailed, of the homes and affairs of the Hedgehog family and their circle of friends and foes. Certainly no nursery should be without a copy of this dainty little volume.

HERE'S HORSE SENSE.

By R. S. Summerhays.

7s. 6d. (Constable.)

This charming little book should appeal to all horse-lovers, no matter whether they be novice or expert. Written primarily for the former, the author gives several hints which might be taken to heart by those who consider a safe seat is the be-all and end-all of riding. One point which the author brings out is especially worthy of notice. We all know the type of mind that insists that animal instinct is greater than human intelligence—an overflow of the "pussy's got a psychic sense" sort, which causes



From *Tim Toots and Teeny Annual*
(Newnes).

**WHAT AN EXCITING
DREAM.**

no end of trouble. From the outset Mr. Summerhays stresses that if you wish to have control you must let your horse know who is the master. "Don't let any queer 'critter' think you are frightened of him" is sound advice. Cruelty of course is never necessary, but firmness and correction are essential if the rider wishes to become an accomplished equestrian. The book is well illustrated and has a beautiful frontispiece by Gilbert Holiday, and should find a place in the library of all who ride, have ridden or wish to.



From *King of the Golden River*
By John Ruskin
(Harvart).

**ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR
RACKHAM.**

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

ARGENTINE TANGO.

By Philip Guedalla. 8s. 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

It would be pleasant to stroll down the meanest City by-way with Mr. Guedalla. He would be sure to throw some squib which would set the Bank of England on fire. When he goes 'to ride a cock horse' beneath the Southern Cross, one may expect pyrotechnic profusion, coruscation upon coruscation. In "Argentine Tango" we get all his inimitable ebullience of cleverness that is anything but facile. We get more. There is always the undercurrent of good sense without which ingenuity is as the tinkling of a cymbal and the crackling of thorns under a pot. Much more, even, Mr. Guedalla conveys to the reader a real and rare sense of the atmosphere and spirit of Argentina, distils the quintessence with a precision as accurate as the alchemist set about his transmutation of the metals.

What do we know of South America, sub-continent that is a continent? The rest of the world has yielded practically all its mysteries to the voyager in fact or in letters. Conrad, O. Henry, Tomlinson touched the fringes of South America. From Hudson we gather a notion that the whole sub-continent is "one vast bird sanctuary." Mr. Cunninghame Graham's writings give the impression of an "immense circus where Conquistadores, invariably well connected, perform feats of doubtful equestration."

We speak vaguely of Latin America, Latin, "common denominator of Virgil and the Moulin Rouge." Nothing is further from the truth. Spain it was bore South America,



From Woman's Magazine
Annual
(R.T.S.).

MISTRESS MARLOW—
"MUST YOU? OH, DANIEL,
MUST YOU TEMPT A MAIDEN
TO DESERT HER POOR
MOTHER?"



From *Biddy's Secret*
By Elsie J. Oxenham
(Chambers).

"OH PLEASE!" MAIDLIN GASPED.
"I AM ENGLISH! I AM SO SORRY."

and nothing is less Roman than the Spanish breed. Mr. Guedalla's divagations into contemporary or past history are always valuable. Here, where little is familiar, they are doubly so—on the Big Brother complex, which embitters the relationship of the North and South Americas, the Monroe doctrine, Argentina as English colony (for six weeks). And Argentina and Britain converge, not least economically. Four-footed immigrants from England have contributed much to Argentine prosperity. There are the railways, British to the backbone. Aboard-ship episodes, ministerial rooms in Buenos Ayres, "magnesium preliminaries" to conventions of even two or three people, all lend themselves to Mr. Guedalla's wit. Impressions of the pampa, of the mountain wall of the Andes, are rendered with great art.

Though Mr. Guedalla touches lightly and incidentally only on political questions as such, this work, broadly speaking, is the book for the moment. It will always afford entertainment (and instruction) to any interested in the "sub-continent." To the lover of witty, and when the occasion demands, beautiful writing, it will remain a joy for ever.

The sections of the book bear the names of tango steps. "I cannot hope," says Mr. Guedalla, "that their contents reproduce its grace." They do, in graceful and gracious, and sometimes fiery lines.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY:

By Archibald Marshall.
Illustrated by George Morrow.
6s. (Dent.)

Books akin to "The Diary of a Nobody" are few and far between, but when they come they come to stay. "The Birdikin Family" is one of them. A burlesque of such publications as "The Fairchild Family," which was popular a hundred years ago, it has already delighted a wide public in the pages of *Punch*, and makes most amusing reading; there is not a false note in it. Mr. Morrow's drawings reproduce exquisitely the mood in which it is written; the humour is rich and subtle and the whole thing a sheer joy from beginning to end.



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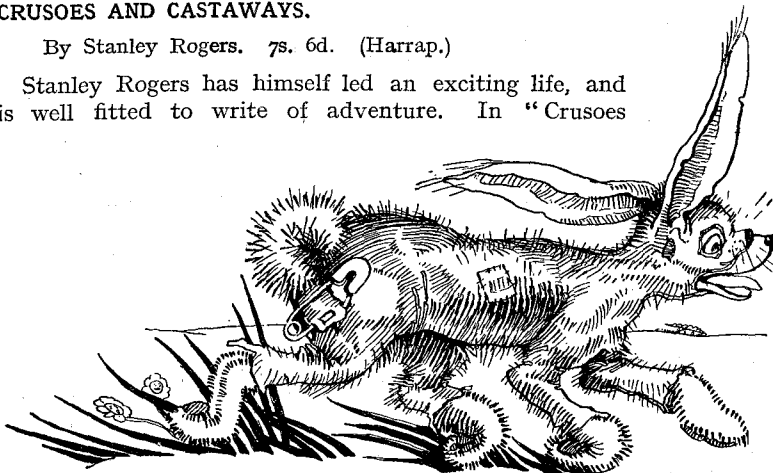


THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1932

CRUSOES AND CASTAWAYS.

By Stanley Rogers. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Stanley Rogers has himself led an exciting life, and is well fitted to write of adventure. In "Crusoes



From *Young Yap*
By Olwen Bowen
(Mathews & Marrot).

YAP HURRIES OFF.

and Castaways" are eleven stories dug from contemporary narratives of unfortunates at sea. That there is material here for the poet is simply adduced by the quotations from poems of shipwreck and Crusoe-ism, with which Mr. Rogers heads each chapter; unfortunately few of the poems rise above the level of Cowper's on Alexander Selkirk, and most are even inferior. The book begins with a chapter on "Divers Crusoes of Fiction," which contains a masterly abridgment of Defoe's classics, but it is in the later chapters, the true adventures of castaways, which afford most interest.

The utter horror of island desertion is suggested vividly by the history of Alexander Selkirk, who for a diversion must sing and dance to the wild cats he has tamed; the rest of his time was passed in singing hymns, reading devotional books, and praying. Extreme piety seems to have been

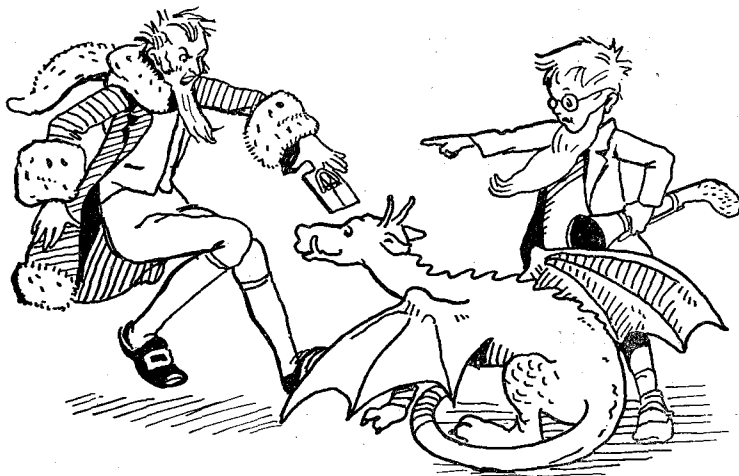


From *Crusoes and Castaways*
By Stanley R. H. Rogers
(Harrap).

LUCIE ATTWELL'S CHILDREN'S BOOK.

With numerous illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

For tiny children this is a treasure-volume. The stories are short and very bright and simple, the pictures are large, small, coloured and not coloured, scattered all over the pages, and the print is large and clear for those happy children who have mastered the first trials of learning to read. There is plenty of ordinary mischief here, to make children feel that grown-up writers understand them; at the same time pretty little bits of good teaching are slipped in here and there. Even:



From *The Madge Williams Children's Annual*
(Dean).

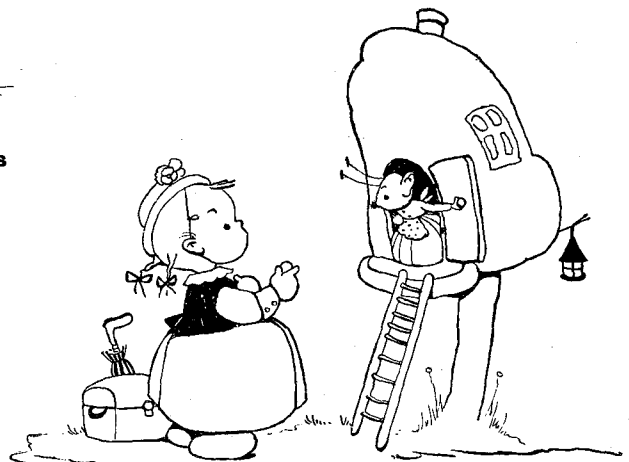
"THE DETECTIVE WHO WAS DIFFERENT."

characteristic of castaways, while Philip Ashton actually chose to be a castaway rather than endure the blasphemous ill-living of a pirate ship. Of these unhappy creatures Mr. Rogers gives us a living account, but his talent is at its height in the story of Pierre Viaud, where he tears the heart from a narrative which is thoroughly tedious and unpleasant and renders it without distortion of the facts into a beautiful story of courage and devotion.

THE MADGE WILLIAMS CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

2s. 6d. (Dean.)

This is a splendid half-crown's worth for the tots,



From *Lucie Attwell's Children's Book*
(Black).

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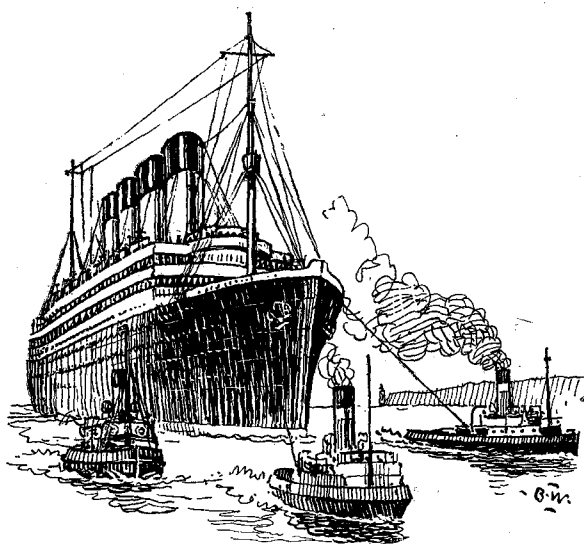
From Warne's Top-All
Book for Girls
(Warne).

"YOU MUST JUMP OFF!"
WINIFRED SHOUTED.

"Small Mathy Matilda sat up in bed;
'I'm going to be naughty all day,' she said;
'So I'll just sit here and think of a few
Of the horrible things I am going to do.'"

Even she, on thinking it over, decided:

"'I think, after all, that I rather would
Prefer for to-day to be awfully good.'"



From Ships I Have Met
By "Trusty" the Tug
(Raphael Tuck).

"TRUSTY" HELPS
"OLYMPIC" INTO
PORT.

Miss Attwell's four-poster and patch-work quilt in which Matty Matilda thought her thoughts are a delight, and delights run all through the book.

MARY DALLON.

By Herbert Asquith. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

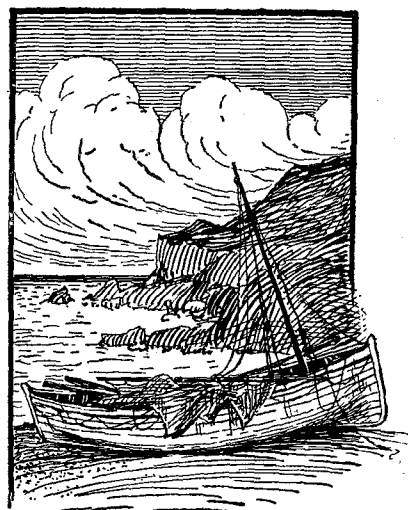
The heroine of Mr. Asquith's novel is a young and attractive girl who has taken to tramping the roads of England with her sailor father and his performing bear. But she doesn't tramp for very many pages, for along come love and adventure to sweep her into palpitating romance, and, incidentally, domestic service. It is a pleasant and gently charming tale, rather naïve, unstrained, and very readable. You float easily along with the narrative and a various gallery of characters are met on the way: they are good companions, and the way is always happy. There are exciting, even

violent, happenings (a very good trial scene for one) yet the reader experiences no sense of jolt or stabbing thrill; the story just carries him lightly and soothingly along. Very earthly things happen to Mary, and the story does not fail to hold the reader's interest, but at the same time there is something of the unreality of a fairy story about it.

COSMOPOLIS.

By Rupert
Croft-Cooke.
7s. 6d.
(Jarrold.)

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